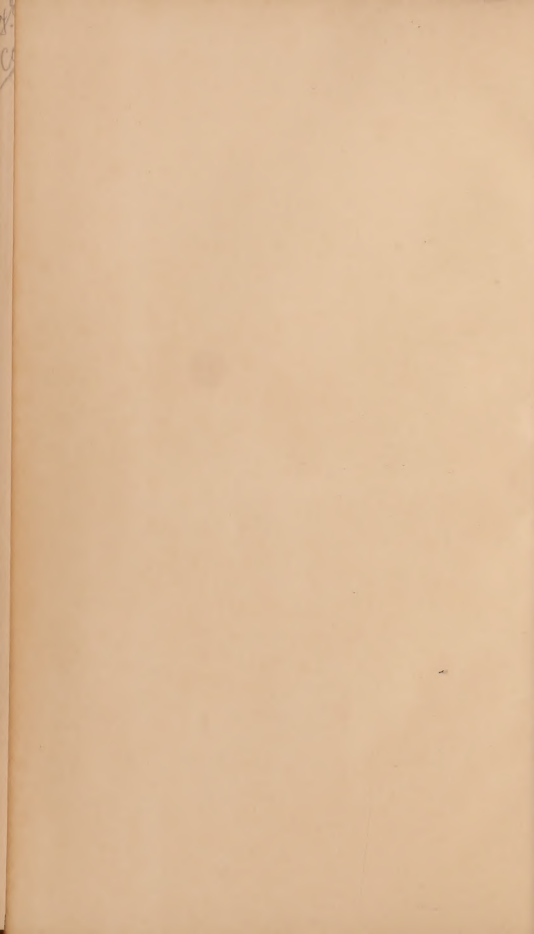


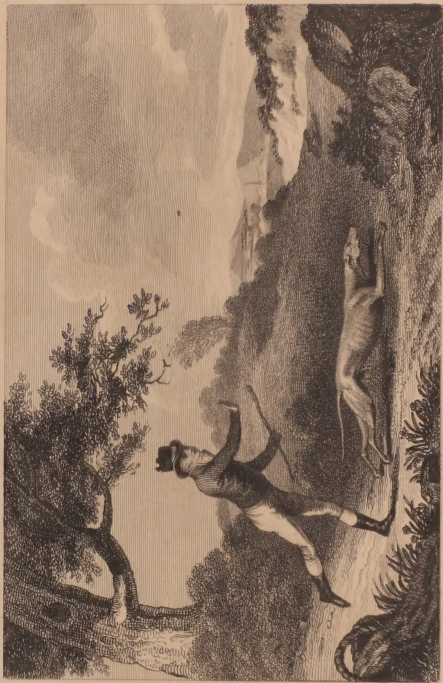




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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS



FRONTISPIECE.



The lost Slave.

SPORTING ANECDOTES;

ORIGINAL AND SELECT:

INCLUDING

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES

OF

Eminent Persons

WHO HAVE APPEARED ON THE TURF.

With an interesting Selection of the
MOST EXTRAORDINARY EVENTS WHICH HAVE TRANSPIRED
IN THE

SPORTING WORLD;

A correct Description of

THE ANIMALS OF CHASE,

AND OF EVERY OTHER SUBJECT CONNECTED WITH THE VARIOUS
DIVERSIONS OF THE FIELD.

BY AN AMATEUR SPORTSMAN.



Albion Press:

PRINTED BY JAMES CUNDEE, IVY-LANE;
FOR THOMAS HURST, PATERNOSTER-ROW; J. HARRIS,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; AND J. WHEBLE,
WARWICK-SQUARE.

1804.

PREFACE.

TO concentrate the scattered rays of knowledge, wit, and humour, though one of the humble, is not among the least useful tasks of literature. Many irradiations of excellence, and many sallies of genius, are often to be found amidst pages of sterile loquacity, and volumes of unimportant matter: they are confounded with that which no one reads, or which is read only to be forgotten; and then sink into unmerited oblivion, overcome by the torpid lethargy and tasteless inanity of those parts among which they are destined to appear.

In every multifarious work there must be variety of excellence; and amid much that merits forgetfulness, there is always something to be found that deserves perpetuity, by being rescued from its perishable part. To confer this perpetuity is the humble office of the collector; who is doomed to toil through countless volumes, ere an

aggregate of comparative perfection can be presented to the world.

In collecting the following anecdotes, neither labour or expence have been spared. Care has been taken to select not only such as have an immediate relation to the sports of the field, but such, likewise, as combine interest and information, which may be read as well by the man of letters as the professed sportsman.

In the boundless variety of anecdotes, which almost every work presents that is at all devoted to this peculiar subject, the only, and indeed the greatest difficulty, was to select with a degree of discrimination such articles as might be deemed worthy a place in this collection.

In the prosecution of the following work, three principal objects have been kept in view :—First, To select all those anecdotes which commemorate and record those numerous singularities, and astonishing events, which the ever-varying annals of the sporting world present; so that the reader will find himself in possession of a series of facts, at once important and striking, which have hitherto remained scattered through an immensity of works.

Secondly. To procure interesting and authentic particulars respecting every animal that is at all connected with the chase; narratives that tend to display either their peculiar sagacity, extraordinary exertion, or instinctive phenomena. In doing this, recourse has been had to almost every production that could furnish precise or characteristic details; and many instances will be found noticed in the subsequent sheets, that have hitherto been very little known, or totally neglected.

Thirdly. It has been a material object to concentrate, in nearly one point of view, the principal of those descriptions that relate to circumstances and things which possess a greater or less proximity of connexion with the general subject. Not confined to one particular spot of the globe, our researches have been carried to wherever it was thought probable advantage might be derived: and by presenting particulars of those performances that *cannot* happen under our own immediate inspection, it is presumed the important advantage will be gained, of at once gratifying curiosity and enlarging knowledge.

These may be considered as forming the principal outline of the following work; and, it is presumed, that no apology need be offered for the work itself. When books multiply, and opportunities for reading become comparatively rare, it may be deemed an acceptable service to facilitate the means of acquiring knowledge. Those gentlemen, whose ardour leads them to the boisterous, but healthful, sports of the field, can hardly be considered as possessing much time for extensive or laborious study: yet, that they are anxious to be well acquainted with the very minutiae of the pleasures they so cordially enter into, is certainly not an unfair deduction: to enable them, therefore, to acquire that information, is the professed object of the following work; and to the Sporting World in general it will certainly prove a source of amusement, instruction, and advantage.

London, August 1, 1804.

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Sporting Anecdotes.

HIS MAJESTY AS A SPORTSMAN.

THIS illustrious character possesses at once so much personal worth, intrinsic merit, and transcendent greatness, that it can create no surprise if the pencil of the artist should fall infinitely short of the original it is intended to pourtray;—a representation of the FIRST MAN, if not the *greatest sportsman*, in the kingdom, and who may to the sporting world in general, be held out as a model for imitation. Innately superior to all the arts of affectation and fashionable duplicity, he personally enters into and happily enjoys all the pleasures of rationality, all the comforts of society, without a *prostitution* of JUDGMENT, or a DEGRADATION of DIGNITY. Those pleasures are the effusions of a most distinguished PHILANTHROPY, and their gratifications (happy for his numerous and national dependents) the palpable PROMOTER of HEALTH.

That health, however, has lately suffered the dreadful inroads of a most calamitous affliction : an affliction which, of all others, places those who are the victims to it, in a situation truly lamentable. But a grateful nation may now* look forward again to the happy effects of his restoration : and the sporting world may indulge the fond hope, that this beloved monarch will again resume those diversions, in which he is fitted to shine with peculiar lustre.

Although he keeps two packs of hounds, with a noble establishment of *old and faithful* dependents, as well as a very extensive stud of the best hunters in the kingdom, yet his pecuniary punctuality displays an incontrovertible proof that he never plans without prudence, nor executes without economy. The most distinguishing trait in his character, as a sportsman, is an invariable attachment to the chase, in which “he bears his blushing honours thick about him;” and holds out to many of the ostentatious sprigs of aristocracy who surround him, a most glorious and ineffable example of affability, politeness, and paternal affection. In the field he is more than a KING, by giving the most condescending and unequivocal proofs that he wishes to be considered only as a MAN; and by fostering under every proper and respectful distinction (that subordination can dictate, and unsullied loyalty happily

* March, 1804.

feel) the truly extatic sensation of personal equalization with his own subjects, who revere him, and from whom he is conscientiously and exultingly convinced he has nothing to fear. Before and after, as well as during the chase, he enters into all its varieties with the great number of private gentlemen who constantly attend, and to each individual of whom he pays the most marked civilities. Innumerable proofs of this distinguishing trait might be adduced, but a few will suffice upon the present occasion, to corroborate what is already so universally known, and so generally admitted.

During the indisposition of the late Lord Spencer Hamilton, it was his M——'s custom to enquire of his surgeon (who constantly hunted) the state of his lordship's health; when, being informed "that it was thought somewhat improved by Dr. Blenkinsop, of Reading, who had been with him all night," his M—— expressed himself highly pleased with the kind attention of the doctor to his patient, adding, at the same time, in the hearing of the whole field, that *his* conduct was very different to the LONDON PHYSICIANS, whose CONSTANT *practice* it was to alight from their chariots, ask a few *trifling* questions, write their *prescriptions*, RECEIVE their FEE, and then bid you good morning. This observation was thought the more extraordinary, as it was made *immediately* after *his* own *personal* experience,

and a certain eminent M. D. was then in actual *attendance*, and positively in the line of *hearers*, when the remark was so *emphatically* made.

On another occasion, when a Mr. PARRY, of BEACONSFIELD, sustained a very severe injury by a most dreadful fall from his horse, almost at the very moment the hounds were seizing the stag, near Hannikin's Lodge, and was for many moments supposed to be dead, his M——, with a tenderness so peculiarly evident to him, sat on his horse at a few yards distance, during the operation of BLEEDING upon the open heath; the present LORD SANDWICH (then Lord Hinchinbroke) bringing repeated injunctions to the surgeon from his M——, that Mr. P. should be taken home to the house of the practitioner, without adverting at all to the *expence*, which should be amply compensated, under the instructions of the master of the stag-hounds; a matter that was afterwards obliterated with the most princely liberality.

Although any attachment to the pleasures of the TURF are not discernible, yet he never omits the honour of his annual visit (with his whole family) to the RACES at ASCOT HEATH, at which place he gives a plate of 100 guineas, to be run for on the *first day*, by such horses as have regularly hunted with his *own hounds* the preceding winter, and this *race* he is always observed more particularly *to enjoy*, as he is known not only to be attentive to the perfections of each horse, but to minutely analyze their qualifications during

their exertions in the chace. Having thus introduced some of the most masterly strokes, gradational shades, and refined reliefs, by which the likeness may be *most probably* ascertained, it cannot be inapplicable to add, that, to the immortal honour of the original, be it publicly known, a rigid regard to RECTITUDE, and an invariable adherence to domestic economy, has afforded him the inexpressible happiness of a pecuniary superflux, to release INDIGENCE in OBLIVION, or rescue merit from OBSCURITY; and, above all, let it be recorded, as a *precept* for *posterity*, that in no one instance of his life has he derogated from the path of HONOUR:—read it, ye host of surrounding sycophants, and have it in eternal remembrance!—He has never *oppressed* the *poor*—he has never *forsaken* his FRIEND.

EXPLOITS OF A HARE.

A HARE, that had probably been disturbed in the king's grounds at Richmond, crossed the bottom of a lane leading from the play-house to the Thames, and being pursued by some boys in full cry, run up the side of the river near the Duke of Queensbury's house, and crossing the end of Water-lane, made directly towards the dry arch of the bridge, where being met by some persons walking along, poor puss was so intimidated, that she leaped headlong from the embankment into

the river, and attempted to swim across to the opposite side. This being observed by two watermen who were hard by, they immediately put off a boat, and as the hare made her way but slowly, they seized her in the middle of the river, and brought her safe on shore.

THE SPORTSMAN.

THE spaniels uncoupl'd, dash'd over the mead,
And in transport high, frolicsome bound,
Till check'd in their speed by the well-known "take heed,"
Obedient they *quarter the ground*.

O'er the trees yellow autumn her mantle now flings,
And they eagerly enter a cover;
Up a cock pheasant springs, and th' echoing wood rings—
With, "*dead ! dead ! my boys ! come in here Rover !*"

The sportsman pursues over hill, over heath,
Each dingle, each thicket he tries;
Till quite out of breath, and sated with death,
He's in turn *kill'd* by CHLOE's bright eyes.

FATAL RENCONTRE.

IN Sandpit Wood, in the parish of Terling, in Essex, a pack of fox-hounds, very early in the season of 1782, had just unkennelled, and the hares, as well as foxes, of which there were plenty in the cover, were many of them disturbed. In one of the paths a hare met and ran against a terrier, who was hastening to the cry, with such velocity, that both animals were apparently kill-

ed; the dog with some difficulty was recovered, but the hare's skull was fractured to pieces.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF CANINE
SAGACITY.

WHEN Mr. Symth (now more generally known by the appellation of Old Joe Smyth) and Mr. Taylor kept their fox-hounds at Whinnick, in Northamptonshire, they used sometimes to go for a fortnight's hunting to Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. On one of these expeditions it was judged prudent to leave a favourite hound, called Dancer, at home; their first day's hunting from Lutterworth produced an extraordinary chace, in which both the hounds and horses were so completely tired, that it was deemed expedient to stop that night at Leicester. When they returned the next day to Lutterworth, they were informed that a hound, of a certain description, from which it was known to be Dancer, came thither soon after their going out the preceding morning, that he had waited quietly till towards the evening, but then began to shew some signs of impatience, and in the morning disappeared. It was of course concluded, that the animal being disappointed in finding his companions where he expected, had returned to the kennel at Whinnick; but what was the surprise and concern of his master, when, on returning home, he learnt that he had come back from Lutterworth, staid

one day, and then departed again. Every enquiry was made, but in vain; till at length it was discovered, that not finding the pack either at Lutterworth or at Whinnick, Dancer had proceeded into Warwickshire, to a Mr. Newsome's, where the hounds had been for a week some months before.

THE TERRIBLE BUTCHER.

THE late Duke of Richmond was very popular in his neighbourhood; a butcher at Lyndhurst, a lover of the sport, as often as he heard the hounds return from hunting, came out to meet them, and never failed to ask the duke what sport he had had. "Very good, I thank you, honest friend." "Has your grace killed a fox?"—"No, we have had a good run, but we have not killed."—"Pshaw!" said the butcher, looking archly, and pointing at him with his finger. This was so constantly repeated, that the duke, when he had not killed a fox, used to say—"I am afraid now, by God, to meet the butcher!"

LE CHEVAL SAVANT.

A HORSE, belonging to Sir Richard Crove, of Cranwell, slipped his halter off his head (while in the stable one night) and mounted up by a very narrow pair of stairs into the hay-loft, above the other horses. Having performed this unheard-of feat, and nearly accomplished his design, the floor

gave way beneath his weight, and he fell partly through the loft; his body hanging over one of the beams, his legs through the boards, and his head down in the rack. In the violent struggles which he made to release himself from this excruciating situation, he cut and bruised himself so terribly, that when released by the man, his condition was dreadful to behold, and his life greatly endangered.

It is evident, from every circumstance, that the horse having finished his ration of hay for that night, had mounted up into the loft with a design of serving a second course into the rack, for the accommodation of himself and his associates of the stable.

SOLILOQUY OVER A DEAD HORSE,

THERE lies my poor Ball! cut off in the prime of life by a fit of the staggers! and a better horse never stood in shafts, rot me, if ever there did!—Four years old last grass; 'twas but last week I had him new shod; ah! little thought I then he was so near slipping his wind!—what a damned villainous whoreson disease is these same staggers:—he had the best advice too—what then? it would not do; for, as the clerk of the parish (a mortal good poet they say) handsomely writes:

“ Afflictions sore,
Long time he bore,
Physicians were in vain.”

Aye, physicians, or farriers, they were all the same! only to be sure horse-doctors don't feel their patient's pulse, that I know of—there lies the difference. What of that? All the faculty in consultation could have done nothing for him; his time was come; there's no help for it now; and it don't signify fretting; but damn the staggers, for all that, say I, honest Ball, they didn't use you well, nor I neither. I've lost the best horse I was master of! yes, I shall miss you, Ball. You were the pride of my heart, the leader of my team—ah! many a time and oft, did I curry-comb that skin for you, and fili your manger, till your *mandibles* could wag no longer. But you're gone—gone to the dogs, as the saying is—and a true saying it is—that horse flesh of your's will be cut into bunches for them—and they may thank the staggers for many a good meal's meat off that carcase. Food for dogs! for the curs that used to bark at your heels. It goes to my heart! Your round buttocks, I warrant, often made their teeth water—and now they will satisfy their longing. Well, since it must be so, and yet 'tis more than they deserve, let them have a belly-full of you: it is what you, Ball, and all horses must come to!

VENIAL DECEPTION.

A GENTLEMAN once, at the commencement of the shooting season, resolved to run every hazard in order to pursue his favourite pleasure. Unqualified by fortune, his first care was to engrave on his dog's collar the name and title of a certain lord; and thus with his pointer arrived in the manor of — Hoare, Esq. where he pursued his pastime with uninterrupted success for a considerable time; but at length the quantity of game he so frequently sported got ground, and Mr. Hoare's game-keeper determined to know who and what he was.

As he was returning one day about noon to Stourhead, he accosted him with rather more civility than is generally met with in those jacks in office:—"Pray, sir, what is your name, and who are you?"—"Fellow, look at my dog's collar." He did so, and bowing respectfully, replied, "Very well, my lord."—"I keep cash with your master, (added the gentleman) there are two half-crowns for you; let me not be interrupted any more in my sport by you, sir." He took the pieces, and went off bowing.

THE CLERICAL HUNTSMAN.

THE late Rev. Mr. L——, of Rutlandshire, was so attached to the sport of fox-hunting, that he seldom performed divine service on the week

days without his boots, though the church was not twenty yards from his residence. Should the musical echo of the huntsman's halloo reach his ear before the service was concluded (which had frequently happened) instantly the surplice was thrown off, the book shut, and, *sans ceremonie*, his pious congregation were left to the clerk, who very cordially used to tell them to depart, that he might shut the door, and go about his business.

HUG OF FRIENDSHIP; OR, THE CORDIALITY
OF A BEAR.

LEOPOLD, Duke of Lorraine, had a bear, called Marco, of the sagacity and sensibility of which we have the following example:—

During the winter of 1709, a Savoyard boy, ready to perish with cold in a barn, in which he had been put by a good woman, with some more of his companions, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflecting upon the danger which he ran in exposing himself to the mercy of the animal which occupied it. Marco, however, instead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws, and warmed him, by squeezing him to his breast, until the next morning, when he suffered him to depart and ramble about the city. The Savoyard returned in the evening to the hut, and was received with the same affection. For the following days he had no other

retreat; but what added much to his joy, was to perceive that the bear had reserved part of his food for him. Several days passed in this manner.

One day, when one of them came to bring his master his supper, rather later than ordinary, he was astonished to see the animal roll his eyes in a furious manner, and seeming as if he wished him to make as little noise as possible, for fear of awakening the child, whom he clasped to his breast. The animal, though ravenous, did not appear in the least moved with the food which was set before him. The report of this extraordinary circumstance was soon spread at court, and reached the ears of Leopold, who, with part of his courtiers, was desirous of being satisfied of the truth of Marco's generosity. Several of them passed the night near his hut, and beheld, with astonishment, that the bear never stirred as long as his guest shewed any inclination to sleep.

At break of day the child awoke, was very much ashamed to find himself discovered, and fearing that he would be punished for his rashness, begged for pardon. The bear, however, caressed him, and endeavoured to prevail on him to eat what had been brought him the evening before; which he did, at the request of the spectators, who conducted him to the prince. Having learned the whole story of this singular alliance, and the time of its continuance, the prince ordered care

to be taken of the little Savoyard, who, without doubt, would have soon made his fortune, had he not died a short time after.

THE MUTTON-LOVING POINTER.

"I HAVE a fine pointer (said a gentleman to his friend) staunch as can be at birds, but I cannot break him from sheep." His reply was, that the best way would be to couple him to the horns of an old ram, and leave them in a stable all night, and the discipline he would receive would prevent his loving field-mutton again. The same person meeting the owner of the dog some time afterwards, accosted him thus, "Well, sir, your pointer is now the best in England, no doubt, from my prescription."—"Much the same, sir, for he killed my ram, and eat a shoulder!"

ARGUMENTS A POSTERIORI.

Two Leicester sportsmen were beating the meadows about Aylstone, and one of them taking aim at a snipe, brought it down on the other side of the canal, which had been cut near that place, and contains water breast high. Unable to cross the water, and thus gain their prize, they engaged a working-man, for sixpence, to strip and carry them over. The fellow performed his engagement with one of them, and then, after carrying the other as far as the middle of the water, he declared he would set him down in that

place unless he would give him a shilling. This being positively refused, the man kept his word, and throwing his rider off his shoulders into the water, ran away. Our sportsman, however, being a good shot, took his revenge, for, as the fellow was mounting the bank, he discharged his fowling-piece, and lodged the whole contents in his posteriors. The man was severely, though not dangerously, wounded. The sportsman, who was one of the faculty, generously lent his assistance, and having administered a dose so well calculated to cure the fellow's pranks in future, he felt perfectly contented at his own ducking.

A PARABLE, ADDRESSED TO REPORT-
CATCHERS.

UPON the credit of a clerical sportsman, the following recipe was lately given for catching wild geese :—Tie a cord to the tail of an eel, and throw into the fens where the fowls haunt. One of the geese swallowing this slippery bait, it runs through him, and is swallowed by a second and a third, and so on, till the string is quite full. A person once caught so many geese in this manner, that they absolutely flew away with him !

TROTTING MATCH.

IN a provincial town, a gentleman was exhibiting at the door of an inn a capital trotting

mare, which had won every match she had been engaged in ; when a butcher of the town, stepping up, offered to trot his black poney against her for twenty guineas. A smile of contempt was the only notice he at first received. However the knight of the cleaver persisting in his original offer, the bet was accepted, and the next morning appointed for the match ; four miles from the spot where they then were. The black poney was one of those *shuffling bits of blood*, which are very commonly the property of butchers. Its owner appeared at the starting post, mounted on its rump, with his tray before him, and, by way of *swith*, as he called it, brandished a small marrow-bone. He was allowed the start, when immediately afterwards, as his competitor was rapidly passing him, he rattled a flourish upon his tray, which, of course, had the instantaneous effect of frightening the high mettled mare into a gallop. This repeatedly was the case, and as often, according to the etiquette of trotting matches, was the too hasty beast obliged to stop and turn round ; and thus, ultimately, the black poney was made to win hollow.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

READER, here lies a genuine son of earth,
Like a true fox-hound sportsman from his birth ;
O'er hills and dales, o'er mountains, woods and rocks,
With dauntless courage he pursued the fox

No danger stopp'd him, and no fear dismay'd,
 He scoff'd at fear, and danger was his trade.
 But there's a bound no mortal can o'er-leap,
 Wide as eternity, as high, as deep,
 Hither by death's unerring steps pursu'd,
 By that sagacious scent which none elude :
 By a strong pack of fleet years run down ;
 He leaves his whip. . . where monarch's leave their crowns.
 No shift, no double, could this hero save,
 Earth is his kennel, his abode the grave.
 Still let us listen to his parting voice,
 That sound, which once made all the world rejoice,*
 Still Exton's plains and Walcot's woods resound,
 With the shrill cry, that cheer'd the opening hound,
Hark forward, mortals ! forward ! hark away !
 To the dread summons of that awful day,
 When the great judge of quick and dead shall come,
 And wake the mould'ring corpse to meet his doom ;
 For this important hour may each prepare,
 Midst all enjoyments, this your constant care,
 Above this world let your affections live,
 Nor seek on earth what earth can never give ;
 With stedfast faith, and ardent zeal arise,
 Leap o'er time's narrow bounds, and reach the skies.

PHILLIS IN LOVE. A SPORTING TALE.

TALKING with a learned physician,† a great connoisseur in pointing and setting dogs, upon the

* We presume the poet has here availed himself of poetical licence ; unless he means (abstractedly speaking) the *Sporting World*. ED.

† The late Dr. Smith is supposed to be the person here alluded to.

subject of puppies, he told the following singular tale of a bitch he had, of the setting kind.

As he travelled from Midhurst into Hampshire, going through a country village, the mastiffs and cur dogs ran out barking, as is usual when gentlemen ride by such places ; among them he observed a little ugly pedlar's cur particularly eager, and fond of ingratiating himself with the bitch. The doctor stopped to water upon the spot, and whilst his horse drank, could not help remarking how amorous the cur continued, and how fond and courteous the bitch seemed to her admirer ; but provoked in the end, to see a creature of Phillis's rank and breed so obsequious to such mean addresses, drew one of his pistols and shot the dog dead on the spot ; then alighted, and taking the bitch into his arms, carried her before him several miles. The doctor relates farther, that madam, from that day, would eat little or nothing, having in a manner lost her appetite ; she had no inclination to go abroad with her master, or come when he called, but seemed to repine like a creature in love, and express sensible concern for the loss of her gallant.

Partridge season came on, but she had no nose ; the doctor did not take the bird before her. However, in process of time Phillis waxed proud. The doctor was heartily glad of it, and physically apprehended it would be a means of weaning her from all thoughts of her deceased admirer ; ac-

cordingly he had her confined in due time, and warded by an admirable setter, of high blood, which the doctor galloped his grey stone-horse forty miles an end, to fetch for the purpose. And that no accident might happen from the carelessness of drunken, idle servants, the charge was committed to a trusty old woman housekeeper; and, as absence from patients would permit, the doctor assiduously attended the affair himself. But, lo! when the days of whelping came, Phillis did not produce one puppy but what was in all respects the very picture and colour of the poor dog he had shot, so many months before the bitch was in heat.

This affair equally surprized and enraged the doctor. For some time he differed, almost to parting, with his old faithful housekeeper, being unjustly jealous of her care: such behaviour before she never knew from him; but, alas! what remedy? He kept the bitch many years, yet, to his infinite concern, she never brought a litter, but exactly similar to the pedlar's cur. He disposed of her to a friend of his in the neighbouring county, but to no purpose; the vixen still brought such puppies; whence the doctor tenaciously maintained, that bitch and dog may fall passionately in love with each other.

REYNARD'S SAGACITY.

A FOX having been hard run, took shelter under the covering of a well, and, by the endeavours used to extricate him from thence, was precipitated to the bottom, which was 100 feet. The bucket being let down, he instantly laid hold of it, and was drawn up a considerable way, when he again fell; but the same method being resorted to a second time, he secured his situation, and was drawn drawn up safe; after which he was burred off, and got clear away from the dogs.

WORDS TAKEN LITERALLY.

A CAPITAL farmer in Lincolnshire had a favourite greyhound, which was generally his kitchen companion, but having a parlour party, he ordered his dog, by way of keeping that room clean, to *be tied up*. About an hour after he enquired of the servant if he had done as he directed. "Yes, sir, I *has*."—"Very well,"—"I dare say he is dead before now."—"Why, damn you, you have not hanged him!" rejoined the master. "Yes, sir, you bid me *tie him up*!"

"ALL HIS FAULTS."

A CELEBRATED veterinarian writer was once requested to give a professional opinion upon a new purchase, from one of the fashionable receptacles, for *figure, bone, speed, and perfec-*

tion; when, upon the purchaser's anxious enquiry whether it was not a fine horse, and exceeding cheap at *forty*, the cautious examiner felt himself in the awkward predicament of acknowledging he certainly was, had he possessed the advantage of *seeing* his way *in* and *out* of the stable! "SEEING his way *in* or *out*! why, what the devil do you mean?"—"Only that this paragon of perfection is *totally blind*! Was he *warranted* sound to you?"—"No, I bought him with —*all his faults*!"

PARALLEL BETWEEN A NEWMARKET GROOM
AND A MINISTER OF STATE.

THE groom, notwithstanding his views are very different from those of the minister, must possess the same talents, and often exert them upon similar subjects; though horse-racing is an idle diversion, and the administration of a government a most important employment. If the minister must have sagacity to penetrate into the characters and dispositions of men, so must the groom. If the minister must comprehend a very extensive and complicated scene of things, to judge with probability of future events respecting matters of state; the groom must observe and consider innumerable circumstances, equally complicated and various, to judge as probably of events relating to matches.

The minister must scheme, and so must the

groom ; the minister must have recourse to artifice and cunning, so must the groom ; but this cunning must be subordinate to powers of a higher class ; for both the minister and groom, if their paramount principle be cunning, will impose only on themselves and fools. The thorough good groom, like the able minister, moves in a large circle ; they both judge of the probability of an event, not from considering that it has once happened, but from a knowledge of the causes which will probably produce it. The groom, as well as the minister, must also judge for himself ; and not rely implicitly on the judgment of another, whatever may be his character for sagacity and discernment ; they will, therefore, in every instance, avail themselves of their own abilities, which, by undeviating deference to the authority of others, would become useless.

Both the statesman and the groom are convinced, that to produce the event which they desire, a great variety of circumstances must concur, many of which lie wholly out of their power ; neither of them, therefore, will be decisive in his opinion that any particular event will happen, though neither of them will be ignorant of the probability in his own favour ; nay, upon some occasions, they know it is their interest, in a general view, even to make an attempt in a particular instance, where there is but a possibility of success.

The good jockey will generally profit more from believing what deserves credit, than from suspecting what does not deserve it, and so will the able statesman; for both will be superior to that fatal error of a contracted mind, indiscriminate suspicion. As the conduct of the good groom, and the good statesman, will be thus regulated by reason, neither of them will be mortified at the blind censures of other men, or at a disappointment which can only happen by causes which they foresaw without power to prevent, or by some accident which could not be foreseen; but this very disappointment, which short-sighted men will impute to an error, by the enlarged mind of the statesman, will perhaps be improved into a means of future advantage.

MISAPPLICATION OF TERMS. RELATED BY
MR. BECKFORD.

A LATE huntsman of mine was a great slip-slop, and always called successively, *successfully*. One day when he had been out with the young hounds, I sent for him in, and asked what sport he had had, and how the hounds behaved. "Very great sport, sir, and no hounds could behave better." "Did you run him long?" "They ran him, an' please your honour, upwards of three hours *successfully*." "So then, you *did* kill him?" "Oh no! sir, we lost him at last."

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH.

Mr. C-R-T-R, a gentleman not many years ago of a respectable patrimonial estate, in the neighbourhood of Witney, in Oxfordshire, was, in the complete acceptance of the term, a fox-hunter. He could boast a kennel of the finest hounds in that part of the country, and was in possession of a stud of mettled coursers, to whom, as to their master, neither hedge nor ditch, nor five-barred gate, nor river, nor precipice, had appearance formidable enough to interrupt the sport, or damp the ardour of the pursuit. In his dress, his manners, and his conversation, the huntsman and the whipper-in were the evident models of his imitation. Over the hilarity of the briskly flowing bowl, in the intercourses of friendship, and even in the endearments of domestic life, the language of the chace was never forgotten; in short, throughout the surrounding country, fox-hunting C-r-t-r was the epithet by which he was universally known, and with indisputable propriety distinguished. Even his nearest relatives were esteemed only in proportion to their attachment to the chace. Those who wished for his affections had no hopes of success, but by leaping into them over a five-barred gate, and to be sent to hell with a *tantivy* was the inevitable consequence of standing in awe of broken limbs, or a dislocated neck.

It happened one day, while this heroic votary of Diana was endeavouring to leap a gate of unusual height, that the leg of his favourite hunter caught between the upper bars, threw him on the other side, and tumbling with all his weight upon him, crushed and fractured one of his legs in so dreadful a manner, as rendered vain all the healing efforts of chirurgical skill, and left to the unhappy sufferer only the dreadful alternative of amputation or death.

Mr. C-r-t-r was not long deliberating on his choice. Recollecting that he never should be able to keep the saddle at a fox-chace with a wooden leg, he swore that he came into the world with two legs, and with two he would go out of it. In this resolution he obstinately persevered; and after languishing some time (if to a man of his resolution and violent temper the term languishing can ever be applied), his fancy still running on the darling pleasures of the chace, he went out of the world as he would have ended a fox-hunt, with the exulting shout of the death hollow; having previously bequeathed his estate to his favourite nephew, for no other reason than because he had used, while a boy, to follow him through the dangers and delights of the chase; excluding entirely all his other numerous relations who were more careful of their limbs; leaving to his wife only an annuity of two hundred

pounds, because she could not leap over a five-barred gate.

A MONKEY CURED OF HUNTING.

THE late Duke of Richmond had some hunters in Sussex. A monkey who was kept in the same stable, was remarkably fond of riding the horses, skipping from one to the other, and teasing the poor animals incessantly. The groom made a complaint to the Duke, who immediately formed a plan to remedy the evil. "If he is fond of riding (replied his Grace), we'll endeavour to give him enough of it:" and accordingly provided a complete jockey dress for the monkey. The next time the hounds were out, Jackoo in his uniform was strapped to one of his best hunters. The view-hollow being given, away they went through thick and thin; the horse carrying so light a weight, presently left all the company behind. Some of the party passing by a farm-house, enquired of a countryman whether he had seen the fox. "*Ay zure* (said the man), he is gone over yon fallow." "And was there any one up with him?" "*Ay zure* (said John), there be a *little man*, in a *yellow jacket*, just gone by, *riding* as tho' the devil be in *un*. I hope from my heart the *young gentleman* mayn't meet with a fall, for he rides *most monstrous hard*." His experiment had the desired effect. Jackoo was sufficiently

chafed by his exercise to make him dislike the sight of a stable ever afterwards.

PARS PRO TOTO.

It is about forty years ago, that two horses at Burford were running a very tight heat together; the one about fourteen hands, and a short made horse, the other upwards of fifteen, and proportionably long: the latter won by about a nose, but the rider of the other claimed the heat, as he *brought in his weight first*, his knee being before the rider's knee of the tall horse; but as *pars pro toto* is always considered, the head being then before the body, and the weight being on that body, the claim could produce nothing but credit to the jockey for his ingenuity.

COFFEE-ROOM CONVERSATION.

If a stranger step into a coffee-house, or club-room, on a Sunday evening, would he not suppose he had gone into a meeting of stable boys.

"That's a pretty mare of your's, Mr. Solemn."

"Yes, 'tis a tight going thing, Mr. Stupid."—

"How did your horse carry you to day, Mr. All-fat?" "Vastly well, Mr. Numbscull; clean over

the stones; not a stumble." "What will you

take for your bay, Mr. Bowbells?" "I'll not

part with him for fifty guineas, Mr. Cockney."

My horse, sir, I'll tell you a good story of my

horse: as I was *a-riding* down Garret-lane, &c.'

“Vastly well, indeed, Mr. Calveshead.” “I’ll tell you tho’ a devilish good thing of my mare; as I was *a-riding* by the Devil and Bag-o’Nails”—
“Ha! ha! ha! very well, very well, Mr. Addlepate.” “That’s a dead good one, Billy.” “Bet you a crown mine trots with your’s for six miles.”
“Done, Bob.” “Damme, I’ll take Jack’s mare against the world.” “Aye, Tom, &c. &c. &c.”

GENEALOGY OF A JOCKEY.

An able jockey, fit to start for match, sweepstakes, or King’s plate; well sized, can mount twelve stone, or strip to a feather; is sound wind and limb, and free from blemish. He was got by *Yorkshire Tom*, out of a full sister to *Deptford Nan*; his dam was got by the noted *Matchem Times*, his grand dam was a *German Princess*, and his great-grandam was *Flanders Moll*; his sire won the King’s plate at York and Hambleton, the ladies’ subscription purse at Nottingham, the give-and-take at Lincoln, and the sweepstakes at Newmarket. His grandsire beat *Dick Rogers* at Epsom and Burford, and *Patrick McCutem* over the Curragh of Kildare. His great grandsire, and great great grandsire rode for King Charles II. and so noble is the blood that flows in this jockey’s veins, that none of his family were ever distanced, stood above five feet five, or weighed more than twelve stone.

THE SUCCESSFUL SPORTSMAN.

SOME gentlemen being out shooting, one of the company, who was but an indifferent shot, after making several unsuccessful attempts to kill game by firing at random, lodged two pellets in the cheek of a gentleman of the party; but when the *marksman* came up to apologize, and to express his sorrow: "My dear sir (said the other), I give you joy in your improvement, I knew you would hit something by and bye."

A HUMOROUS REVENGE.

A GENTLEMAN, somewhat too distinguished for scolding his huntsman in the field, was so incensed once, at a reply the fellow made, that he turned him off instantly on the spot. The huntsman, after delivering up his horse, got into a rabbit cart, and away he went. The next morning, when the gentleman was going out, and had got to the end of the town with his hounds, the voice of his huntsman saluted his ear, who began hallowing to the dogs till not one of them would leave the tree where the man had perched himself. What was to be done? The gentleman wished to hunt, but there was no hunting without dogs, and there was no stopping the man's mouth; so that he was at length compelled to make the best of a bad bargain, and take the fellow down from the tree into his service again.

THE BITER BIT.

A GENTLEMAN of considerable fortune in the neighbourhood of Whitby, and who was tenacious of the game upon his manor, once found an unqualified person shooting, and not only seized his gun, but carried him before a magistrate, who of course levied the forfeiture, which was paid. He then assured the justice, he did not complain of the exaction of the penalty, because he knew it was conformable to the law ; but as the abuse lavished upon him by his prosecutor had been accompanied with a multiplicity of horrid oaths, he considered it as his bounden duty to become his accuser in turn. Having therefore given evidence against him, in form, for swearing forty oaths, the magistrate was, in consequence of the deposition, unavoidably obliged to fine the gentleman ten pounds, half of which went to the poor of the parish, and the other half to the informer.

THE VENAL COURTIER.

NOTHING could equal the degraded situation to which human nature was reduced under the *ancien régime* of France. The following instance of courtly and parasitical servility will exemplify the fact. The minister Machiavel, lost a little female greyhound, a great favourite. Bouret, who possessed the spirit of intrigue in the supreme degree, and sighed as much as Mr. Beau-

foxy to be noticed by the Minister, considered this a most favourable opportunity to ingratiate himself with Machiavel. For this purpose, after much labour, he procured a greyhound critically like the one lost. This he brought home, and next dressed up a puppet with a black robe, such as that worn by the Comptroller-General: he never suffered this greyhound to eat until it first crept and fawned on the wooden Comptroller. When sufficiently trained, he led it to the house of Machiavel, and the moment the greyhound saw the Comptroller, she ran to him, leaped upon his neck, and licked his face, which made the minister imagine that it was the dog which he had lost. It is unnecessary to add, that a man capable of paying such unremitting attention to a *dog*, was well adapted to ingratiate himself, by every species of canine servility, into the good graces of a Minister.

STATE HORSES TO BE SOLD BY PRIVATE
CONTRACT.

A SET of coach horses to be disposed of, the property of a GREAT PERSONAGE: they are well known to the public, having been constantly used for some years past in town, much to their owner's emolument and amusement, and to the diversion of the people. It is, however, the proprietor's intention to part with them soon, and, scorning to take any unfair advantage, he gives

the following description of the beasts, with their good and bad qualities:—

1. The fine young and spirited horse Billy, got by True Patriot, has a soft and tender mouth, and feels the curb at once, which is necessary, as he is much given to frisking, kicking, and plunging, by which he has almost broke the traces of the coach he belongs to.

2. Black Harry, who, though he draws a coach at present, is equally fit and willing to draw a dung-cart; is not shy or restive; by skilful management, and keeping his rack and manger well filled, draws well, tho' with dirtiest roads.

3. Richmond: the great grandsire of this horse was the noted stallion Royal Oak; his great granddam a noted filly, kept by Charles II.: he draws equally well on either side, but does not bear the whip kindly; is much given to starting, and if he can slip the traces will certainly run away; when this happens, he strays into Sussex, and may be found grazing about Goodwood.

4. Jesuit, a horse of Irish breed, formerly known by the name of Liberty. He was lately purchased out of another set, with which he had always drawn from the time he was first broke; he finds better provender in the stable to which he now belongs, and a prospect of starting for a King's plate.

5. Wind'em, is a serviceable horse, is obedient and tractable when he knows his driver;

that famous horse has received some kicks from Fox, but is nothing the worse for them. Of late he has had an occasion for body-cloathes, especially that kind called *Habeas Corpus*, which throws him into stinking sweats, and has a great dislike to grazing on Runnymede.

6. Portland is a fine and elegant horse; he has lately cast his coat, and is now sleek and fat. He is very fond of rich harness, in which, with a full belly, he will run backward and forward, to the right or left, can bear the hissing and shouting of a mob, and is not frightened at bonfires.

These creatures are of late much changed in their dispositions, and do not *run well* together; they will, therefore, be found most useful in different occupations.

Proposals received at the Stable-yard, St. James's.

N. B. If not used shortly, they will be sent on the *volunteer service*.

A CHARACTERISTIC EPITAPH.

HERE lieth ready to *start*, in full hopes to save his distance,

TIMOTHY TURF,

formerly stud-groom to Sir Marmaduke Match'eni,

and

late keeper of the Racing-Stables on

Cerny Downs,

but
 was *beat out of the world*, on the first of April last,
 by that invincible Rockingham*,

DEATH.

N. B. He lived and died an honest man.

Here lies a groom, who longer life deserv'd,
 Whose *course* was *strait*, from which he never swerv'd;
 Yet e're was quite complete his fiftieth *round*,†
 Grim Death, at *Jack Cade*,‡ brought him to the ground.
 This tyrant oft, to *cross* and *jostle* tried,
 But ne'er, till now, could gain the *whip-hand side*.
 In youth he saw the *high-bred cattle* train'd,
 By gentle means and easiest trammels rein'd;
 He taught them soon the *ending-stand* to gain,
 Swift as Camillas o'er the velvet plain.
 Oft from the *crack ones* bear the prize away,
 And triumph boldly in the blaze of day:
 But of late years he used the fertile plough,
 To grace with yellow corn the naked brow,
 And her green turf, which they were wont to tread,
 Affords the trembling oats, with which they're fed.
 Oh! may this sod, with thorny texture bound,
 Protect from horses hoofs the sacred ground;
 And may his *colts* and *fillies*§ truly run
 Their beaten course||, and see a later sun!

* A famous horse.

† The Round, or King's Plate Course, at Newmarket.

‡ A steep ascent in that course, fatal to bad bottomed horses.

§ His infant sons and daughters.

|| A straight course of four miles.

SPORTING BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

A DIALOGUE.

Justice. What have you to alledge against the prisoner?

Accuser. Please your worship's grace, I be come to prosecute him on the dog act.

Prisoner. 'Tis a false charge—I never stole a dog in all my born days—and if any one should dare to say I did, I would tell him he is a *gallows* liar to his face.

Accuser. I say you are one of the *most notedest* dog-stealers in England, and I can prove *as how* you stole my *bitch*.

Prisoner. As to my stealing a few *bitches* now and then, I don't pretend to deny. It is better to pick up a little money in an honest employment, like that, than to lounge about like an idle vagabond. There is no harm at all in stealing *bitches*.

Justice. I believe, fellow, I shall convince you to the contrary.

Prisoner. You must not pretend to teach me law better than I *knows* it. I was bred to the crown law, and served a regular clerkship to it among my brethren in the neighbourhood of Chick-lane. I think I could have made a figure if I had been called to the bar.

Justice. Then you will shortly have an opportunity of shining in your proper sphere.

Prisoner. I should have been hanged many sessions ago, *if so be as how* I had not been clever in turning and twining the Acts of Parliament. I have not studied law for nothing. Lord bless your dear worship's eyes, I have made the *most learnedest* judges going *knock under me*. When I came to explain and *identificate* what law was, they hung down their ears, looked foolish, and had not a word to say for themselves.

Justice. Have you not stole the man's bitch?

Prisoner. I have.

Justice. Then I shall convict you in the penalty of forty pounds.

Prisoner. I have read the Act of Parliament, and defy you, or any other dealer in the peace, to hurt a hair of my head. You must not pretend to teach those that can teach you. I *know* a thing or two, and if you don't mind what you are about, you may perhaps *catch cold*.

Justice. If you threaten me, I shall *commit* you.

Prisoner. You had better commit fornication.

Justice. Is not a *bitch* a dog?

Prisoner. Is not your wife a justice of the peace? Your worship won't pretend now to say that a *cow* is a *bull*.

Justice. I must insist upon it, that according to the true spirit of the statute, a dog and a bitch are exactly the same thing.

Prisoner. I dare you to commit me on the statute of 10 G. 3.; the word bitch is not so much as mentioned in it. I had the opinion of my brethren upon this gig, and bl-st me if I don't steal as many bitches as I come near, in spite of all the *old women* in the commission.

Justice. If you call me an *old woman* again, I'll trounce you.

Prisoner. Read that, and be convinced.

Justice (after having read the Act). Discharge this fellow. I shall not venture to commit him.

Prisoner. Lord help the poor law-makers; they always leave a hole for a man of *geniosity* to creep out of! If they have a mind to make their acts binding, they must consult one of us knowing ones, who are up to a thing or two, which is more than you are.—(*Exeunt severally.*)

THE PARSON'S TENACITY.

THE late Lord D. being on a hunting party in the neighbourhood of Wentbridge, in Yorkshire, was invited by a Mr. S. of that village, to alight (as well as the rest of a numerous field of sportsmen) from their horses, and take some refreshment. The invitation was of course accepted. Their repast being finished, Lord D. commended some brown bread highly, declaring it to be the best he had ever eaten, and with Mr. S's permission he would take some home to his lady.

No, my Lord, replied Mr. S. I beg your pardon for that; eat as much as you will, but by G-d you shan't *pocket* any.

DEAD GAME.

An *expert* sportsman once sallied forth to commit dreadful havoc among the harmless tenants of the field. Being properly accounted with a double-barrell'd gun, he had the good luck speedily to discover one, which he shot at, and instantly another presented itself to his view, at which he discharged the other barrel; highly elated with his skill, as they both appeared fixed to the spot, he ran with the eagerness of a *city fowler* to secure his prize; when lo! he found them both dead and cold, having previously been *snared*, in which state they hung *suspended*!

A CURIOUS CASE.

Mr. MORGAN, who lives adjoining Lord Thurlow's, at Norwood, and is Lord of the Manor, keeps a number of dogs, one of which is in the habit of sporting alone, and bringing home hares, or whatever he catches, to his master's house.

A few weeks ago, the dog caught a hare on Sydenham Common, and, as usual, was taking it home to his master. A publican, who was on horseback at the time, pursued the dog, and took the hare from him, in the presence of Mr. Morgan's sportsman, who demanded the hare; but

the publican took it home, and said he had as much right to the animal, as either the sportsman or the owner of the dog.

The publican being discovered, he was obliged to appear at the Quarter Sessions, where he was fined five pounds for having the hare in his possession, and not having taken out a certificate, authorising him to kill game. He appeared, in preference to making an apology, which Mr. M. demanded.

The fine he refused to pay, on the ground that he had not a hare in his possession, as the dog had, previously to his taking it from him, either ate or separated the head from the body. This circumstance puzzled their worships, the justices; but Mr. Morgan politely relieved them from their embarrassment, by agreeing to bring the matter before the Court of King's Bench.

CLERICAL FRIENDSHIP OF CANINE CONTRACTION.

A CLERGYMAN, in the city, was possessed of a dog, which had a strange custom of going every morning during the summer season to the New River, and plunging into the water, after which immersion, he very orderly trotted home again. This peculiarity attracted the attention of another clergyman, who, in his morning's walks, had frequently observed the fact with no small entertainment. Nor did he escape the notice of the dog;

for honest Rover, finding he had crept into some little favour with the parson, resolved, as will appear, to cultivate a farther acquaintance, to which end he exerted that talent at adulation, which generally *lies in a dog's tail*.

Upon one of these occasions, instead of making the best of his way home, he made bold to arrest our sable friend, by gripping the skirt of his coat, rather sportively, than with any vicious or sanguinary intention. But yet he seemed unwilling to let go his hold. The singularity of the circumstance, as may be imagined, awakened the curiosity of his prisoner, who wisely thinking it would be to no purpose to remonstrate, put himself under the conduct of his canine companion, and walked on, musing on the adventure, and wondering, at the same time, what would be the event.

Through many bye-ways and windings did they travel, 'till at length Rover released his captive, and made a *set*, which was saying, as plain as a dog could say, that their journey was at an end. So in fact it was; and now the last act of civility remained to be performed on the part of the dog, which he acquitted himself of (to his credit be it spoken) very handsomely, never losing sight of his charge until he had introduced him to his master; the *denouement* was not inconsistent with the whole tenor of the dog's deportment, the clergymen having thus contracted an intimacy

and ever afterwards lived in habits of friendship.

ANECDOTE OF THE P—— OF W——.

His Royal Highness was many years resident at Clifden-House, in the county of Bucks; and being very fond of shooting, he gave orders for breeding a great number of pheasants and partridges, that when they came to proper maturity they might be liberated, on purpose to afford his Royal Highness amusement in the shooting season: by which means the neighbouring woods and fields were most plentifully stored with game.

It happened that a clergyman, whose name was Bracegirdle, resided in the neighbourhood with a large family, upon a small curacy, and being an excellent shot, thought there was no harm in lessening the game, towards the support of himself and his family: the Prince being apprised of it, sent an express command to him not to destroy the game, for that he would, in due time, consider him and his family. The mandate was punctually obeyed at that time, the parson layed by his gun, and every thing seemingly promised no further encroachment.

The ensuing season, his Royal Highness being out on a shooting party in the neighbourhood, heard the report of a gun at no great distance from him; orders were immediately given to find out the party, and bring them before his Royal

Highness: who should approach but parson Bracegirdle, and being come in the presence, the Prince (with his usual good nature) asked him what diversion he had met with: to which he replied, some little; but pray (said the Prince) what have you got in your hawking bag? let us see the contents. The parson then drew out a fine cock pheasant and two brace of partridges. Very fine (said the Prince); but did I not command you to forbear from destroying the game? The parson, very sensible of the breach he had been guilty of, most humbly besought his Rôyal Highness's forgiveness, alledging, that the beauty of the morning invited him abroad, and happening to take the gun along with him, the creature (pointing to the game) got up before me, and flesh and blood could not forbear. The Prince was so pleased with his apology, that he bid him rise up and attend him; the conversation then turned on the art of shooting flying, which at that time his Royal Highness was rather defective in; but by Mr. Bracegirdle's constant attendance on the Prince in all his shooting excursions, he became a tolerable good shot; and in remembrance of the promise he made him, obtained for him the living of Taplow, then worth two hundred pounds a year.

SPORTING ARDOUR.

THE late Duke of Grafton, when hunting, was thrown into a ditch ; at the same time a young curate, calling out " Lie still my Lord," leaped over him, and pursued his sport. Such an apparent want of feeling, we may presume, was properly resented. No such thing: on being helped out by his attendants, his Grace said, " that man shall have the first good living that falls to my disposal ; had he stopped to have taken care of me, I never would have given him any thing:" being delighted with an ardour similar to his own, or with a spirit that would not stoop to flatter.

SPIRIT OF A GREYHOUND.

ONE of this species of dogs having run a hare extremely hard, and turned her at least a dozen times, killed her by himself; but was so exhausted, that he lay down panting by her side, seemingly unable to rise. Two countrymen, perceiving the situation of the dog, and the master not coming up, hoped to secure the prize; but upon going to seize it, the greyhound sprung up, took the hare in his mouth, and run with it to his master, the fellows pursuing with stones and sticks. When he met his master, he laid down the hare at his feet, and immediately turned round and flew at the men, but was so enervated,

that he dropped down as if dead : by proper attention, however, he was restored, and lived long a faithful servant to his master.

THE ROYAL CONVERT.

ALONZO the Fourth, surnamed *The Brave*, ascended the throne of Portugal in the vigour of his age. The pleasures of the chase engrossed his whole attention ; his confidants and favourites encouraged, and allured him to it ; his time was spent in the forest, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by those whose interest it was to keep their sovereign in ignorance. His presence at last being essential at Lisbon, he entered the council with all the impetuosity and fervor of a juvenile sportsman, and, with great familiarity and gaiety, entertained his nobles with the history of a whole month spent in hunting, fishing, and shooting. When he had finished his narrative, a nobleman of the first rank rose up :—" Courts and camps (said he) were allowed for kings, not woods and desarts; even the affairs of private men suffer when recreation is preferred to business ; but when the phantasies of pleasure engross the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is consigned to ruin. We came here for other purposes than to hear the exploits of a chase ; exploits which are only intelligible to grooms, to falconers, and such people ; if your majesty will attend to the

wants and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient subjects ; if not——” The king, starting with rage, interrupted him :— “ If not, what ? ”— “ If not,” resumed the nobleman, in a firm and manly tone, “ they will look for another and a better king ! ” Alonzo, in the highest transport of passion, expressed his resentment, and hastened out of the room. In a little time, however, he returned calm and reconciled. “ I perceive (said he) the truth of what you say ; he who will not execute the duties of a king, cannot long have good subjects. Remember, from this day forward, I am no longer Alonzo the sportsman, but Alonzo, king of Portugal.”

His majesty kept his resolve with the most rigid observance, and became, as a warrior and a politician, the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs.

PLACE HUNTING AND TICKET HUNTING.

It frequently happens, that we use the same means to attain ends that are very dissimilar. This was the case with a gentleman who had never been observed with the king's stag-hounds, in the course of the day, but who, nevertheless, applied (after the stag was taken) for a qualification ticket, to which Johnson, the huntsman, conscientiously objected, upon his “ not having been present at the taking of the deer.” With some degree of concern, he replied, “ he consi-

dered himself entitled to it, as he had followed the king all day." George Gorden (one of the yeoman-prickers, or assistant huntsmen) instantly replied, "If you *hunt* for a *place*, sir, you may follow the king; but, by G—d, if you *hunt* for a *ticket* you must *follow me*!" This is a fact not to be controverted, as George is undoubtedly one of the best riders in the field.

THE SEA-HORSE.

A captain of a West-Indiaman wished to purchase a horse; in consequence he applied to a well-known character, who sold him one. After the purchase had been made, the captain observed—"Well, now the horse is mine, pray tell me candidly whether he has any faults, and what they are." "What do you mean to do with him, replied the other?" "Why to take him *to sea*," said the Captain, to the West Indies." "Then I will be candid (replied the dealer), he *may go very well at sea*, but on land he cannot go at all, or I would not have sold him."

THE SPORTING REPRIEVE.

MAN, and his inferiors, the brute creation, are alike subject to the vicissitudes of life; and the same erratic course of events, which sometimes lead to the premature destruction of a human being, may likewise produce the too early sacrifice of a quadruped, unless saved by the concurrence

of accident. Of the truth of this assertion, the following fact is illustrative. A very handsome TAME FOX escaped from the RECEPTACLE in EDGWARE-ROAD: hand-bills, with a guinea reward for his recovery, were circulated on the following morning, but no information whatever could be obtained for *ten days after*, when a hay-salesman riding into the yard, and enquiry being made of him, he remembered to have heard that a fox had been caught by Mr. Nicholls, of Kingsbury, with greyhounds a few days before, and being taken unhurt, he was transferred to Mr. Hill, of Lower-Hall, near Edgware, and was to be turned out at Stanmore on the following morning. As a moment was not to be lost, a messenger was instantly dispatched to Mr. Hill, who, receiving him very politely, consented to relinquish the *intended* sport if it should prove the fox in question; but whether the fox was *magnified* by the *light* of the *candle*, or the messenger's eyes *diminished* by the HOSPITALITY of the HOUSE, cannot be ascertained; though certain it is he declined the fox, saying, "he would take his oath the fox *then* before him was not the *identical* fox that was *lost*." Returning late at night with this account, and the owner of the fox being too old a sportsman to believe a *native fox* could be found in a hedge-row within *six miles* of the metropolis, he dispatched one of his lads more particularly known to him, by five in the morning,

who, arriving just as he was going to be *bagged* for his *fatal* destination, had some difficulty to obtain an interview, the previous messenger having most decisively declined the fox with the before-mentioned assertion; but prevailing in his application, he was admitted, and whilst the standers-by stood aloof *with fear*, Reynard instantly submitted to the *embraces* of his *old friend*, and being by him carried into the *parlour* for the amusement of the LADIES, and the no less *curious* *feminines* in the *kitchen*, was returned triumphant to his *old home*, where he afforded *occasional sport in miniature* for two brace of terriers, thus fully verifying the philosophic prediction of Macheath, that

The wretch of TO-DAY may be happy TO-MORROW.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

As the pack of little rabbit beagles, belonging to Mr. Chafin, were hunting in West Walk, Cranbourn-Chase, they ran a rabbit into an old dry well, which was slightly covered over with thorns. Nine of the best hounds fell to the bottom, *one hundred and forty feet*; after two hours had elapsed, some experienced men were procured from the parish of Gunville, and one man of undaunted spirit was let down by the others, and brought up the nine dogs, six of which were dead; three only had some signs of life, and

from being carefully attended, were recovered, notwithstanding the immense depth of their fall.

INTREPIDITY OF HENRY IV.

THE renowned Henry IV. King of France, experienced once an extraordinary hunting adventure. A bold renegado, who had been in the Spanish service, and called himself Capt. Michan, came to solicit employment from Henry, when he was only King of Navarre. The King was cautioned to beware of this deserter, arriving from a country which could not but be suspected by every protestant. But the mind of Henry was too full of honour to be capable of entertaining suspicions upon insufficient grounds, and he therefore paid no regard to this advice. A few days after, as he was hunting in the forest of Arras, being alone in a sequestered place, he perceived Michan advancing towards him, well mounted, with a brace of pistols at his saddle bow. On his approach, he said to him with a firm tone of voice, "Captain Michan alight; I have a mind to try if your horse be as good as you pretend." Michan instantly obeyed, and the King mounted: then taking out the pistols, he said to Michan, "Have you an intention to kill any one, Captain? I am assured that you design me for your victim; now your life is in my power, if I please to take it." He then discharged the two pistols in the air, and commanded Michan to follow him. At first he

attempted to justify himself; but thinking it the safest way to make his escape, he set off two days after, and never again made his appearance.

THE BITER BIT.

DURING the second encampment which the English forces made in Bojapore, in the East Indies, one of the officers had a horse stolen from him, but missing the road before he got clear of the tents, the thief was detected and brought back. The gentleman, highly pleased at recovering his horse, and much surprized at the dexterity of the fellow that carried him off, amidst seven or eight *fices* (grooms) sleeping around him, was more inclined to admire his address and expertness, than to punish him.

Next morning his resentment having subsided, his curiosity rose in proportion: he therefore ordered the fellow to be brought before him, and demanded by what contrivance he had effected his design. The fellow replied, he could not well tell his honour, but that if he pleased he would shew him. "Well then (said the officer), since you are so bad at description, we will see how you did it." Being arrived at the pickets, the fellow crept softly under the horse's belly: "Now, sir (says he), pray take notice; this is the manner I crawled over the *fices*; the next thing was to loosen his ropes behind, which I did thus. I then clapped a halter, observe, sir, if

you please, over his neck thus." "Vastly clever, by Jove," exclaimed the officer, laughing and rubbing his hands. "In this manner (continued the fellow), I jumped upon his back, and when once I am mounted, I give any one leave to catch me if they can." In saying which, he gave the horse a kick, and though almost surrounded by troops, &c. pushed him through the gaping croud, put him to his full speed, and carried him clean off.

TONY BRUN'S SALT FISH.

TONY BRUN, an erratic comedian, with more ambition than ability, was no less remarkable for his singular simplicity, than extreme fondness for angling. When he was member of the Liverpool Theatre, he laid one evening several lines in a stream near the town, in hopes of procuring an excellent dinner for the next day. In the course of the night, a theatrical wag, belonging to the same company, went to the place, drew up his hooks, and on some of them fixed *red herrings*, and on others *sparrows*, carefully placing them again in their former situation. Early in the morning Tony went with a friend to secure his expected prize, and drew up the *red herrings*; upon which he said to his companion, "Before God, here are herrings, and upon my faith *ready pickled* too." Proceeding further, he drew the sparrows on shore; after examining them for

some time very attentively, he exclaimed, "God bless my soul, this is indeed very surprising! I don't wonder at catching the *red herrings*, because they were in their own element, but I really never before thought that *birds* lived in *water*; I should as soon have as soon expected to have shot *fish* in the *air*; but I will take care and not be disappointed a second time, by laying my lines here for *fresh fish*."

A SPORTING GENERAL'S DISPATCHES.

I HAVE the honour to inform you, that I moved with the detachment you were pleased to entrust me with, consisting of three greyhounds, two setters, and four couple of harriers, at day-break of the 18th inst. The weather being rather unfavourable, prevented my reaching Hare Hill, till seven A.M. where I received information from Hector (whom I had previously dispatched on a reconnoitring expedition), of the enemy being lodged in a large thicket, strongly defended by enormous bushes, a large ditch in front, and other redoubtable entrenchments. As I wished to dispose of the force you entrusted me with to the best advantage, I commanded the veteran Caesar to watch an entrance into the redoubt; Alexander to secure a retreat that seemed very eligible, down a narrow lane; while Nero, Clytus, and Brutus, formed a similar defence in an opposite quarter; the rest, headed by Old

Ventidius, I placed as a *corps de reserve* to the whole, at the same time forming a very formidable circumvallation; and thus arranged, I judged an escape wholly impracticable. The enemy finding every retreat cut off by this more than trio of *chevaux-de-frize*, preserved a profound silence, so as to lessen my belief of the truth of Hector's report, whose age and length of services have rather obscured his sagacity; I, however, began firing some small shot, the rather from a motive to terrify, than any intent of carnage. This had an effect inimical to my wishes; for some inhabitants in my rear, (consisting of a sow and nine pigs) left their dwelling with such velocity as (by a coup-de-main) to divert the attention of Brutus and Cæsar, by which two retreats were vacated, the enemy escaped, and thereby a glorious opportunity was unfortunately lost. However, while I regret the failure of the manœuvre, it is some consolation to find, that had it succeeded, the achievement would have been nothing more than an ancient rabbit, the callousness and pusillanimity of which would have disgraced your table, and degraded my arms. After annihilating the pig-stye (which I should be sorry you would deem less reconcileable with humanity than the love of the chase), I detached Hector on a desultory expedition towards the west of Reynard Wood, with a view of dislodging an old fox, who has long baffled the united ef-

forts of horse, dog, and gun; and whose strength and cunning seem to increase with his success. In this I was also unsuccessful; for his firmness is of that tenacious nature, as must render him invincible. In vain I tried every means human wisdom could suggest, in order to allure him to an open and decisive attack, and at last compulsively called in my advanced and flanking parties, and marched them off the ground in good order, with no other acquisition than this lesson, that lenient, not compulsive measures, seem most likely to facilitate the desired purpose.

A combination of difficulties then succeeded; a violent shower, added to bad and almost inaccessible roads; to increase which, poor Hector grew almost blind with fatigue and want of food, (it being then three and a half P.M.) Cæsar in a similar predicament, Nero with a thorn in his foot, Alexander and Clytus in strong contention for an almost fleshless bone the former had accidentally picked up; my ammunition nearly exhausted, and what was left rendered useless by the late heavy rains; to complete which, my Rosinante was become spiritless and tired, when luckily I espied a mansion, apparently a mile from my then situation, but on enquiry found there was no other access to it than by a circum-jacent road, at least three miles by computation. Night approaching, and myself thus situated, I found a guide would be essential to my own and

dogs preservation, therefore engaged a stranger, who was fortunately passing, the small expence of which, when weighed with the necessity, cannot but meet with your concurring acquiescence. Thus assisted and supported, by an insuperable perseverance and magnanimity, we reached the desired abode about nine at night, after having surmounted innumerable impediments. Our sojourn in these quarters will not be any longer than the return of our ability to renew the chace, which, I have every reason to hope, will be equally speedy, with an opportunity of restoring verdure to laurels that have been tinged only from the physical and untoward incidents of the day. It would be a want of gratitude not to express my hearty commendations of the zeal and avidity shewn by every dog under my command; if there were any contention, it arose from a natural impulse, a becoming emulation in the chace, which should be most forward in obeying him who has the honour to be,

Sir, your's, &c.

NAT. NIMROD.

P. S. I send this dispatch by an old tenant of your's, to whose care and attention (as guide) I am indebted for our preservation; and while I recommend him to your notice, must also refer you to him for further information.

BROAD HINTS TO CITY SPORTSMEN.

If there are *three* of you, by all means hire a post-chaise, as it cuts a *dash*, and comes *cheap*.

Be sure you let the *muzzle* of your guns be out a quarter of a yard on each side of the chaise, to shew all the people on the road that you are *sportsmen*.

On no account begin shooting for *game* before you get to Hackney, Camberwell, Kentish Town, Mile End, top of Kent-street Road, or any place of equal distance from town.

Take care you do not shoot a *sheep*, or a *cove*, instead of the *bird*, you take aim at.

The guns of least repute among *common* sportsmen are the best, *those that scatter their shot the widest*, as there is more chance of hitting them—if one, as the saying is, won't, another will.

There is nothing like a *sure shot*. Many a bird has been missed by firing hastily, at too great a distance. The best mode is to place your piece close to his head; thus the body is not torn.

Taking aim with both eyes shut, is not so good a practice as with both open, as cunning birds have been known to take advantage of the moment, and fly away.

In choice of dogs, that species of the spaniel, called the Spitalfields He-away is to be prefer-

red, as he will hunt every kennel as well as ditch, and runs over most ground.

THE INSPIRED GAMESTER.

AN Archbishop of Canterbury making a tour into the country, stopped at an inn for refreshment. Being at the window, he observed at a distance, in a solitary wood, a well-dressed man alone, talking, and acting a kind of part.

The prelate's curiosity was excited, to know what the stranger was about, and accordingly sent some of his servants to observe him, and hear what he was rehearsing. But they bringing back an answer far from satisfactory, his grace resolved to go himself; he accordingly repaired to the wood, ordering his attendant to keep at a distance. He addressed the stranger very politely, and was answered with the same civility. A conversation having been once entered into, though not without interruptions, by an occasional soliloquy, his grace asked what he was about. "I am at play," he replied. "At play," said the prelate, "and with whom? you are all alone!"—"I own," said he, "Sir, you do not perceive any antagonist, but I am playing with God."—"Playing with God, (his lordship thinking the man out of his mind) this is a very extraordinary party; and pray at what game, Sir, are you playing?"—"At chess, Sir."—The archbishop smiled; but the man seeming peaceable, he was

willing to amuse himself with a few more questions. "And do you play for any thing, sir?"—"Certainly."—"You cannot have any great chance, as your adversary must be so superior to you!"—"He does not take any advantage, but plays merely like a man."—"Pray, Sir, when you win or lose, how do you settle your accounts?"—"Very exactly and punctually, I promise you."—"Indeed! pray how stands your game?" The stranger, after muttering something to himself, said, "I have just lost it."—"And how much have you lost?"—"Fifty guineas."—"That is a great sum; how do you intend paying it, does God take your money?"—"No, the poor are his treasurers; he always sends some worthy person to receive the debt, you are at present the purse-bearer." Saying this, he pulled out his purse, and counting fifty guineas, put them into his grace's hand, and retired, saying, "He should play no more that day."

The prelate was quite fascinated; he did not know what to make of this extraordinary adventure, he viewed the money, and found all the guineas good; recalled all that had passed, and began to think there must be something in this man more than he had discovered. However, he continued his journey, and applied the money to the use of the poor, as had been directed.

Upon his return, he stopped at the same inn, and perceiving the same person again in the wood,

in his former situation, he resolved to have a little further conversation with him, and went alone to the spot where he was. The stranger was a comely man, and the prelate could not help viewing him with a kind of religious veneration, thinking, by this time, that he was inspired to do good in this uncommon manner. The prelate accosted him as an old acquaintance, and familiarly asked him how the chance stood since they had last met. "Sometimes for me, and sometimes against me; I have both lost and won."—"And are you at play now?"—"Yes, Sir, we have played several games to day."—"And who wins?"—"Why, Sir, at present the advantage is on my side, the game is just over, I have a fine stroke; check mate, there it is."—"And pray, Sir, how much have you won?"—"Five hundred guineas?"—"That is a handsome sum; but how are you to be paid?"—"I pay and receive in the like manner: he always sends me some good rich man when I win; and you, my lord, are the person. God is remarkably punctual upon these occasions."

The archbishop had received a very considerable sum on that day: the stranger knew it, and produced a pistol, by way of receipt; the prelate found himself under the necessity of delivering up his cash; and, by this time, discovered the divine inspired gamester to be neither more or less than a thief. His lordship had, in the course

of his journey, related the first part of this adventure, but the latter part he prudently took great pains to conceal.

SPORTING ANECDOTE OF JAMES I.

James the First being one time on a hunting party, near Bury St. Edmond's, he saw an opulent townsman, who had joined the chase, very brave in his apparel, and so glittering and radiant, that he eclipsed all the court. The king was desirous of knowing the name of this gay gentleman, and being informed, by one of his followers, that it was Lamme, he facetiously replied, "Lamb, call you him! I know not what *kind* of lamb he is, but I am sure he has got a *good fleece* upon his back."

CHERUBIM SHOOTING.

Two Cockneys issued forth on a shooting-party, to some little distance from town, and were to sleep at an ale-house, and rise early to their sport in the morning. Trudging to their quarters in the dusk of the evening, a large looking bird came sailing round the corner of a barn, at which one of them put up his gun, he shot, and the bird fell;--but, oh horror! what was the surprise and dread of him and his companion, when running up in a great hurry to pick up his game, he found a pair of full bright eyes in a round comely face, with a pair of snow-white wings



Cherubim Shooting.

extended, and fluttering in agonies! away they ran to the house, where the shooter instantly fainted; and, on earnest enquiry of mine host into the cause of their alarm, his fellow sportsman, with a tremulous voice, cried—"Ah! poor creature! heaven forgive him!—but he has had the misfortune—I am sure it was unintentional—to shoot a cherubim!"

However, as Boniface and his hostler were not quite satisfied with this account, they took a candle and lanthorn to the spot, and there found the supposed *cherubim* to be only a poor unfortunate *owl*!

SURPRISING COURAGE OF A CAT.

While man in the fulness of his pride looks for every virtue in his own race, and haughtily despises, or discredits, the genuine emotions of unsophisticated nature in the bosoms of animals, he reads, either with astonishment, or scepticism, the well accredited facts which are daily commemorated, relative to the power of instinct (if not ratiocination) displayed among the brute creation. It is, however, pretty generally acknowledged, that the dog often reaches to the point of human sagacity: the following instance of maternal courage and affection in a cat, is no less deserving of admiration.

A cat, who had a numerous brood of kittens, one sunny day in spring, encouraged her little ones to

frolic in the vernal beams of noon, about the stable-door; while she was joining them in a thousand sportive tricks and gambols, they were discovered by a large hawk, who was sailing above the barn-yard in expectation of prey; and in a moment, swift as lightning, darted upon one of the kittens, and had as quickly borne it off, but for the courageous mother, who seeing the danger of her offspring, flew on the common enemy, who, to defend itself, let fall the prize; the battle presently became seemingly dreadful to both parties, for the hawk, by the power of his wings, the sharpness of his talons, and the keenness of his beak, had, for a while, the advantage, cruelly lacerating the poor cat, and had actually deprived her of one eye in the conflict; but puss, no way daunted at the accident, strove with all her cunning and agility for her little ones, till she had broken the wing of her adversary: in this state she got him more within the power of her claws, the hawk still defending himself, apparently with additional vigour, and the fight continued with equal fury on the side of grimal-kin, to the great entertainment of many spectators. At length victory seemed to favour the nearly exhausted mother, and she availed herself of the advantage; for, by an instantaneous exertion, she laid the hawk motionless beneath her feet, and, as if exulting in the victory, tore the head of the vanquished tyrant; and immediately,

disregarding the loss of her eye, ran to the bleeding kitten, licked the wounds made by the hawk's talons in its tender sides, purring while she caressed her liberated offspring, with the same maternal affection as if no danger had assailed them, or their affectionate parent.

Ah! wanton cruelty, thine hand withhold,
And learn to pity from the tale that's told :
Caress Felina, for in her we find
A grand example to instruct mankind—
Who leaves her young unguarded, or unfed,
Has far less virtue than this quadruped.

THE SPORTING PARSON. IN A LETTER TO
A FRIEND.

DEAR —,

I AM just returned from having paid a visit to an old acquaintance, Jack Buckskin, who is now become the Rev. Mr. Buckskin, rector of — parish, in this county, a living worth upwards of 500*l.* per annum,

As the ceremonies of ordination have occasioned no alteration in Jack's morals and behaviour, the figure he makes in the church is somewhat remarkable; but as there are many other incumbents of country livings, whose clerical characters will be found to tally with his, perhaps a slight sketch, or, more accurately speaking, a rough draught of him, with some account of my visit, will not be unentertaining to you.

Jack's eldest brother, Sir Thomas Buckskin, who gave him the benefice, is lord of the manor, so that Jack has full power to beat for game unmolested. He goes out three times a week with his brother's hounds, whether Sir Thomas hunts or not; and has, besides, a deputation from him as lord of the manor, consigning the game to his care, and empowering him to take away all guns, nets, and dogs, from persons not duly qualified. Jack is more proud of his office than many other country clergymen are of being in the commission of the peace. Poaching is, in his eye, the most heinous crime in the two tables; nor does the care of souls appear half so important a duty as the preservation of the game.

Sunday, you may suppose, is as dull and tedious to this ordained sportsman as to any fine lady in town; not that he makes the duties of his function any fatigue to him, but as this is necessarily a day of rest from the usual toils of shooting and the chase. It happened, that the first Sunday after I was with him, he had engaged to take care of a church, which was about twenty miles off, in the absence of a neighbouring clergyman. He asked me to accompany him, and the more to encourage me, he assured me that we should ride over as fine a champaign open country as any in the world. Accordingly I was roused by him in the morning before day-break, by a loud hallooing of "Hark to Merriman," and the repeated smacks of his half-hunter.

After we had fortified our stomachs with several slices of hung-beef, and a horn or two of stingo, we sallied forth. Jack was mounted upon a hunter, which he assured me was never yet thrown out; and as we rode along, he could not help lamenting that so fine a morning should be thrown away on a Sunday, at the same time remarking, that the dogs might run breast high.

Though we made the best of our way over hedge and ditch, and took every thing, we were often delayed by trying if we could prick a hare, or by leaving the road to examine a piece of cover; and he frequently made me stop, while he pointed out the particular course that Reynard took, or the spot where he had earthed.

At length we arrived on full gallop at the church, where we found the congregation waiting for us; but as Jack had nothing to do but alight, pull his band out of the sermon case, and clap on the surplice, he was presently equipped for the service. In short, he behaved himself, both in the desk and in the pulpit, to the entire satisfaction of all the parish, as well as the esquire of it, who, after thanking Jack for his excellent discourse, very cordially took us home to dinner with him.

I shall not trouble you with an account of our entertainment at the esquire's, who being himself as keen a sportsman as ever followed a pack of

dogs, was highly delighted with Jack's conversation. "Church and king," and another particular toast, in compliment, I suppose, to my friend's clerical character, were the first drank after dinner; but these were directly followed by a pint bumper to "Horses sound, dogs healthy, earths stopt, and foxes plenty."

When we had run over again, with great joy and vociferation, as many chases as the time would permit, the bell called for afternoon prayers; after which, though the esquire would fain have had us stay and take a hunt with him, we mounted our horses at the church-door, and rode home in the dark, because Jack had engaged to meet several of his brother sportsmen, who were to lie all night at his own house, to be in readiness to make up the loss of Sunday, by going out a shooting very early the next morning.

THE ARTFUL COURTIER.

LOUIS the Fourteenth playing at back-gammon, he had a doubtful throw; a dispute arose, and the surrounding courtiers all remained silent. The Count de Gramont happened to come in at that instant:—"Decide the matter," said the king to him. "Sire," said the count, "your majesty is in the wrong."—"How!" replied the king, "can you thus decide, without knowing the question?"—"Because," said the count,

“ had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given it for your majesty.”

GENEROSITY REWARDED.

THE following anecdote of the Hon. Mr. Rigby, has been attested by persons whose veracity may be relied on:—Like most young gentlemen in Ireland, he used to play, and sometimes pretty deep. Being one evening at hazard, in a public place, he was very successful; and having won a considerable sum, he was putting it in his purse, when a person behind him said, in a low voice to himself, “ Had I that sum, what a happy man should I be!” Mr. R. without looking back, put the purse over his shoulder, saying, “ Take it, my friend, and be happy.” The stranger made no reply, but accepted it, and retired. Every one present was astonished at Mr. R.’s uncommon beneficence, whilst he received additional pleasure, on being informed that the person that had received the benefit was a half-pay officer in great distress. Some years after, a gentleman waited upon him in his own equipage, and being introduced to Mr. R. acquainted him that he came to acquit a debt he had contracted with him in Dublin. Mr. R. was greatly surprised at this declaration, as he was an entire stranger. “ Yes, sir,” continued the visitor, “ you assisted me

with above a hundred pounds, at a time that I was in the utmost indigence, without knowing, or even seeing me;" and then related the affair of the gaming-table: "with that money," continued the stranger, "I was enabled to pay some debts, and fit myself out for India, where I have been so fortunate as to make an ample fortune." Mr. Rigby declined taking the money, but, through the pressing solicitation of the gentleman, accepted of a valuable diamond ring.

THE PATIENT ANGLER.

A GENTLEMAN, who was allowed to be one of the greatest and most philosophic anglers of the age, passing from Islington to town, as was his daily custom, frequently saw a brother sportsman planted on a particular spot of the new river. Being jealous to think he should have all the sport to himself, he resolved to rise early some morning, and take his post before the other arrived: having taken his rod and line, and all the rest of the angling apparatus, he repaired to the spot, and remained uninterrupted for a considerable time, but without success. At length the original occupier of this envied spot appeared, when the gentleman could not help exclaiming, "Egad, sir, I do not know how you manage it, but I have been angling these three hours, and have caught nothing at all,"—"Oh, Lord, sir,"

replied the other, "what's that, compared to me, why I have been angling here these *three years* and never caught a fish yet!"

THE DISINTERESTED MONEY-LENDER.

A NOBLEMAN, who was uncommonly addicted to play, had, one night at Bath, not only emptied his purse, but borrowed of the by-standers, till they refused to lend him another guinea. At last a gentleman was prevailed upon to advance him ten guineas, on condition that if he did not repay him on that day se'nnight, he should give him half a crown every time he should ask him for payment. My lord agreed. The week being expired, he took every opportunity of asking, and his lordship thought himself cheaply excused for half a crown, till the next Bath season came on, when, before a numerous company, the gentleman thus addressed his lordship—"My lord, I scorn to take interest for your ten guineas; your lordship has, at two and sixpence a time, paid me twelve pounds: there is a guinea and a half, and remember, 'tis not the want of *fortune*, so much as the want of *thought*, which has occasioned your present distress."

THE EXPEDITIOUS HIGHWAYMAN.

IN 1696, Nicks, a noted highwayman, robbed a gentleman at Gad's Hill, in Kent, about four in the morning. Nicks, apprehending he was

known to the person he had robbed, made for Gravesend, where he lost a full hour in waiting for the ferry-boat; yet, by crossing the country to Huntingdon, and then keeping to the northern road, he reached York, and appeared on the Bowling-Green in the evening, as he proved upon his trial for this robbery. The jury acquitted him, thinking it impossible he could be at two places so greatly distant between sun and sun.

THE VENERABLE SPORTSMAN.

AN ancestor of the celebrated M. Calonne, was remarkable for his attachment to the sports of the field, and for preserving his vigour and strength, both of mind and body, to an advanced period of his life. At the age of eighty-five, he used constantly every day, to take the exercise of riding. A friend, one morning, in the autumn, met him on horseback riding very fast: "Where are you going in such a hurry this morning?" enquired the gentleman. "Why, sir," replied the other facetiously, "I am riding after my *eighty-fourth* year."

GAMING ANECDOTE.

It is well-known that the Duke of Argyle had a connexion with a lady of the name of C--p--b--ll, by whom he had a natural son, and to whom he gave a polite education. At a proper age he likewise made interest for him in the guards, in

which corps he soon figured as a captain. The duke was sensible that the young man's pay could not support him with proper dignity, he accordingly allowed him the following genteel stipend, though somewhat whimsical:—The captain found upon his bureau, every morning, a clean shirt, a pair of stockings, and also a guinea. This extraneous allowance was intended to prevent him from gaming. But the *sharks* knew his connections, and, according to the *gambling lexicon*, had him *at the best*; in a word, they tickled the captain for a thousand. The duke heard of his son's disaster, but took no notice of it, till his dejected appearance rendered it apparent that some misfortune had occurred. "Jack," said he one day at dinner, "what is the matter with you?" The captain changed colour, and reluctantly acknowledged the fact. "Sir," said his grace, "you do not owe a farthing to that black-guard; my steward settled it with him this morning for ten guineas, and he was glad to take them," exclaiming at the same time, that "by *Jasus*, he was damned far North, and it was well it was no worse!"

THE SPORTING PHYSICIAN.

A LEARN'D physician, as they tell,
Who lov'd the sport of shooting well,
Had toil'd three days in hopes of game,
But lost his time, and with it fame;

When John, his fav'rite servant, bow'd,
 And begg'd for once to be allow'd,
 To try in neighb'ring field his art,
 Assur'd he soon should play his part,
 For birds there were, it was well-known,
 And he would *doctor* them 'ere noon.
 "What mean you, John?" old Galen cries,
 "Why *kill them*, sir," plain John replies.

A FACETIOUS ENQUIRY.

AFTER a loud preface of—"Oh, yes!" pronounced most audibly three times in the High-street, at Newmarket, the late Lord Barrymore having collected a number of persons together, made the following general proposal to the gapers—"Who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty?"—"I do," said a gentleman with manifest eagerness. "Then," replied Lord Barrymore, "if I see any such animal to be sold, I will be sure to let you know."

PUGILISTIC LINGO.

THE same nobleman once betted a large sum of money upon Johnson and Big Ben, at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, where the former fought Perrins, the Birmingham giant, and Big Ben fought Jacobs. Lord Barrymore was on the stage, with some other persons of distinction, during the contest, and it was generally imagined, from the shifting and falling of Ben, that he

would get the worst of it. The mob hissed him as he sat upon the stage, for what they supposed cowardice, and Lord Barrymore, thinking of his money, reproached him for his seeming want of manhood; when the rough-hewn hero, looking archly at his lordship, growled out in his usual hoarse accent, "*Why, my lord, you an't up to my gossip, I can beet un when I please: don't mind me, I tell you I am only manouvering!*"

THE LOST HARE.

THE celebrated Beau Nash having, at one time, a disorder which prevented him from riding on horseback, his Grace the Duke of Beaufort often rallied him on the occasion, and told him, if he would produce him a hare that he (Nash) was at the taking of, his grace in return would make him a present of a buck in the season. Mr. Nash accordingly applied to one of his chairmen to get him a leveret, which he ordered to be hunted by six turnspit dogs, in a large room at Westgate-house, and was himself time enough to take it up alive. He then wrote a letter to the duke, and sent the hare in a basket by Bryan, his running-footman, and who had the honour of being an Hibernian.

When Bryan got upon Lansdown, which is the road to Badminton, where the duke's seat is, he proposed great pleasure to himself in coursing the hare, as he had a favourite dog with him. He

therefore took off his great coat, which covered his running-dress, and laid it down by the basket. After he had let the hare loose, she stood some time, till he set the dog at her, when she started from the place, and ran with speed to the first cover; Bryan following her till she was out of sight. When he came back for his coat and basket, he found, to his great mortification and surprise, that both were gone! However, having Mr. Nash's letter to the duke, he made the best of his way to Badminton. On his arrival there, his grace ordered him up stairs, and asked him what news he had brought. Bryan answered, "Arrah, by my shoul and shalvation, I have brought a letter for your dukeship," and he immediately gave it to his grace; who, after reading it, told Bryan he was glad the hare was come. "By my shoul," says Bryan, "and so am I; but pray, your graceship, is my *great coat* come too?" The company being informed of the particulars, could scarce contain themselves at the simplicity of the fellow. However, the duke kept his word with Mr. Nash, and sent him a buck.

A RUNNING HORSE.

Two village sportsmen discoursing about a horse that had lost a race, one of them, by way of apology, observed, that the cause of it was an accident in his running against a waggon:—to which the other, who affected not to understand

him, very archly replied, why, what else was he fit to run against?"

ON THE SAGACITY AND FIDELITY OF DOGS.

MR. DIBDIN, in his Tour through England, has the following interesting observation on the canine race:—

Dogs, if I may be permitted the expression, have noble passions, and possess a rectitude which, if it be instinct, proves that instinct is superior to reason. Their gratitude is unbounded, their devotion exemplary, their study and delight are to please and serve their master; they watch his commands, they wait upon his smiles, they obey, oblige, and protect him, and are ready to die in his defence: nay, they love him so wholly and entirely, that their very existence depends upon his attention to them. I had a dog myself, that I was necessitated to leave behind me when I began my tour, and he pined away and died in a few days after he had lost me. I have always loved dogs, and the observations I have made are innumerable, and all to their advantage; among the rest I am competent to declare, that they make friendships, always, however, with caution; among one another. Upon these occasions, they premise their compact, they observe it inviolably, and this understood, the strongest protect the rest. I had a yard dog, that had every thing of a wolf but the ferocity.

He was as gentle as a lamb, nothing offered to himself could insult him; but no roused lion could be more terrible if any of the family, or the other dogs were insulted.

I shall now shew you, by the relation of some pointed facts, the discrimination, the reason, the good-sense, for I cannot say less, of dogs. The first is a circumstance which happened under my own observation last summer, and I introduce it here to give it force. You know I would not affront you by asserting a falsity, and I hope the public are equally inclined to credit what I most solemnly declare to be fact. This is the least I could say as the preface to my story.

I took with me last summer one of those spotted dogs, which are generally called Danish, but the breed is Dalmatian. It was impossible for any thing to be more sportive, yet more inoffensive than this dog. Throughout the mountainous parts of Cumberland and Scotland, his delight was to chase the sheep, which he would follow with great alertness even to the summits of the most rugged steep; and, when he had frightened them and made them scamper to his satisfaction, for he never attempted to injure them, he constantly came back wagging his tail, and appearing very happy at those caresses which we, perhaps, absurdly bestowed upon him.

About seven miles on this side Karross, in the way from Stirling, he had been amusing himself

with playing these pranks, the sheep flying from him in all directions, when a black lamb turned upon him, and looked him full in the face. He seemed astonished for an instant; but, before he could rally his resolution, the lamb began to paw and play with him. It is impossible to describe the effect this had upon him; his tail was between his legs, he appeared in the utmost dread, and shunk away confused and distressed. Presently his new acquaintance invited him, by all manner of gambols, to be friends with him. What a moment for Pythagoras or Lavater! Gradually overcoming his fears, he accepted this brotherly challenge, and they raced away together, and rolled over one another like two kittens. Presently appeared another object of distress. The shepherd's boy came to reclaim his lamb; but it paid no attention, except to the dog, and they were presently at a considerable distance. We slackened our pace for the convenience of the boy; but nothing would do: we could no more call off the dog than he could catch the lamb. They continued sporting in this manner for more than a mile and a half. At length, having taken a circuit, they were in our rear; and, after we had crossed a small bridge, the boy with his pole kept the lamb at bay, and at length caught him; and, having tied his plaid round him, it was impossible for him to escape. Out of fear of the boy, and in obedience to us,

the dog followed reluctantly; but the situation of the lamb all this time cannot be pictured; he made every possible attempt to pass the boy, and even endeavoured to mount the parapet, as if determined to jump into the river, rather than not follow the dog. This continued till the prospect closed, and we had lost sight of our new ally, whose unexpected offer of amity to Spot, seemed ever after to operate as a friendly admonition, for from that day, he was cured of following sheep.

This friendship at first sight between a dog and a lamb, I shall follow up with a circumstance to prove the friendship of dogs towards each other.

A traveller belonging to a considerable house in the city, was very fond of a small French spaniel, belonging to the lady of the house, which had been accustomed to follow him, and therefore occasionally confided to his care. He began a journey, and did not perceive, till he was near twenty miles from home, that the little dog had accompanied him. He found himself in a very unpleasant dilemma; but, after some consideration, he made up his mind as to what conduct would be most expedient to adopt. It was impossible to send the dog from the place where he had discovered him; but he recollected that about thirty miles farther on he might entrust him with great confidence to the care of a land-

lord, who, he was sure, would get him safely conveyed in the waggon to town. This he resolved to do, having previously written home to that effect, to avoid uneasiness.

When he arrived at the inn, he committed the dog to the care of the landlord, as he had intended, and pursued his journey. His route being circuitous, he had occasion, in the course of a few days to return to this very inn. The first thing he did, of course, was to enquire after the little dog, and was told by the landlord, with great concern, that he was lost, and that the particulars of the accident were these:—He had by some means got into the stables, and had been severely treated by the yard dog, from which moment he had disappeared, and eluded every search that had been made after him. The traveller, extremely concerned at this intelligence, made every possible enquiry for the dog, without effect, and went to bed.

The next morning he heard a noise as if dogs were fighting in the yard; and, his mind being alive to the circumstance of having lost the little spaniel, his curiosity was naturally excited, and he ran to the scene of action, where he saw two large dogs fighting, and a little one looking on. The fact turned out, that the little dog, after having been beaten, had gone home, made the house-dog acquainted with the circumstance, and brought him to revenge his cause. This is very

strong, it must be confessed ; but I declare that my mind does not revolt at it. I know it to be possible, supposing the distance to be only two miles ; why should it not then be true, supposing it to be fifty ? The condition of the little dog manifested sufficiently to his friend and protector the treatment he had received : and, for the rest, we know that dogs will in a most astonishing manner, retrace their steps. My sister had a dog stolen from her by a strolling tinker, which found its way home from some very considerable distance, for the skin was completely off its feet, and it fell down at the door, unable to proceed an inch further.

We have here seen the operation of reason upon dogs, and that they are capable of friendship. I shall now go into some instances of their fidelity, a quality which every body knows they possess in an astonishing degree, though few, perhaps, have given themselves the trouble of ascertaining in what an extraordinary manner upon this subject they challenge our admiration.

A gentleman in the city had a dog so attached to him, that he knew no pleasure in the absence of his master. This dog of course he loved and valued, for I have the pleasure of knowing him, and I believe no man can have more humanity or sensibility. This gentleman married. In a short time the dog seemed to feel a diminution of attention towards him, and testified great un-

easiness; but, finding his mistress grew fond of him, his pleasure seemed to redouble, and he was perfectly happy. Something more than a year after this they had a child. There was now a decided inquietude about the dog, and it was impossible to avoid noticing that he felt himself miserable. The attention paid to the child increased his wretchedness, he loathed his food, and nothing could content him, though he was treated on this very account with the utmost tenderness. At last he hid himself in the coal cellar, whence every kind and solicitous means were taken to induce him to return, but all in vain. He was deaf to all entreaty, rejected all kindness, refused to eat, and continued firm to his resolution, till exhausted nature yielded to death.

I shall give one more instance of the affecting kind. The grandfather of as amiable a man as ever existed, and one of my kindest and most valuable friends, had a dog of the above endearing description. This gentleman had an occupation which obliged him to go a journey periodically, I believe every month. His stay was short, and his departure and return were regular, and without variation. The dog always grew uneasy when first he lost his master, and moped in a corner, but recovered himself gradually as the time of his return approached; which he knew to an hour, nay, to a minute, as I shall prove. When he was convinced that his master was on

the road at no great distance from home, he flew all over the house, and if the street-door happened to be shut, he would suffer no servant to have any rest till it was opened. The moment he obtained his freedom away he went, and to a certainty met his benefactor about two miles from town. He played and frolicked about him till he had obtained one of his gloves, with which he ran or rather flew home, entered the house, laid it down in the middle of the room, and danced round it. When he had sufficiently amused himself in this manner, out of the house he flew, returned to meet his master, and ran before him, or gambolled by his side, till he arrived with him at home.

I know not how frequently this was repeated, but it lasted, however, till the old gentleman grew infirm, and incapable of continuing his journies. The dog by this time was also old, and became at length blind; but this misfortune did not hinder him from fondling his master, whom he knew from every other person, and for whom his affection and solicitude rather increased than diminished. The old gentleman after a short illness died. The dog knew the circumstance, watched the corpse, blind as he was, and did his utmost to prevent the undertaker from screwing up the body in the coffin, and most outrageously opposed its being taken out of the house. Being past hope, he grew disconsolate, lost his flesh,

and was evidently verging towards his end. One day he heard a gentleman come into the house, and rose to meet him. His master, being old and infirm, had worn ribbed worsted stockings for warmth; this gentleman happened to have stockings on of the same kind. The dog, from this information, thought it was his master, and began to demonstrate the most extravagant pleasure; but, upon further examination, finding his mistake, he retired into a corner, where in a short time afterwards he expired.

I shall mention a few circumstances relative to the sagacity of dogs, and take my leave of this subject. At a convent in France, twenty paupers were served with a dinner at a given hour every day. A dog belonging to the convent did not fail to be present at this regale, because of the odds and ends which were now and then thrown down to him. The guests, however, were poor and hungry, and of course not very wasteful, so that their pensioner did little more than scent the feast of which he would fain have partaken. The portions were served one by one, at the ringing of a bell, and delivered out by means of what in religious houses is called a *tour*, which is a machine like the section of a cask, that turning round upon a pivot, exhibits whatever is placed on the concave side, without discovering the person who moves it.

One day this dog, who had only received a few scraps, waited till the paupers were all gone, took the rope in his mouth and rang the bell. This stratagem succeeded. He repeated it the next day with the same good fortune. At length the cook, finding that twenty one portions were given out instead of twenty, was determined to discover the trick, in doing which he had no great difficulty; for lying *perdû*, and noticing the paupers as they came in great regularity for their different portions, and that there was no intruder except the dog, he began to suspect the real truth, which he was confirmed in when he saw him wait with great deliberation till the visitors were all gone, and then pull the bell. The matter was related to the community, and, to reward him for his ingenuity, he was permitted to ring the bell every day for his dinner, when a mess of broken victuals was purposely served out to him.

I will now relate a remarkable circumstance, received in France for truth, and which will be found at length in the *Essais Historiques sur Paris*. In the reign of Charles the Fifth, a gentleman of the name of Aubri, accompanied by a dog, was assassinated in a wood, and buried at the foot of a tree. The dog, it was supposed, remained on the spot till he was nearly famished, for in that condition he came to Paris, to the house of his master's particular friend, and howl-

ed most piteously. He had scarcely satisfied the cravings of his appetite, when his agitation grew more violent. He ran to the door, appeared by his actions as if he wanted somebody to follow him, pulled his master's friend by the coat, and grew more and more impatient. The singularity of these actions in the dog, his returning without his master, the inquietude which had been caused by the absence of the master himself, who, by appointment ought long before that time to have been at Paris; these, and other circumstances, determined the friend, in company with others, to follow the dog, who conducted him to the foot of a tree, and then redoubled his howlings and solicitude. He scratched up the earth, and manifested so many signs, that, together with the appearance of the fresh mould, and a number of collateral circumstances, convinced them they ought to search for the body of the unfortunate Aubri, which they now began to believe was buried there, and which in fact they found.

The Chevalier Macaire, as a person inimical to the interests of Aubri, and in particular on account of his high favour with the king, they all suspected to have a hand in the murder. The friend took an opportunity of shewing Macaire unexpectedly to the dog. He instantly grew outrageous, and endeavoured to fly at him; but the friend, who had taken his precautions, for that

time prevented him. Determined, however, to revenge Aubri, he made all he suspected known to the king, who commended him for what he had done, and appointed him at a given time to appear at the palace, accompanied by the dog. They were introduced among the courtiers, who caressed the dog, and to whom he shewed every respect and attention; but the moment Macaire came into the room, who had been purposely kept back, he flew at his throat. The matter was in consequence more particularly enquired into; till, from a train of circumstances, and at length his own confession, he was found guilty of the murder, and suffered death.

There is a tract of English history, which, if true, and it is well authenticated, proves that the first landing of the Danes in this country was occasioned by the sagacity and affection of a dog. Lodbrog, of the blood-royal of Denmark, and father to Hinguar and Hubba, being in a boat with his hawks and his dogs, was driven by an unexpected storm on the coast of Norfolk, where being discovered and suspected as a spy, he was brought to Edmund, at that time king of the east Angles. Having made himself known, he was treated with great hospitality by the king, and in particular cherished on account of his dexterity and activity in hawking and hunting. Berick, the king's falconer, grew jealous of this attention,

and, lest it should lessen his merit in his royal master's opinion, and so deprive him of his place, had the treachery to way-lay Lodbrog, and murder him; which done, he threw his body into a bush. He was presently missed at court, and the king grew impatient as to what was become of him, when the dog, who had staid in the wood by the corpse of his master till famine forced him thence, came and fawned on the king, and enticed him to follow him. The body was found, and by a train of evidence Berick was proved to be the murderer. As a just punishment, he was placed alone in Lodbrog's boat, and committed to the mercy of the sea, which bore him to the very shore the prince had quitted. The boat was known, and Berick, to avoid the torture, falsely confessed that Lodbrog had been murdered by the order of Edmund; which account so exasperated the Danes, that, to revenge his death, they invaded England.

To enumerate all that is known and reported of dogs, would be to write a volume; but, as every thing is astonishing of them, though delightful, interesting, and admirable, from their tricks related by Pezelius; the dogs pretending to die and come to life again, told us by Plutarch; and the variety of other extraordinary circumstances recorded by very many different authors, to that most complete climax, the Dog of Ulysses, which many have considered as the best trait in

all the Odyssey, I shall no further advocate their cause, than to wish that all those who hold in contempt their want of reason, were endowed with so perfect a quality as their instinct.

EPITAPH ON A FAVOURITE FOX-HOUND.

BENEATH this turf my fav'rite fox-hound lies,
 Stop here, ye hoaxers all, and wipe your eyes:
 Here mourn with me, for lovely Dolphin dead,
 The flower of all my pack, tho' not the head.
 Of shape exactly fine, from head to foot,
 To one scent steady, cautious, never mute;
 To riot, or to babblig, never prone,
 Nor slack on vermine scent to call us on;
 Active, tho' not surpassing in his pace,
 Brisk and unwearied in the longest chase.
 The most determin'd foe our foxes knew,
 Fixt to his point, and obstinately true.
 Such Dolphin was, whose fame shall surely last,
 As long as sportsmen shall preserve their taste.

JOHN GILPIN THE SECOND.

ONE morning as Mr. Chapman's hounds, of Putney, were waiting upon Letlow common for some of the company, a person riding towards town, in a *cauliflower wig, cocked hat, black breeches, and boots*, enquired of the huntsmen what they were going to hunt, who informed him a *bag-fox*; and that he hoped he would join the chase, which the other replied he should be very happy to do, but that, having been the preceding day to dine with his brother,

who had the honour to be an alderman, at his *box* in the country, he was in haste to return to his *shop*, for fear business should be neglected in his absence; however, he requested to be introduced to Mr. Chapman, and begged of him to order the fox to be turned with his *head* towards *town*, as he then might enjoy the pleasures of the chase in his way home. Mr. C. thinking (from this extraordinary request, and his grotesque appearance) his joining the chase would afford some diversion, with the greatest gravity immediately assented to it; and reynard being soon after set at liberty, with his *head* towards *town*, ran, whilst in view, in a direct line with the London road, but, by the time the hounds were laid on, had turned and taken quite a contrary direction. The scent lying vastly well, the hounds ran very swift, and were as eagerly followed by a very numerous field of sportsmen, all of whom enjoyed the distress of our hero, whose horse having more mettle than his rider, ran for some time close in with the hounds, to the great terror of the latter, who, Gilpin like, held fast by the *mane* and *pommel*; and, after having escaped many dangers, in a chase of an hour and a half, was at last completely thrown out, and left in a ditch, with the loss of his *whip*, *hat*, and *wig*. Having lain some time in this predicament, and recovering at length from his panic, he perceived a town at a small distance, which he made up to,

in hopes of being able to reach *St. Paul's*, or the *Monument*; when, upon enquiry, to his great surprise and mortification, he found himself at *Dorking*, in *Surry*!

STRONG REASONS FOR BREAKING THE
SABBATH.

As the late Mr. Cunningham, the pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday, near Durham, the Reverend, as well as corpulent, Mr. B——, chanced to pass that way, and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austere reproached him for breaking the sabbath, observing, that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have taught him better. The poor poet turned round and replied—"Your external appearance, reverend sir, says, that if your dinner were at the bottom of the river along with mine, you would angle for it, though it were a fast-day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke you!"

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

WHILE the immortal John James Rousseau resided in the solitary little hermitage near Montmorency, one of his rich neighbours, a great sportsman, and extremely jealous of his rights and privileges, hearing that one of his hares had suffered itself to be taken among the philosopher's cabbages, was loud in his threats in consequence of this breach of privilege. But, to assuage his

anger, Rousseau sent him a letter, professing the greatest respect for the privileges of the nobleman, and concluding his epistle in these words---“ but, most noble sir, that I may be able in future to distinguish your hares from those of other persons, be so good as to decorate them with a red ribband.”

THE BITER BIT.

A SUBALTERN son of Mars belonging to Colchester barracks, was amusing himself with shooting, when unfortunately a wood-pigeon flew across the road and perched on a tree in an adjoining park. The soldier fired, brought it to the ground, jumped over the pales, and secured his prize, but leaving it for a few minutes by the side of his gun, found both seized on his return, and the gun reloaded by the game-keeper, who not only abused the poor fellow with very harsh language, but threatened, with the most violent imprecations, to shoot him dead on the spot, if he did not eat the bird raw. Hard as this article of capitulation was, the warrior having lost his musket, was obliged to comply, and attempted to carry it into execution; but had not eaten two mouthfuls, when its powerful effect, as an emetic, prevented his proceeding any further. The gamekeeper, finding he had done his utmost to fulfil the terms of capitulation, relaxed in some degree from his brutality, and excused the finishing of the unpalatable re-

past. The soldier then earnestly requested to have his gun returned, which, after some hesitation, the gamekeeper complied with. No sooner, however, was he in possession of it, than he pointed it against the gamekeeper, and used the same words and imprecations that he had before uttered against himself, to oblige the other to eat up the remainder. The poor gamekeeper was forced to comply, and had gotten half way through his raw meal, when the soldier, unable to bear the savage scene, and dreading the arrival of the enemy's reinforcements, decamped, leaving him to finish it by himself. No sooner was the gamekeeper left alone, than he set off in full speed, and meeting an officer, learnt from him that the soldier was one of his company. A regular complaint was lodged against him, for shooting in a gentleman's park, and an interview fixed for the evening parade. The gamekeeper did not fail to attend, in the hope of bringing the poor fellow to the halbert. The officer called the soldier from the ranks, and asked him if he knew that man. To which he cheerfully replied—"Yes, your honour, I had the pleasure of breakfasting with him this morning." He then related the whole affair, which the gamekeeper was unable deny; and the laugh against him was so strong, that, instead of standing forward as an accuser, he was glad to sneak off, rather than await the consequence that might ensue, if he

had continued till the soldiers were dismissed from parade.

DEBUT OF A YOUNG SPORTSMAN. IN HIS
LETTER ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

ACCORDING to your advice, I on Friday last, for the first time, mounted a gun on my shoulder, and having stored my pockets with ham and chicken, I proceeded to the field of action, accompanied by three staunch terriers and my mother's pug. I had furnished myself with a gun, which, though none of the best, was yet reckoned to make a very good report. I had not proceeded far, before the want of a game-bag obliged me to return, and I again sallied forth, furnished with a capacious work-bag, which was ornamented with gold fringe and tassels. The dogs tormented me extremely, by keeping close at my heels, and diverting themselves with snapping at the tassels of my bag, which was hung behind me, and which they nearly demolished; but pug running among some high grass, I unfortunately mistook him for a hare, and letting fly, killed him on the spot. This sad catastrophe put an end to my shooting expedition, but on returning home I was agreeably surprised at the sight of a large bird in a tree, close to me. I attempted immediately to fire, but, to my great disappointment, my gun snapped in the pan; my energy was so impetuous at that instant, that I threw the gun at the bird,

which flew away, and upon my looking for the gun, I found that it had fallen into a horse-pond. With these losses I reached home, heartily tired with my excursion; and thus I shall conclude my sporting campaign, unless you will have the goodness to send me a proper fowling-piece, and dogs of your own choosing, by which you will much oblige

Your humble servant,

TIMOTHY TENDER.

P. S. I forgot to mention the punishment I suffered for shooting the pug, who was buried yesterday with great solemnity.

THE CHASE. A SHANDEAN FRAGMENT.

By this time the hunters had disappeared, and in about twenty minutes a labourer came out of the cottage, and informed us that the stag was coming down the hill in full view, and that we should see the chase to the best advantage from the back-door of the house.

The buck, to which the huntsman had given but short law, came bounding down a slope, pursued by the hounds in full cry, the hunters close in with the dogs, hallooing "tantivy, tantivy," at every stretch.

"This is a *view hollow*," said I, turning to Captain O'Carrol.

The poor animal had made a circuit, to gain the place where he was first raised, but finding

neither safety nor covert there, he turned round, ran right a-head, and in so doing crossed the garden of the cottage where we stood.

The dogs and men passed on.

Two ladies rode by, pushing their horses with a degree of courage and vigour that would do honour to the spirit and strength of Amazons.

A third female, fearless as Camilla, closed the chace: it was heaven's mercy she did not close her life. Unhappy fair one! with whip and spur she urged the courser's speed; but just as she prepared to clear a fence, the bank gave way, and down came the horse, jirking the rider from its back into the middle of the ditch.

We ran to her assistance; she was topsy turvy. "This is a *view hollow*!" said O'Carrol, turning to me.

Sophia retired a few paces.

"We must fix her upon her feet," said O'Carrol, leaping into the ditch, and seizing the lady by the binding of her petticoats; I followed his example.

An old virtuoso came up, he took out his glass — "I believe she is a peeress, (said he) by the coronet on her saddle."

'Twas not possible to turn the lady either on one side or the other.

A labourer came to our assistance; he got under the lady, and raised her.

“ Bless my eyes, (exclaimed the labourer) her heels are where her head ought to be !”

“ It is really a horrid chasm,” said the *virtuoso*, peeping into the ditch.

“ Every body, from the highest to the lowest, have their ups and downs in this world,” observed a lame beggarman, with a malicious smile.

Having seated the lady upon the bank, and put every thing to rights, Sophia joined us, and with the help of a smelling-bottle, and chafing the lady’s temples, she was restored to herself: she had received but little injury that we could perceive, and she declared she felt none. “ But I fear I shall be thrown out,” said the lady: so curtseying thanks to Sophia, and smiling, thanks to O’Carrol and myself, with our help she mounted her hunter, cleared the ditch where she was thrown, and taking a short cut, to avoid the impending evil, was soon out of sight, and we returned to the cottage.

CONJUGAL SPORTING.

A GENTLEMAN meeting his gamekeeper returning from shooting, asked him which way he had been. “ I’ve been trying Drayton Wood, your honour.”—“ Why, what took you that beat ?”—“ My poor wife was buried this morning, and I went to Drayton to attend the funeral; so thought I’d try the cover in my way back.”

THE HONEST HORSE.

A JOCKEY once selling a nag to a gentleman at Glasgow, frequently observed, with emphatic earnestness, "that he was an *honest* horse." After the purchase, the gentleman asked him what he meant by an *honest* horse. "Why, sir, I'll tell you, (replied the Jockey) whenever I rode him he always threatened to *throw* me, and, d—n me, if ever he deceived me."

THE DISAPPOINTED GAMEKEEPER.

THE energies of nature are often strongest where superficial observers consider them as nearly expiring. A sudden impulse will sometimes animate the expiring frame of man to acts of strength beyond the expectation of surrounding observers: and thus too it often is with the other parts of the animal kingdom. A striking instance of the truth of this reasoning, is displayed in the following narrative.

William Dann, the gamekeeper of a gentleman near Bath, shooting one day in a coppice with spaniels, they flushed a woodcock, which he shot at, and perceptibly wounded, but not so as immediately to bring it down; he therefore, waited to reload his piece, and then went in search of the wounded bird, to a spot about a hundred yards distant, near to which he supposed he had marked his fall; but, on looking

back after a young dog which had remained behind, and going up to him, he found he was mouthing the wounded woodcock, which he had much bitten, and nearly stripped of its feathers. The gamekeeper having taken the bird from the dog, smoothed up its remaining plumage, and, after carrying it about twenty yards in his hands, in an expiring state, as he thought, he threw it down for the young cur to pick up, and bring after him. Before the dog could get it, the cock, to the utter astonishment of the gamekeeper, took flight, and went off in so sharp a style, and with such astonishing strength, that he could neither shoot at him in his exit, or ever after get sight of him.

DIARY OF A SPORTING OXONIAN.

Sunday.—WAKED at eight o'clock by the servant, to tell me the bell was going for prayers—wonder those scoundrels are suffered to make such a noise—tried to sleep again, but could not—sat up and read Hoyle in bed. Ten, got up and breakfasted—Charles Racket called to ask me to ride—agreed to ride—agreed to stay till the president was gone to church. Half after eleven rode out—going down the High-street, saw Will Sagely going to St. Mary's; can't think what people go to church for. Twelve to two rode round Burlington Green---met Careless and a new fresh man, of Trinity—engaged them to dine with

me. Two to three, lounged at the stable—made the fresh man ride over the bale—talked to him about horses—see he knows nothing about the matter—went home and dressed. Three to eight, dinner and wine—remarkable pleasant evening—sold Racket's stone-horse for him, to Careless's friend, for fifty guineas—certainly break his neck—eight to ten coffee-house, and lounged in the High-street—stranger went home to study—afraid he's a bad one—engaged to hunt to-morrow, and dine with Racket. Twelve, supped and went to bed early, in order to get up to-morrow.

Monday.—Racket *rowed* me up at seven o'clock—sleepy and queer, but was forced to get up and make breakfast for him. Eight to five in the afternoon hunting—famous run, and killed near Bicester—number of tumbles—fresh man out on Racket's stone-horse—got the devil of a fall in a ditch—horse upon him—but don't know whether he was killed or not. Five, dressed and went to dine with Racket—Dean had crossed his name, and no dinner could be got—went to the Angel and dined—famous evening till eleven, when the proctors came, and told us to go home to our colleges—went directly the contrary way. Eleven to one, went down into St. Thomas's, and fought a raff. One, dragged home by somebody, the Lord knows whom, and put to bed.

Tuesday.—Very bruised and sore—did not get up till twelve—found an imposition upon my ta-

ble—*mem*, to give it the hair-dresser—drank six dishes of tea—did not know what to do with myself, so wrote to my father for money. Half after one, put on my boots to ride for an hour—met Careless at the stable—rode together—asked me to dine with him, and meet Jack Sedley, who is just returned from Italy. Two to three, returned home, and dressed. Four to seven, dinner and wine—Jack very pleasant, told good stories—says the Italian women have thick legs—no hunting to be got, and very little wine—went to there in a hurry. Seven, went to the stable, and looked into the coffee-house—very few drunken men, and nothing going forwards—agreed to play Sedley at billiards—Walker's table engaged, and forced to go to the Blue Post—lost ten guineas—thought I could have beat him, but the dog has been practising at Spa. Ten, supper at Careless's—bought Sedley's mare for thirty guineas—thinks he knows nothing of a horse, and believe I have done him—drank a little punch, and went to bed at twelve.

Wednesday.—Hunted with the Duke of B.—very long run—rode the new mare—found her sinking, so pulled up in time, and swore I had a shoe lost—to sell her directly—buy no more horses of Sedley---knows more than I thought he did. Four, returned home, and as I was dressing to dine with Sedley, received a note from some country neighbours of my father's, to desire

me to dine at the Cross---obliged to send an excuse to Sedley---wanted to put on my cap and gown---not to be found---forced to borrow. Half after four to ten, at the Cross. Ten, found it too bad, so got up and told them it was against the rules of the university to be out later.

Thursday.—Breakfasted at the Cross, and walked all the morning about Oxford with my Lions—terrible flat work---Lions very troublesome---asked an hundred and fifty silly questions about every thing they saw---wanted me to explain the Latin inscriptions on the monuments in Christ church chapel---wanted to know how we spent our time---forced to give them a dinner, and, what was worse, to sit with them till six, when I told them I was engaged for the remainder of the evening, and sent them about their business. Seven, dropped in at Careless's rooms, found him with a large party, all pretty much cut---thought it was a good time to sell him Sedley's mare, but he was not quite drunk enough---made a bet with him that I trotted my poney from Benson to Oxford within the hour---sure of winning, for I did it the other day in fifty minutes.

Friday.---Got up early, and rode my poney a foot-pace over to Benson to breakfast---old Shrub at breakfast---told him of the bet, and shewed him the poney---shook his head and looked cunning when he heard of it---good sign---after breakfast rode the race, and won easy,

but could not get any money---forced to take Careless's draft---dare say it is not worth twopence---great fool to bet with him. Twelve to three, lounged at the stable, and cut my black horse's tail---eat soup at Sadler's---walked down the High-street---met Racket, who wanted me to dine with him, but could not, because I was engaged to Sagely's. Three, dinner at Sagely's---very bad---dined in a cold hall, and could get nothing to eat---wine new---a bad fire---tea-kettle put on at five o'clock---played at whist for sixpences, and no bets---thought I should have gone to sleep---terrible work dining with a studious man. Eleven, went to bed out of spirits.

Saturday.---Ten, breakfasted---took up the last Sporting Magazine---had not read two pages before a dun came---told him I should have some money soon---would not be gone---offered him brandy---was sulky, and would not have any---saw he was going to be savage, so kicked him down stairs, to prevent his being impertinent---thought perhaps I might have more of them, so went to lounge at the stables---poney got a bad cough, and the black horse thrown out two splints---went back to my room in an ill-humour, found a letter from my father---no money, and a great deal of advice---wants to know how my last quarter's allowance went---how the devil should I know, he knows I keep no accounts---do think fathers are the greatest *boreds* in nature.

---very low-spirited, and flat all the morning---some thoughts of reforming, but luckily Careless came in to beg me to meet our party at his rooms, so altered my mind---dined with him, and by nine in the evening was very happy.

THE LATE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

HIS Royal Highness William Duke of Cumberland being at a Newmarket meeting, just before the horses started he missed his pocket-book, containing some bank notes. When the knowing ones came about him, and offered several bets, he said, "he had lost his money already, and could not afford to venture any more that day." The horse which the duke had intended to back was distanced, so that he consoled himself with the loss of his pocket-book, as being only a temporary evil; as he should have paid away as much had he betted, to the *Worthies of the Turf*. The race was no sooner finished, than a veteran half-pay officer presented his royal highness with his pocket-book, saying he had found it near the stand, but had not an opportunity of approaching him before; when the duke most generously replied, "I am glad it has fallen into such good hands---keep it---had it not been for this accident, it would have been by this time among the black legs and thieves of Newmarket."

THE BARGAIN.

A GENTLEMAN of great character on the turf, as a knowing one, once bought a horse of a country dealer. The bargain being concluded, and the money paid, the gentleman said—"Now, my friend, I have bought your horse because I liked his appearance, and I asked you no questions; tell me now his faults: you know I *have paid you*, therefore you have nothing to fear." "*Faults*, (replied the man) I know of no faults except two." "What are they?" "Why, sir, he is bad to catch." "I do not mind that, (said the *knowing one*) I shall contrive to catch him if he be the d-v-l. But what is the other fault?" (rejoined he with some impatience.) "Ah! sir, (replied Hodge, scratching his pate) he is good for nothing when you *have caught* him."

A CRITICAL JUNCTURE.

WRIOTHESLY, Duke of Bedford, was at Bath one season, when a conspiracy was formed against his Grace by several first-rate sharpers, among whom was the manager of a theatre and Nash, the master of the ceremonies.—A party at hazard had already deprived the Duke of upwards of seventy thousand pounds, when he got up in a passion, and put the dice in his pocket. The gamblers were all terrified, as they knew they were loaded, and more especially

so because the Duke had communicated his suspicions, and intimated at the same time his resolution of inspecting them. His Grace then retired into another room, and flinging himself on a sofa, fell asleep.

The only step that appeared practicable to the winners, to avoid disgrace and get their money, was to pick his pocket of the loaded dice, and to supply their place with a pair of fair ones: they accordingly cast lots who should execute this dangerous commission, and it fell on the manager; he performed the operation without being discovered; after which, his Grace having closely inspected the dice he had in his pocket, and finding them just, renewed the party, and lost nearly thirty thousand more. The gamesters had only received five thousand pounds of the money, yet they could not divide this sum without quarrelling, and Nash, thinking himself ill-used, divulged the whole imposition to his Grace, whereby he saved the remainder of the money. His Grace made Nash a handsome present, and ever after gave him his protection, the Duke thinking the secret was divulged through friendship.

THE HUNTING CONNOISSEUR.

A GENTLEMAN that was exceedingly fond of hunting, was once running a fox (the dogs being in full cry) up the side of an acclivity, where the echo gave the various tones a striking effect!

meeting a friend to whom, after the usual salutation, he observed, "what heavenly music!"—"Heavenly music, (exclaimed the other, looking up and listening) why I cannot hear any thing for the noise of those d-m-m-d hounds!"

THE INEXORABLE SPORTSMAN.

WE have read many instances of unpremeditated equivoques, but the following may, perhaps, fairly be said to eclipse them, in point of appropriateness. A lord of a manor having brought an action against the parson, for shooting upon his lands, imagined himself to be addressed from the desk, one Sunday, in these words---"O Lord forgive us our trespasses:" the squire rose in a fury, and swore *he would see him damn'd first!*

A GOOD SHOT.

ONE of the exiled princes of the unfortunate house of Bourbon, that house, whose fate has excited the commiseration of every reflecting mind, was once shooting at Mr. Coke's, at Holkham. While looking the coveys, a foreign servant cried out *poule* (hen), as is customary whenever a hen-pheasant rose. On the gamekeeper's return at night, Mr. Coke asked what sort of a shot the prince was. To which the man replied, "I thought, sir, you had been the best shot in the world, till I saw his highness, who beats you; for if he had pulled as often as the French fellow

desired him, he would have shot all the pheasants on your honour's estate."

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A JOCKEY.

TAKE a pestle and mortar of moderate size,
 Into Queensbury's head put Bunbury's eyes;
 Cut Dick Vernon's throat, and save all the blood,
 To answer your purpose, there's none half so good;
 Pound Clermont to dust, you'll find it expedient,
 The world cannot furnish a better ingredient.
 From Derby and Bedford take plenty of spirit,
 Successful or 'not, they have always that merit—
 Tommy Panton's address, John Wastell's advice,
 And touch of Prometheus, 'tis done in a trice!

CONCISE CONSOLATION.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune having purchased a grey gelding, at a repository of much celebrity, for the purpose of carrying his daughter, sent the horse to a veterinarian of some eminence, for his opinion, from whom he received the following information.

"Sir,

"The subject sent for examination is so completely *chest-foundered*, that he can hardly get his legs from under him; in addition to which, one eye has taken *final leave*, and the other is *visibly* inclined to follow. I understand by your servant, he was brought from the *hammer*; to the hammer he had better be *returned*. 'The

Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

CANINE INGRATITUDE.

THE dog, of all the animals in the creation, has ever been regarded as the peculiar friend and companion of man. Among the most conspicuous of those qualities which bind him to his master, and render him amiable to mankind, is that of *gratitude*; gratitude, which no ill usage can shake, no neglect can destroy. But anomalies are no less frequent in animals than in man; the latter have their moral deviations, and the former their instinctive contradictions. As a striking proof of the justness of these deductions, we will present to our readers the following accredited fact.

A butcher, of Mitcham, in Surrey, had reared a mastiff-dog from a puppy, and was so attached to him, that he was his constant companion wherever he went. One day this mastiff had been eating very plentifully of some horse-flesh which his master had purchased for him, and having lost some part of it, the butcher attempted to take hold of it, in order to lay it by: the dog instantly seized his arm, and tore the flesh off in a most dreadful manner: not content with this, the furious animal flew up at his master's throat, where he fastened himself, and was not loosened from

his hold, 'till some neighbours tied a rope round his neck in order to strangle him. The moment the dog felt the cord, he let go; and such was the extraordinary attachment of the butcher to this favorite mastiff, that although his life was in imminent danger, he would not suffer the animal to be destroyed. It is generally supposed, that eating such a quantity of raw horse-flesh occasioned the ferocity of the animal; for 'till this circumstance happened, he had always been remarkably docile.

DR. FRANKLIN'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG
SPORTSMAN.

A GENTLEMAN of this description, from a too eager pursuit of the follies of high fashion, had spent the last guinea of his patrimony. At length, after receiving insults from those whom he had protected, and being denied a meal by those whom he had once fed, fortune, in one of her vagaries, presented him with another estate more valuable than the first. Upon the possession of it, young Nimrod waited upon the late celebrated Dr. Franklin, who had been the friend of his father, to beg his advice. "What were the causes of your late misfortunes?" enquired the doctor. "Lawyers, quacks, gamesters, and footmen," replied the applicant. "The four greatest pests of your metropolis," rejoined Franklin. "But poisons (continued the doctor)

in the political as well as medical world may, when judiciously applied, become antidotes to each other; my advice therefore, is, that you remember the past conduct of the lawyers; this remembrance will teach you not to go to law, and by this you will preserve your new-acquired property from their chicanery; the practice of the quacks should teach you to live temperately, and by this you will escape the miseries created by those mercenary monsters; the gamester may shew you the necessity of forbearance, and remind you of the old proverb, that 'only knaves and fools are adventurers;' and by this your vigilance will be excited to take care of your ready money: as to the idleness and insolence of footmen, these will teach you the pleasures of waiting upon yourself, in which you will be sure to escape the mortification of paying for torments in your own house. Go, son of my friend, ponder these antidotes, and be happy."

THE QUAKER'S VIEW HOLLA!

THE Duke of Grafton being *fox-hunting* near Newmarket, a quaker, at some distance, upon an adjoining eminence, pulled off his hat, and gave a view holla! The hounds immediately ran to him, and being drawn off the scent, were consequently at fault, which so enraged the duke, that galloping up to the offender, he asked him in an angry tone, "Art thou a quaker?" "I

am, friend," replied broad-brim. "Well then, (rejoined his grace) as you never pull off your hat to a *christian*, I will thank you in future not to pay that compliment to a *fox*."

A HORSE AND A GALLOWAY.

THE famous Dr. Galloway, so remarkable for his surprising cures in the veterinary line, passing along the street, a young man called after him, "Dr. Horse! Dr. Horse!" at which the doctor turned round, and said, "Is it me you want? my name is *Galloway*, and not *Horse*." "Why, (replied the wag) what difference is there between a *horse* and a *galloway*?"

PLAY UPON WORDS.

A POACHER was carried before a magistrate, upon a charge of unlawfully killing game in a nobleman's park, where he was caught in the fact. Being asked what he had to say in his defence, and what proof he could bring to support it, he replied,—“An' please your worship, I know and confess that I was found in his lordship's park, as the witness has told you, but I can bring the whole parish to prove, that for these thirty years it has been my *manner*.”

LONDON FOX CHASE.

THE Epping Hunt has often been admired for its curious field of sportsmen, but we believe

never was there a more motley groupe than that which was displayed on the following singular occasion:—A fine fox was unkennelled among the ruins in the Strand, on the western side of Temple Bar. Masons, labourers, hackney coachmen, &c. &c. all in full cry, joined the pursuit. The crowd and variety were additionally increased by a large portion of the casual passengers in that great thoroughfare, who were attracted to the scene by curiosity, supposing that some wonderful discovery had been made among the ruins. Poor Reynard, being an animal of strong instinct, first made for Clement's Inn, in hopes, no doubt, that a fellow-feeling would there ensure him a safe asylum. He had the good fortune to gain the gate, but that was nearly the total of his success; he tried every building; he ran up stairs and down stairs; but no friendly lawyer would afford him shelter, no hospitable door would open to receive him; he met with nothing but demurrers, rebutters, and sur-rebutters, while actions *vi et armis* every where pursued him; finding no law in the inn, he made a double to gain his own ground, but he had scarcely reached it, when the blow of a pick-axe put an end at once to his life, and the pursuit. A hodman immediately mounted his brush, and a party of masons and labourers carried the dead body in procession to a public-house, there to regale themselves after the fatigues of the day, and, celebrate

the success of the chase. From whence poor Reynard came, or how it happened he should take up such strange quarters, we cannot conjecture.

A FASHIONABLE SPORTSMAN AND HIS FRIEND.

Dick.—LEND me a horse, my friend Bob, for to-morrow—
Pray which of them all will you lend?

Its cursed unpleasant, you well know, to borrow,
But I'm easy with you, my good friend.

Bob.—'Pon honour, with pleasure I would—but—indeed—
Which would you prefer then?—

Dick.—..... The gray—

Bob.—Poor devil, he's badly, and quite off his feed.—
We'd a d—mn—ble run the last day—

Dick.—The Black—

Bob.—He's blister'd—

Dick.—The Brown—

Bob.—He is fired—

Dick.—The Bay—

Bob.—She's a stumbling bitch:

You should not have her, Dick, unless I desir'd,
To see you laid dead in a ditch.

Dick.—Pray which shall I have then—
Brown Muzzle, or Crop?

Bob.—I lend none—if truth I must tell—

Iv'e no licence, I own—but my stable's a shop—
I ride all my horses—to sell.

A SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

A GENTLEMAN of Worcester paying a visit to
a friend a few miles distant, took with him a

brace of greyhounds, for the purpose of a day's coursing:---a hare was soon found, which the dogs ran for several miles, and with such speed, as to be very soon out of sight of the party who pursued; but, after a very considerable search, both the dogs and the hare were found dead, within a few yards of each other; nor did it appear that the former had caught the hare, as no marks of violence were discovered upon her. A labouring man, whom they past, said he saw the dogs turn her two or three times.

INSTANCE OF EXTRAORDINARY AFFECTION
IN A BADGER.

THE following circumstance is related in a letter to a friend from Chateau de Venours.

“Two persons were on a short journey, and passing through a hollow way, a dog which was with them started a badger, which he attacked, and pursued, till he took shelter in a burrow under a tree. With some pains they hunted him out, and killed him. Being a very few miles from a village, called Chapellatiere, they agreed to drag him there, as the Commune gave a reward for every one which was destroyed; besides, they purposed selling the skin, as badgers hair furnishes excellent brushes for painters. Not having a rope, they twisted some twigs, and drew him along the road by turns. They had not proceeded far, when they heard a cry of an animal in

seeming distress, and stopping to see from whence it proceeded, another badger approached them slowly. They at first threw stones at it, notwithstanding which it drew near, came up to the dead animal, began to lick it, and continued its mournful cry. The men, surprised at this, desisted from offering any further injury to it, and again drew the dead one along as before; when the living badger, determining not to quit its dead companion, lay down on it, taking it gently by one ear, and in that manner was drawn into the midst of the village; nor could dogs, boys or men induce it to quit its situation by any means, and to their shame be it said, they had the inhumanity to kill it, and afterwards to burn it, declaring it could be no other than a witch."

THE ROYAL CHESS-PLAYER.

PRINCE Bathiani, a branch of one of the first families in Hungary, (says a member of the late National Assembly) seems to possess no ambition beyond a desire to analyze the whole composition of the game of Chess. Could Addison's ideas be followed up in the dissection of the brain of this man, he observes, nothing would be found in it but the various models of all the various pieces made use of in this game, from the pawn to the king. He sees, he hears, he thinks of nothing but chess. It is the first thought of his waking hours, and the last of his noctur-

nal slumbers; all the motives that move and agitate other men, are to him dull and inert. "In vain (says the French writer of this account) did I endeavour to detach him but for a moment from the precious continuity of his own ideas, by introducing some observations upon the situation of his country. To these he made no reply; but pulling a small chess-board out of his pocket, he assured me that he had it made at London by one of the ablest artists of which Great Britain had to boast."

Resembling the ancient knights-errant, that ranged over hill and dale in search of adventures, Prince Bathiani has traversed all Europe with no other view than to obtain the superlative happiness of throwing down the gauntlet to some of the ablest players. It was perhaps jestingly said of this prince, that he had an idea of travelling into Asia, to discover whether any of the race of Palemedis were still in existence.

There can be no doubt that his journey to Rome, about the year 1794, was for the purpose of learning the abilities of the chess-players in that city. For three months he was most rigorously incog. He also lost considerable sums, but was by no means cured of the vain conceit of his own abilities: at best but a very middling player, he was continually intoxicated with the eulogiums heaped upon him by artful and designing men. Dining one day at the house of his

banker, an abbé being present, and proposing a party at chess, it was accepted by the prince with great pleasure; when the abbé, after considerable success, perceiving that his want of attention had nearly been prejudicial to him, suddenly exclaimed, "What a fool am I; I have been nearly as conceited as Prince Bathiani."—The banker, who was a looker-on, felt an uncommon embarrassment. The prince, however, without betraying any symptoms of surprise, asked the abbé, "Why he said he was as conceited as Prince Bathiani?" "Because, (replied the other) I have often heard that this German prince is a terrible chess-player, but that his vanity is so great, that he believes himself the first player in the world; while the proof of the contrary exists at Vienna, where he lost fifty thousand crowns." "That is false (replied the prince), he lost no more than forty." "Well (said the abbé), that is enough to prove him forty times a fool." It is scarcely necessary to add, that this party soon broke up, the prince paid his loss, and went out abruptly. The abbé's curiosity being awakened to know his partner, the banker unable to resist his importunities, informed him that this was Prince Bathiani himself. "That (exclaimed the abbé) is impossible. However, to be convinced, he followed the prince's chariot towards the Place d'Espagne, and being soon after completely satisfied, he had only to regret that he did

not derive more advantage from the opportunity that had been afforded him.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STAG HUNT.

It is maintained by metaphysicians, that all our actions result from the association of ideas; that during sleep this operation of the mind still continues with a certain degree of energy, though memory is suspended, (whence the proximate cause of dreams) and that if any past or expected event dwells strongly and exclusively upon the intellect, we infallibly find ourselves, while asleep, busied about that event. Perhaps a stronger proof of the accuracy of this hypothesis never occurred, than that which was presented by Sir F—d P—le. This nobleman slept one night at the Cock Inn, Epping, preparatory to the last day's stag hunt at that place; but going to repose, he was so full of the pleasures of next day's field, that he no sooner fell asleep, than in imagination he entered upon the *chase* with his accustomed ardour. After running the first *burst* quietly enough *in bed*, he jumped up, in order, as he supposed, to take a leap over a stile; and to supply the want of a horse, he adroitly threw up the sash, and strided his supposed hunter: the window happened not to be far from *terra firma*, and by luckily catching hold of the curtain, he landed safely on the other side of the *hedge*. Sir Ferdinand then continued the sport with unabated

vigour, and had proceeded some considerable way towards Epping-place Inn, when he luckily met with a *check*; during his chase, he had kept the middle of the road, a privilege which he was by no means easily made to relinquish; however, he met with a broad-wheel waggon, the driver of which perceiving something in white before him, providentially stopped his horses, or Sir F. must have been materially injured. Hodge, still finding the ghost advance, and being a stout fellow, he stepped forward, and accosted him with "who's there?" No reply being made, he made bold to take him by the hand and shake him: it was not, however, 'till he had repeated this compulsory salutation two or three times, that Sir F. could be made to relinquish his *pursuit*, and acknowledge that he was *thrown out*. When he came to himself, his astonishment is easier to be conceived than described: however, upon recollecting that he had been in bed at the Cock at Epping, and explaining the event to the astonished waggoner, he re-conducted him to the inn, and knocked up the landlord. Sir F. and the host immediately went to the room where he had slept, and there found the window and curtain in the situation above-described; the dream also recurring to Sir Ferdinand, the whole of this wonderful event was accounted for. Sir F. then went to bed again, had medical assistance, and continued at the inn several days, in consequence of the bruises he

received in the fall from the window, and the cold he caught during the chase.

SPORTING PORTRAIT OF THE P— OF W—.

THIS is a most distinguished likeness of the original, who, with as *good a head* and *better heart* than the major part of his cotemporaries, has unhappily become the dupe of almost every *titled villain* in the higher circles of society.— There is not a polished adventurer of *the family*, but has enjoyed some part of the general deprecation upon his property. Possessing sensations openly alive to all the tender claims of *humanity*, to all the endearing offices of *polite society*, he could not, so early in life, be proof against the eternally seducing attractions of *duplicity*. Born to support a situation far superior to every idea of *subordination*, he could not be abstracted from that infinity of *temptation*, to which a p—— of so much distinguished *philanthropy*, so much invariable *affability*, must inevitably become the incessant subject. Propelled by the influence of *fashion*, and the never-failing force of example, he became a temporary dependant upon the deceptive criterion of *friendly assistance*, and a dupe to the most *villainous schemes*, the most abandoned artifices, that ever disgraced an aristocratic association. Under the relentless influence of such connections, he unfortunately embarked in every unjustifiable and ruinous pursuit that juvenility could adopt,

or infatuation approve. His *hounds, hunters, stud* in training, and the retinue that were attendant upon the whole, exceeded, in these respects, every moderate calculation, both in number and expenditure; which, in addition to the immense sums for which he stood engaged upon *the turf*, would have annihilated the revenue of majesty itself, and rendered *additional* claims upon *national liberality* matter of the most inevitable necessity. Happy, however, for himself, happy for his *august* and *anxious relatives*, more happy for an admiring, expectant, and beloved nation, (over whom he is one day to preside) he has, with a degree of ardour that adds lustre to a long list of inherent virtues, no longer to be obscured, nobly and voluntarily relinquished every fascinating folly, that could tend to sully his name, or degrade his dignity; his hunting establishment has been long reduced, his numerous *racing stud* distributed by the hammer of a *fashionable auctioneer*, and his almost unlimited retinue dismissed, as a kind of sacrifice to economy.

In contemplating this spontaneous act of honour and of justice, let us generously bury in oblivion the remembrance of those follies, which *thousands* in his situation, surrounded with every incentive to irregularity, and *beyond* the restraint of authoritative inhibition, would have *committed*, but which *few* would have the magnanimity to abjure. And let us never forget, that it is

harder to make *one* retrograde motion from *vices* to virtue, than to sink from the highest pinnacle of the former to the lowest depths of the latter.

"Virtus in actione consistit."

HOR.

THE HIGH BLOOD OF A FOXHOUND.

An Historical Fact.

THE breed of Colonel Thornton's canine race is universally allowed to be of the highest strain imaginable; unconfined to *sort*, as also unrestrained in expence, his observation and experience have indubitably proved his great knowledge in every *cross of blood*, more than any other sporting competitor. In crossing the foxhound with the pointer, and *vice versa*, he has evinced a science peculiar to himself; and the following anecdote of a foxhound, as related by himself, will not be altogether inapplicable to verify the existence of high blood in the species.

A gallant lofty young bitch-hound was one day freely giving tongue, in drawing a strong cover, and when at first casting off, and none of the other hounds challenging the same drag, the huntsman chided her babble, but to no purpose; she still continued with redoubled note, and the huntsman persisted she was wrong, and thought her lavish and incorrigible, which induced him to apply the whip with great severity, and in

the bestowing of which, one of her eyes was accidentally lashed out of the socket. In this state the bitch continued to run from drag to chase, and proved herself stanch, and not riotous, for a fox had stole away, and she broke cover, single-handed. However, after much cold scenting, and some delay, the pack hit off the chase; at some little turning, a farmer, who was on the reconnoitre of his grounds, informed the field, or rather the gentlemen of the chase, that they were far behind their fox, for that a single chase hound, very bloody about the head, and with an eye cut out, had passed some fields distant, and that she was then running breast high in scent, and there was little probability of getting up to her afterwards; however, coming up to check, the pack *did* get up with her, and after some little cold hunting, hit off the chase again from a numerous cast, where the bitch had not failed, and clapped on him some hard running. At length, after a severe burst, they run into their fox, and killed him in a most gallant style; Colonel Thornton, the owner of the hounds, was in at the death, and observing this mangled bitch-hound, actually took out his scissars, and severed the skin by which the eye had hung pendant during the progress of the chase."

INSCRIPTION ON A FAVOURITE DOG.

MY dog, the trustiest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind.

Let this perpetuate the memory
of an animal,
who, when living, was deservedly esteemed
for his
uncommon sagacity and honesty ;
though of Irish origin,
he was no rebel,
but faithful, constant, and invariable
in his attachments ;
his anger
got sometimes the better of that discretion
with which he was endowed
by nature ;
but it was then, only when he found
unjustifiable opposition
to his delegated legal authority.
Possessed of every amiable quality,
His resentment for any affront,
or rough treatment,
soon subsided,
and he became at once
placable, loving, and sincere.
Such was the famous
UNO,
whose misfortune it was to be
killed by accident,
(to the general regret of all who knew him)
June 6, 1796.

BIOGRAPHY PARODIED, IN THE HISTORY
OF PERO.

PERO was decended, on the female side, from a very ancient line in Northumberland, and tradition says, that his ancestors were, from generation to generation, great favourites of the Saxon kings of that district. By his own mother's side, (who was of Shropshire) he was related to almost all the celebrated hounds who signalized themselves in the chase during the time of the Danish and Norman usurpations. In the tree of pedigree of Pero's family, we find also the name of *Yelpo*, king Canute's favourite buck-hound, and also that of *List*, who was king Alfred's faithful companion, when that monarch was driven forth, and in disguise, in the Isle of Wight. But the most illustrious name in the tree, and the founder of the male line, is *Harpan*, who came over with William the Conqueror, and was his favourite blood-hound; the records likewise of the Duke of Fitzroy's kennel assure us, that when the conqueror deluged the northern counties with blood, and spread desolation throughout that district, Harpan attended him, and had an amour with a beautiful fox-hound belonging to the Prior of Durham, from which union our Pero was lineally descended. When he was but a little puppy, he shewed a great precocity of genius, and every one foretold that he would not disgrace the illus-

trious blood that flowed in his veins ! He was, therefore, when very young, put under the care of Tom Snipe, the duke's gamekeeper, but this part of his education did not succeed according to expectation. Honest Tom, in his old days, having made too free with the bottle, Pero's instructions were, consequently, much neglected, and it was feared he would fall into idle habits, and that his great genius would remain uncultivated. To prevent such a dreadful misfortune, his guardians removed him into Wiltshire, where he finished his studies, under the care of the learned and ingenious Peter Partridge, gamekeeper to Lord N——d ; at first, indeed, he suffered severely by Peter's whip, but no sooner was he broke of his idle habits, than he made a most rapid progress in his education, in every part of which he was without an equal, whether for the melody of a fine deep-toned voice, for swiftness of foot, unexhausted strength, or staunchness of scent ; nor can it create surprise, that these rare qualifications, so happily blended together, procured him the favour and patronage of the great. He has hunted with all the first nobility in the kingdom, and indeed has always kept the best company, and never failed to excite their esteem and admiration. He was always in at the death, on which occasion he has often been honoured by his M——y's attention, and at one time was patted on the head by the P—— of W——, but

this singular honour and happiness had almost cost him his life; for, on boasting of it in the kennel, with rather too much vanity, the envious hounds set upon him, and had not the whipper-in most fortunately entered, and seasonably exercised his whip among them, he had certainly been torn limb from limb. Lord L——, who was then on a hunting visit to Lord N——, affected with Pero's dangerous situation, begged him of his lordship, and his request was granted; but no sooner did he bring him home, than his own kennel was equally envious! So true are the words of the lyric bard—

“ A favourite has no friend !”

To remedy this inconvenience, however, it was ordered that Pero should sleep in the warm stable, and all day he was a parlour guest with his lordship, by whose hand he was fed with the choicest bits; but such is the fallaciousness of worldly enjoyments! with all this semblance of terrestrial bliss, poor Pero was truly miserable; the servant maids, though they dare not speak out, were his bitter enemies, and were even greatly offended, forsooth, because he dirtied the staircase, the hall, and the parlour! and besides the almost daily plots that were laid to poison him, many a good kick and blow he got when his master's back was turned. Thus passed his days, till old age, hastened by luxury and inactivity,

(for he indulged himself too much in sleeping before the parlour fire) brought on its attendant infirmities. His loss of memory became notorious, and all his faculties were visibly impaired; when his lordship, out of great compassion and regard for him, ordered him to be hung, a death, which, excepting a few that were shot for being mad, was the lot of all his ancestors, for these two thousand years, and perhaps as many more beyond the extent of our most ancient records. In his person, Pero was remarkably well made, and beautifully spotted with liver colour, except on his left hind leg, where he wore two black spots; one of his ears was a little torn, occasioned by the riot in the kennel, already mentioned; he had great expression in his countenance; when his lordship would hold up to him the wing of a fowl, or a slice of venison, he would leer at it slyly, and wag his tail, and turn up one ear, as if listening with great attention, which, together with the arch cast of his eyes, gave him a wonderful look of sagacity. He was firm in his friendship, and grateful to his benefactors, whom he would attend night and day; but he was vindictive to a high degree, and could never forbear growling when any, who had used him ill, entered the parlour, while he lay at his lordship's feet: he was greatly addicted to concubines, by whom he has left a numerous progeny, which are highly prized by the best huntsmen in this kingdom. He

was also a great thief, for which the cook and butler gave him many a curse, and not a few hard blows; but, it must be said in his vindication, that he never stole any thing except when he was hungry; we had almost forgotten to mention to posterity, that *half* his tail was cut off; this was done by the celebrated Tom Snipe, already mentioned; the reason he gave for it was, that the weight of his tail might not break his back, when he was in hard running; so happy is it for youth to fall into the hands of ingenious preceptors, and so ridiculous is the saying of the poet—

“ God never made his works for man to mend.”

In a word, he was a dog,

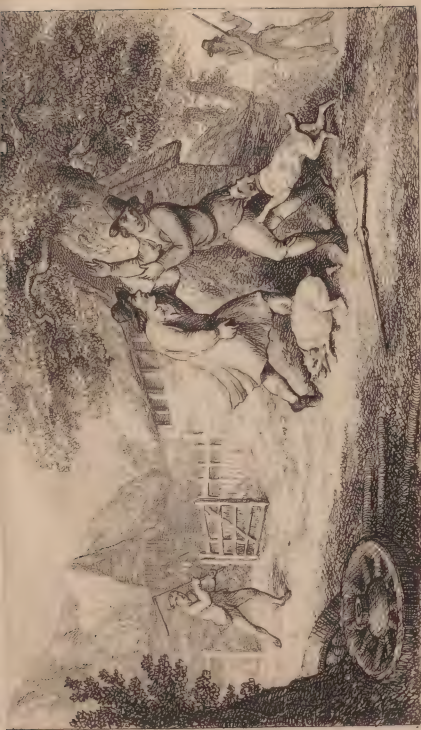
“ Take him for all in all, we ne’er shall see his like again.”

WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

A GENTLEMAN being sporting one day, was led farther than he intended, by the wildness and continued evolution of the covey he was pursuing, till at length night surprised him. Being unwilling to return through the length of way that would be inevitable if he pursued the proper road, he chose to cut off a part, by taking almost a trackless route through the fields. This road he had before travelled, though it was many years since; he kept therefore in the tract he had formerly known, which was by the side of the dan-

gerous Mersey, whose waves had, in one place, undermined and washed away the solid earth, and left only the turf remaining above, twenty yards from the surface of the water.

When he came to this place, it sunk with his weight, and he had inevitably perished, had not his gun, which he carried under his arm, caught two trees that had inclined, but not totally yielded, to the waves. But even this temporary safety could not secure his life, for, when unable to endure it, he must inevitably have fallen into the river, had not one of his faithful dogs rescued him. If he moved, the gun would have lost its hold; he was, therefore, uncertain what to do in this dreadful dilemma; but the grateful animal looked round in seeming despair, whined and gazed full at him, and at length, with all the firmness that a friend is capable of displaying for his benefactor, seized him by the collar, and absolutely drew him from his tremendous suspension. The gentleman, when delivered, lay on the ground for some time, thunderstruck and motionless; the poor animal watched him with the greatest solicitude, but, when he perceived him rise, it is impossible to express how he bounded round the field, leaped up as high as his head, bounded again, and used every gesticulation to manifest his excessive joy!



Cockney Sporting.

EXPLOITS OF A CITY SPORTSMAN.

A PARTNER in a banking-house, who lives near enough to the abode of a facetious city magistrate to nose his lordship's kitchen, whenever turtle is the order of the day, was at a small watering place on the coast of Essex. Being in the country, he determined to partake of its sports, and, for the first time in his life, to have a day's shooting. "When we are at Rome (said the cit) we must do as *Rome does*!"

A vulgar sportsman, such as a country squire, or a rusticated nobleman, performs his journey on foot, or, at best, on a shooting poney, in pursuit of his game; but a city Cræsus disdains such simplicity! Accordingly our banker, with a merchant for his companion, got into his phaeton, took the pointers he had borrowed into the carriage, and ordered his servants in livery to follow him.

The dogs, who had never been used to such a fashionable style of travelling, soon began to shew symptoms of uneasiness, and even an inclination to desert. They were detained, however, partly by caresses, and partly by force, till they had very nearly reached the scene of action, when, by a violent and unanimous effort, they all jumped out and ran home, (with one solitary exception) who was persuaded to follow by the servants behind; but even *he* might as well have gone with

the rest, for hardly had they hunted three fields over, when the obstinate brute stopped all of a sudden, to the great surprize and chagrin of the city sportsmen. They hallowed him on, they whistled to him, but nothing could make him move; it was very provoking, they said, they never saw a dog so restive in their lives; so taking a whip from a domestic, they began to belabour the refractory *Carlo*, who darted into the covey, and away went the birds; before the banker could recover from the alarm occasioned by the flapping of their wings, take up his gun, and cock it, the partridges were out of sight. These were all he saw that day, nor could he sufficiently regret the bad behaviour of the dog. If he had not stopped, said the banker, I should have fired into the midst of the *brood*, and killed one half of them. His companion made no doubt but he should have killed the rest!

On his return to his carriage, the *man of money* determined to try his skill at some sparrows on a dunghill; he shut his eyes, and before he could open them again to count the dead sparrows, a pig, which was lying under the straw, and which he had shot in the head, came running out, and laid itself at his feet, squeaking most horribly in the agonies of death. Out came the farmer's men with flails and pitchforks, and out came the farmer's dog, and seized him by the

coat, and out came the farmer himself, and took him by the collar!

Perceiving himself thus beset, the banker offered an honourable compensation; but when he found that no less a sum than *three* guineas was demanded, he demurred, and said that a pig of equal size might be purchased for less money in London. His companion, however, observing that pigs were more plentiful in Leadenhall Market than in the country, the money was produced, and the farmer, and the farmer's men, and the farmer's dog, retired to their respective kennels.

It is the characteristic of a great mind to struggle against misfortune: the banker, therefore, re-loaded his piece, and 'ere he had proceeded far, hearing a rustling in the hedge, he let fly at a venture: the report of the gun was immediately followed by cries of "Goot lack, I'm shot! as Got shall shave me, I'm shot!" It was an unfortunate Jew, who had been paying his devoirs to the goddess Cloacina, and who, at the close of it, while employed in plucking up grass "of broader leaf and more commodious," received a large portion of the charge in that part where, according to Hudibras,

"—— a kick hurts honour more,

"Than deepest wounds receiv'd before."

As the banker had never seen a magpye in the city that did not speak, he naturally conceited

that the whole species were equally loquacious, and made no doubt but he had killed one of those talkative birds. "I have shot a magpye," said he to his companion, and off he ran to pick up his game; when in the passage of the hedge, he was met face to face by the furious Israelite.— Seeing him a perfect *sans culotte*, and bleeding from flank to flank, the banker started back in speechless horror. The "circumcised dog" pursued him, and took him by the throat, swearing by the God of Moses that he would have blood for blood; and this dreadful threat he would probably have realized, if the banker's friend had not offered him "an egregious ransom." At the first mention of money, the avaricious jew relaxed his gripe, examined the paper that was tendered to him by the banker, and retired, well satisfied when he found that it was a check upon Messrs. F--r--l--k and B--t!

SKETCH OF A SPORTSMAN OF THE LAST AGE.

THIS character, now worn out and gone, was the independant gentleman of three or four hundred pounds a year, who commonly appeared in his drab or plush coat, with large silver buttons, and rarely without boots. His time was principally spent in field amusements, and his travels never exceeded the distance of the country town, and that only at assize and sessions, or to attend

an election. A journey to London was, by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies; and it was undertaken with scarcely less precaution and preparation. At church, upon a Sunday, he always appeared, never played at cards but at Christmas, when he exchanged his usual beverage of ale, for a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg.

The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster, or of red brick, striped with timber, called callimanco work, large casement bow window, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house were well inhabited by martins, and the court set round with holly-hocks, and clipt yews; the hall was provided with flitches of bacon, and the mantle-piece with fowling-pieces and fishing-rods, of different dimensions, accompanied by the broad sword, partisan, and dagger, borne by his ancestors in the civil wars; the vacant spaces were occupied by stag's horns; in the window lay *Baker's Chronicle*, *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, *Glanvil on Witches*, *Quincy's Dispensatory*, *Brachen's Farriery*, and the *Gentleman's Recreation*; in this room, at Christmas, round a glowing fire, he entertained his tenants; here was told and heard exploits in hunting, and who had been the best sportsman of his time; and although the glass was in continual circulation, the traditionary tales of the village, respecting

ghosts and witches, petrified them with fear ; the best parlour, which was never opened but on some particular occasion, was furnished with worked chairs and carpet, by some industrious female of the family, and the wainscot was decorated with portraits of his ancestors, and pictures of running horses and hunting pieces.

Among the out-offices of the house were a warm stable for his horses, and a good kennel for his hounds ; and near the gate was the horse-block, for the conveniency of mounting.

But these men and their houses are no more ; the luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country to become the humble dependents on great men, and to solicit a place or a commission to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farm-house, until, after a few years, the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighbouring lord, or else some nabob limb of the law, or contractor !

THE ECONOMICAL SPORTSMAN.

THERE is no apophthegmatical axiom so just but that it is capable of modification, either from its own inherent deficiency, or from the multifarious inclinations, habits, and pursuits of mankind. That “necessity is the mother of invention,” few will feel disposed to contradict, and

as few probably would be inclined to assert or maintain, that the love of pleasure, or a peculiar fondness for any given pursuit, could produce the same ingenuity, and stimulate a man to the same contrivances as that "tamer of the human breast," necessity. But,

"Exemplo plus quam ratione vivimus."

All knowledge is built upon experience, and experience alone can produce perfection. The following well authenticated narrative will sufficiently prove that there is no passion of the human breast so strong, but that it may be equalled, and sometimes surpassed, by others, of less apparent energy.

With half a dozen children, as many couple of hounds, and two hunters, Mr. Osbaldeston, clerk to an attorney, kept himself, family, and these dogs and horses, upon *sixty pounds per annum*. This also was effected in London, without running in debt, and with always a good coat on his back. To explain this seeming impossibility, it should be observed, that after the expiration of the office hours, Mr. O. acted as an accountant for the butchers at Clare Market, who paid him in offal. The choicest morsels of this he selected for himself and family, and with the rest he fed his hounds, which were kept in the garret. His horses were lodged in the cellar, and fed on

grains from a neighbouring brewhouse, and on damaged corn, with which he was supplied by a corn-chandler, whose books he kept in order once or twice a week. In the season he hunted, and by giving a hare now and then to the farmers over whose grounds he sported, he secured their good-will and permission; and several gentlemen, struck with the extraordinary economical mode of his hunting arrangements, which were generally known, winked at his going over their manors. Mr. O. was the younger son of a gentleman of good family, but small fortune, in the north of England, and having imprudently married one of his father's servants, was turned out of doors, with no other fortune than a *southern* hound big with pup, and whose offspring from that time, became a source of amusement to him.

THE MONKEY SPORTSMAN.

A DIVERTING OCCURRENCE once took place near Taunton, in Somersetshire. A favourite old hunter, belonging to Joseph Pautley, Esq. being locked in the stable, on hearing the noise of a French horn and cry of the hounds, began to be very restiff; the ostler instantly saddled him, placed a large monkey on his back, and turned him loose; following the sound, he joined the pack, and was one of the first in at the death of poor Reynard; but the amazement of the sport-

ing gentlemen was greatly heightened by observing the monkey hold the reins with all the dexterity of a true sportsman.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A SPORTSMAN.

PALE rose the misty spirits of the vale,
And from the verdant haunts of silver time,
Whose fairy haunted stream
First heard the discord of my artless song,
Spread o'er the fading landscape wide;
Enthron'd are now the starry throng;
The queen of heaven is clad in all her pride;
The birds of night majestically sail
Amid the silent air:
While pensive meditation seeks the plains
Whose hallow'd earth Eugenio's dust contains.
Ah! youth belov'd, of sport beyond compare.
Fast fell my tears upon the sacred spot,
Alas! by all, but me, neglected and forgot!

Ah! what is manly youth, or jocund health,
When death is near!
Ah! what avails the treasured hopes of wealth,
When fate prepares the destin'd bier!
No more Eugenio shall joy's ardent fire
Impel thee o'er the plain;
No more shall sport the mountain rocks ascend,
Or on the syrtes of the marsh depend,
And bid thee, danger, stern toil disdain;
No more thy nerves confirm, thy gen'rous soul inspire.
Where is the vigorous stride, the manly mien,
On which th' immortal maids,
Who rule the sylvan shades,
Gaz'd with delight, envious of Clara's bliss;
While the rude powers that guard the glades

Trembling retir'd? Ah me! no more is seen
The graceful form that glow'd amidst the breeze,
In the mild valley, or the lonely wood,
When thou, at sport's command, her devious steps pursu'd.

Farewell, the thund'ring tube! Eugenio now
No more invites me to the field!
No more, at night's approach, the raptur'd youth,
Bidding his various spoils assert the truth,
Narrates the toils and triumphs of the day.
When morning is reveal'd,
On the high healthy mountain's brow
His early voice shall summon me away
No more. Farewell, Oh sport!
And every gay resort,
Where with Eugenio once I woo'd thy charms,
Me faithful grief disarms,
And friendship leads, when evening's shades arise;
Or early morn with purple stains the skies,
Where, mould'ring in the grave, my lov'd companion lies.

CANINE SAGACITY AND GRATITUDE.

A GENTLEMAN who usually spent the winter months in the capital of North Britain, having gone with his family to pass the summer at his country seat, left the care of his town residence, together with a favorite house-dog, to some servants, who were placed on board wages. The dog soon found board wages very short allowance; and to make up the deficiency, he had recourse to the kitchen of a friend of his master's, which in better days he had occasionally visited. By a hearty meal which he received there daily,

he was enabled to keep himself in good condition, till the return of his master's family to town on the approach of winter. Though now restored to the enjoyment of plenty at home, and standing in no need of foreign liberality, he did not forget that hospitable kitchen, where he had found a resource in his adversity. A few days after, happening to saunter about the streets, he fell in with a duck, which, as he found it in no private pond, he probably concluded to be no private property. He snatched up the duck in his teeth, carried it to the kitchen where he had been so hospitably fed, laid it at the cook's feet, with many polite movements of his tail, and then ran off with much seeming complacency, at having given this testimony of his grateful sense of favours.

LACONIC REJOINDERS.

ABOUT thirty years ago, a gentleman riding cheek-by-jowl with poor Bob Bloss, the training groom, (in the interval between the heats at an Epsom meeting, and knowingly balancing the pretensions of the different horses, as well as the owners,) found himself by the side of a Goldfinding mare, called Whirligig, which he knew to be the property of a London chimney-sweeper, nicknamed Sootbag. At the instant, a cockney sportsman rode up, and asked the following questions of the lad who led the mare, and received

the following answers. "What's the name of this mare?" 'Whirligig.' "Who rides her?" 'Black-wig.' "To whom does she belong?" 'Sootbag.'

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE LORD ORFORD.

NO MAN ever sacrificed so much time, or so much property, to practical or speculative sporting as the late Earl of Orford, whose eccentricities are too firmly indented upon "the tablet of the memory," ever to be obliterated from the diversified rays of retrospection. Incessantly engaged in the pursuit of sport and new inventions, he introduced more whimsicalities, more experimental genius, and enthusiastic zeal than any man ever did before him, or most probably any other man ever may attempt to do again.

Amongst his experiments of fancy, was a determination to drive four red deer-stags in a phaeton instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journies upon the road: but unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the "four in hand," and commenced a new kind of chase, with "breast high" alacrity. The novelty of this scene was rich beyond description; in vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill—in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavour

to ride before them; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage, were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern Phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily however, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of "fiery-eyed steeds" to the Ram Inn, at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand, and to this his lordship's most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed; into the yard they suddenly bounded, to the dismay of ostlers and stable-boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phaeton, and his lordship were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF SAGACITY IN
A DOG.

THE dog has long been regarded as excelling every other species of the brute creation in its attachment to man. For domestic uses, no animal has been found more serviceable to the human race, and its actions have so often bordered on ratiocination, that many incidents which have been related are deemed altogether incredible. However, the reader may regard the following narration as an absolute fact, however much of

improbability there may appear in it to an unreflecting mind.

Donald Archer, a grazier, near Paisley, in Scotland, had long kept a fine dog, for the purpose of attending his cattle on the mountains, a service which he performed with the greatest vigilance. The grazier having a young puppy given him by a friend, brought it home to his house, and was remarkably fond of it: but whenever the puppy was caressed, the old sheep-dog would snarl and appear greatly dissatisfied; and when at times it came to eat with old Brutus, a dislike was evident, which at last made him leave the house; and notwithstanding every search was made after him by his master, he was never able to discover his abode.

About four years after the dog had eloped, the grazier had been driving a herd of cattle to a neighbouring fair, where he disposed of them, received his money, and was bent on returning home. He had proceeded near ten miles on his journey, when he was overtaken by a tempest of wind and rain, that raged with such violence, as to cause him to look for a place of shelter; but not being able to perceive any house at hand, he struck out of the main road and ran towards a wood that appeared at some distance, where he escaped the storm by crouching under the trees; it was thus he insensibly departed from the proper way he had to go, until he had actually lost him-

self, and knew not where he was. He travelled, however, according to the best of his judgment, though not without the fear of meeting danger from the attack of robbers, whose depredations had lately been the terror of the neighbouring country. A smoke that came from some bushes, convinced him that he was near a house, to which he thought it prudent to go, in order that he might learn where he was, and procure refreshment; accordingly he crossed a path, and came to the door, knocked and demanded admission; the landlord, a surly looking fellow, gave him an invitation to enter and be seated, in a room that wore but an indifferent aspect. Our traveller was hardly before the fire, when he was saluted with equal surprise and kindness by his former dog, old Brutus, who came wagging his tail, and demonstrating all the gladness he could express. Archer immediately knew the animal, and was astonished at thus unexpectedly finding him so many miles from home; he did not, however, think proper to enquire of his host, at that time, how he came into his possession, as the appearance of every thing about him rendered his situation very unpleasant. By this time it was dark, the weather still continued rainy, and no opportunity presented itself to the unfortunate grazier, by which he might pursue his journey; he remembered, however, to learn of the landlord where he was, who informed him that he was fourteen

miles from Paisley, and that if he ventured out again before day-light, it was almost impossible for him to find his way, as the night was so bad ; but if he chose to remain where he was, every thing should be done to render his situation comfortable. The grazier was at a loss how to act ; he did not like the house he was in, nor the suspicious looks of the host and family—but to go out in the wood during the dark, and to encounter the violence of the conflicting elements, might, in all probability, turn out more fatal than to remain where he was. He therefore resolved to wait the morning, let the event be what it would. After a short conversation with the landlord, he was conducted to a room, and left to take his repose.

It is necessary to observe, that from the first moment of Archer's arrival, the dog had not left him a moment, but had even followed him into the chamber, where he placed himself under the bed, unperceived by the landlord. The door being shut, our traveller began to revolve in his mind the singular appearance of his old companion, his lonely situation, and the manners of those about the house ; the whole of which tended to confirm his suspicion of being in a place of danger and uncertainty. His reflections were soon interrupted by the approach of the dog, who came fawning from under the bed, and by several extraordinary gestures, endeavoured to direct his attention to a particular corner of the

room, where he proceeded, and saw a sight that called up every sentiment of horror; the floor was stained with blood, which seemed to flow out of a closet, that was secured by a lock, which he endeavoured to explore, but could not open it! No longer doubting his situation, but considering himself as the next victim of the wretches into whose society he had fallen, he resolved to sell his life as dear as possible, and to perish in the attempt or effect his deliverance. With this determination, he pulled out his pistols, and softly opened the door, honest Brutus at his heels, with his shaggy hair erect, like the bristles of a boar, bent on destruction; he reached the bottom of the stairs with as much caution as possible, and listened with attention for a few minutes, when he heard a conversation that was held by several persons whom he had not seen when he first came into the house, which left him no room to doubt of their intention. The villainous landlord was informing them in a low tone of the booty they would find in the possession of his guest, and the moment they were to murder him for that purpose! Alarmed as Archer was, he immediately concluded that no time was to be lost in doing his best endeavours to save his life; he therefore, without hesitation, burst in amongst them, and fired his pistol at the landlord, who fell from his seat; the rest of his gang were struck with astonishment at so sudden an attack, while

the grazier made for the door, let himself out, and fled with rapidity, followed by the dog. A musket was discharged after him, but fortunately did not do any injury. With all the speed that danger could create, he ran until day-light enabled him to perceive a house, and the main road at no great distance. To this house he immediately went, and related all that he had seen to the landlord, who immediately called up a recruiting party that were quartered upon him, the serjeant of which accompanied the grazier in search of the house in the wood. The services and sagacity of the faithful dog were now more than ever rendered conspicuous, for by running before his company, and his singular behaviour, he led them to the desired spot. On entering the house, not a living creature was to be seen; all had deserted it; they therefore began to explore the apartments, and found in the very closet, the appearance of which had led the grazier to attempt his escape, the murdered remains of a traveller, who was afterwards advertised throughout all the country. On coming into the lower room, the dog began to rake the earth near the fireplace with his feet, in such a manner as to raise the curiosity of all present; the serjeant ordered the place to be dug up, when a trap-door was discovered, which, on being opened, was found to contain the mangled bodies of many that had been robbed and murdered, with the landlord

himself, who was not quite dead, though he had been shot through the neck by the grazier. The wretches in their quick retreat had thrown him in amongst those who had formerly fell victims to their cruelty, supposing him past recovery; he was, however, cured of his wounds, and brought to justice, tried, found guilty, and executed. Thus was the life of a man preserved by the sagacity and attachment of a valuable quadruped.

COFFEE-HOUSE CONVERSATION.

AN old-fashioned city gentleman, whose peregrinations had always been confined to the east end of the town, happening to call at a fashionable tavern to the westward, seated himself in a box adjacent to a party of about half a dozen young men, who were disputing with great earnestness. One of them exclaimed, "Depend upon it, Jack, the *breed of potatoes* is worth any money; I'd give a cool thousand myself." This rather surprized him, but conceiving the youth to be an Irishman, he waited 'till another swore that "he would not give sixpence for Charles Bunbury's *froth*, though he thought he kept some of the prettiest *fillies* in all England." Our citizen was preparing to vindicate the worthy baronet from this charge of immorality, when a third cried out, "*who'll go and see Moll Roe take her sweats?*" He had scarce time to wonder what this meant, when another rejoined, you know

nothing at all about it; I was present when she was covered, and I'll wager fifty pounds that *Celia is a breeding*. The old gentleman, shocked at this indecent assertion, was about to put on his hat, and was going to trudge away, when one of the company asked him, "if he thought the Maid of the Oaks was mistress of his weight?" This put him out of countenance, but as he imagined it to be only a fashionable *hoax*, he seated himself again in order to hear the end of the discourse. A youth whom he had not before observed, gravely remarking that he thought *Jenny Spinner* could carry thirteen stone better than *Miss Pratt*, was stopped by a companion, who asked him which he preferred, *Penelope* or *Lais*; whilst he was wondering what possible comparison there could be between the wife of Ulysses and a courtesan, a gentleman entered the room, and informed the company, that *Miss Fury* had beaten *Dick Andrews*, though the odds were three to one against her. This was the only intelligence that pleased the old man, as it proved the warlike spirit of our English ladies; but while he was exulting in the defeat of Dick Andrews, and blaming his want of gallantry, in fighting with a woman, a smart youth in new boots vehemently swore, that though John Bull was *well bred* he had *no bottom*. This so incensed the British blood of the old citizen, that he lifted up his stick to chastise the young spark for

his impudent assertion, when the mystery was explained by perceiving a paper lying upon the table, upon which was inscribed in large letters, "*The Racing Calendar.*"

THE LONDON SPORTSMAN, OR THE COCK-
NEY'S JOURNEY.

September the first.—According to our agreement made at the *Hole in the Wall*, six of us met at Blackfriar's-bridge at half past five o'clock armed and furnished with a large quantity of ammunition.

Squibbed our guns over the bridge, and got a volley of oaths from a west-country-bargeman, that was passing under the centre arch.

Loaded and primed—gave the dogs a piece of bread each—the fox dog would not eat his—took a dram a piece, and set forwards in high spirits for the Circus gate, on our way to Camberwell, where we were informed we should find several covies.

Just at Christ church, Blackfriar's-road, *Ned Simple* shot at a rat, and missed it; but it gave us a fine hunt; the dogs barked all the way, until we drove it into the Thames.

Beat over all the ground about the halfpenny hatches, and found nothing but one cat, which all of us fired at, but being only six in number, and a cat having nine lives, we missed killing, though we severely wounded her.

Passing at the back of Webber-row, we saw

several pigeons, but though they were within pistol-shot, they flew so fast, that none of us could take aim, although our guns were ready cocked, and loaded with No. 2 six fingers deep.

Saw five sparrows on the ground opposite the Elephant and Castle, Newington, feasting on some new-dropt horse dung—stole up with great caution within four yards of the game, and gave an irregular fire; but *Bob Tape's* musket going off before he took aim, the birds, we suppose, made their escape antecedent to the other five going off, for the devil of a sparrow we killed.

Rather out of humour with such ill luck, so took another dram apiece, and pushed briskly forward for Camberwell.

Met two men driving geese at Kennington Common—offered them eighteen-pence, which they accepted, for a shot at the flock at twenty yards; drew lots who should fire first: it fell to *Billy Canalestick's* chance, who, from his father's belonging many years ago to the *Orange Regiment* of city militia, knew something of taking aim.

The goose-driver stepped the ground, and Billy took aim for above ten minutes, when shutting both his eyes, lest the pan might flash in his sight, he snapped and missed fire: he took aim a second time—snapped and missed again—borrowed *Bob Tape's* scissars, and hammered the flint—snapped and missed fire a third time—thought the devil had got hold of the gun—rammed her—found she was neither loaded nor primed. The



Cockney Sporting on Hoxington Common.



goose-driver refused to let Billy try again, so we gave him another sixpence, and he sold us a lame gander, which we placed about six yards distant, and taking a shot a piece at him, we kill'd him, and put him into *Ned Thimble's* cabbage-net.

When we came in sight of the Swan at Stockwell, we all run as hard as we could to see who should get in first, as we had settled to breakfast there; unfortunately, Billy's gun being cocked, he made a stumble, and the trigger being touched by something, off went the piece, and lodged the contents in the body of a *sucking pig* that was crossing the road; the squeaking of the poor animal roused the maternal affections of the sow, and set the *fox dog*, the *terrier*, the *Newfoundland bitch*, and the *mastiff*, a-barking; the noise of the sow, the pig, and the dogs, with the report of the gun, brought out the people of the house, and indeed of the neighbourhood, and being threatened by one, and laughed at by another, we thought it best to buy the pig at four shillings, which we did; and having put it into *Bob Tape's* game-bag, which, by the bye, was nothing but half a bolster tick, we made the best of our way to the Plow at Clapham, where we had some cold buttock and ale for breakfast.

Tried all the common round—beat every bush with the muzzle of our guns—set the dogs on the pigs; and found but one chaffinch, which was rather wild, not letting us come within eight yards, so that we could not make sure of our

bird; we hunted him from spray to spray, for above an hour, without being able to come in a parallel line, so as to take sure aim, when at last he was killed by a little boy, who knocked him down with a stone—bought him, and put him into the net with the goose.

Resolved to make for Blackheath, and so cut across the country, that we might get into the stubbles—missed our road, and by some kind of *circumbendibus* got into Brixton Causeway, where we ask'd if there were any birds in the neighbourhood. We were directed to a dead horse, where two ravens and several magpies were assembled, but they would not stay our arrival, for the moment they saw us they made off.

Our pig-carrying companion and our goose-carrier complained of the weight, so we took charge of the game by turns.

Hunted a weasel for above an hour, and lost him—the terrier was remarkably stanch.

Crossing a field near Camberwell, we thought we saw a covey of partridges at the side of a ditch, so we all made up to them with our guns cock'd, tying the dogs to our legs, that they might not run in and spring the game.

What we thought to be a covey of partridges proved to be a gang of gypsies, who were squatted under the hedge, peeling turnips and preparing potatoes for dinner. It was the mercy of God that we did not fire upon them, as all our pieces were up to our shoulders, and we had but one

eye a-piece open, when that which we took to be the *old cock*, rose up and said, in a loud voice—
“*What the devil are ye about?*”

After many difficulties, and but little sport, got by the direction of the gypsies into the Greenwich road, where being rather fatigued, we stopped at the half-way house until a coach came by, when mounting the roof and the box, we were conveyed near Blackheath, to our unspeakable joy.

Never saw the heath before—amazed at the number of furze bushes, and the wide extent there is for game—had an excellent chase after a jack-ass, which the mastiff tore on the leg—kept close together, for fear of losing each other.

Got down near a large house—shot at a flock of sparrows, and killed one, which we think is a cock, his head being rather black.

Saw several brother-sportsmen out, who had killed nothing but a hedge-hog and a lame jack-daw, which belonged to a public-house at New Cross turnpike.

Got up to the main road—fired at a yellow-hammer, and frightened the horses in the Dover stage; the guard threatening to shoot us, we took to our heels.

Saw some black game flying very high, they look'd for all the world like crows.

The terrier came to a point at a thick bunch of fern; were sure now this must be a covey of partridges, and we prepared accordingly—the mas-

tiff run in, brought out one of the young ones ; it proved to be a nest of field mice ; took every one and put them into the bolster---grass mice were better than nothing.

Much fatigued, and agreed to shoot all the way home---fired off our guns at the foot of Greenwich hill, and were laughed at by the inhabitants. Loaded them again, and fired at a sheet of paper for half an hour, without putting a grain in it---got to Smith's at dusk, and discharged our pieces in the air before we went in---had something to eat and drink, then set off for the city, and squibbed all the way, as long as the powder lasted.

Got home much fatigued with the day's sport, and told a thousand lies about the birds we killed, and the presents we made of them ; smoked our pipes, and by twelve got to bed.

INSTANCES OF AFFECTION IN SPANIELS.

CAN man too highly prize, or too generously shelter the dog ? That animal ; gifted by nature with the most interesting qualities ; that animal, whose vigilance protects us, whose humility interests us, whose fidelity may sometimes shame us : there is, perhaps, no virtue, which the breath of civilization may expand or ramify in the breast of a human being, but what may be found, with inferior energy, in the instinct of the dog ; with inferior energy, because he is not endowed with

all those inlets to perfection, which characterize his imperious master ! The two following anecdotes may be added to that long list of honourable examples, which testify the virtues of the canine race ; they are both founded on facts, and the latter is literally transcribed, from a writer of respectability.

The gamekeeper of the Rev. Mr. Corsellis had reared a spaniel, which was his constant attendant, both by night and day ; whenever old Daniel appeared, *Dash* was close beside him, and the dog was of infinite use in his nocturnal excursions. The game, at that season, he never regarded, although in the day time no spaniel would find it in a better style, or in greater quantity ; but, if at night a strange foot had entered any of the coverts, *Dash*, by a significant whine, informed his master that the enemy were abroad ; and many *poachers* have been detected and caught from this singular intelligence. After many years friendly connection, *old Daniel* was seized with a disease, which terminated in a consumption, and his death : whilst the slow, but fatal, progress of his disorder, allowed him to crawl about, *Dash*, as usual, followed his footsteps, and when nature was still further exhausted, and he took to his bed, at the foot of it unwearily attended the faithful animal ; and when he died, the dog would not quit the body, but laid upon the bed by its side. It was with difficulty he was tempted to eat

any food; and although after the burial he was taken to the hall, and caressed with all the tenderness which so fond an attachment naturally called forth, he took every opportunity to steal back to the room in the cottage, where his old master breathed his last: here he would remain for hours, and from thence he daily visited his grave; but at the end of fourteen days, notwithstanding every kindness and attention shewn him, he died literally broken-hearted.

A FEW days before the overthrow of Robespierre, a revolutionary tribunal had condemned Monsieur R. an ancient magistrate, and a most estimable man, on a pretence of finding him guilty of a conspiracy. M. R. had a water-spaniel, at that time about twelve years old, which had been brought up by him, and had scarce ever quitted his side. M. R. was cast into prison, and in the silence of a living tomb he was left to pine in thought, under the iron scourge of the tyrant; who, if he extended life to those whom his wantonness had proscribed, even until death became a *prayer*, it was only to tantalize them with the *blessing* of murder, when he imagined he could more effectually torture them with the curse of existence.

This faithful dog, however, was with him when he was first seized, but was not suffered to enter the prison; he took refuge with a neighbour of his late master. But that posterity may judge

clearly of the times in which Frenchmen existed at that period, it must be added, that this man received the poor dog trembling and in secret, lest his humanity for his *friend's dog* should bring him to the scaffold. Every day at the same hour, the dog returned to the door of the prison, but was still refused admittance; he, however, uniformly passed some time there: such unremitting fidelity at last won even on the *porter of a prison*, and the dog was at length allowed to enter: the joy of both master and dog were mutual; it was difficult to separate them; but the honest jailor, fearing for himself, carried the dog out of the prison; the next morning, however, he again came back, and once on each day afterwards was regularly admitted by the humane jailor. When the day of receiving sentence arrived, notwithstanding the guards which jealous power, conscious of its dangers, stations around, the dog penetrated into the hall, and couched himself between the legs of the unhappy man, whom he was about to lose for ever. The fatal hour of execution arrives, the doors open, his dog receives him at the threshold! his faithful dog alone, even under the eye of the tyrant, dared to own a dying friend! he clings to his hand undaunted! Alas! that hand will never more be spread upon thy head, poor dog! exclaimed the condemned: the axe falls, but the tender adherent cannot leave the body; the earth

receives it, and the mourner spreads himself on the grave, where he passed the first night, the next day, and the second night. The neighbour meantime unhappy at not seeing the dog, and guessing the asylum he had chosen, steals forth by night, and finding him, caresses and brings him back. The good man tries every way that kindness could devise to make him eat; but in a short time the dog escaping, regained his favorite place. Every morning, for three months, the mourner returned to his protector, merely to receive his food, and then went back to the ashes of his dead master! and each day he was more sad, more meagre, and more languishing.

His protector at length endeavoured to wean him; he tied him; but what manacle is there that can ultimately triumph over nature? He broke or bit through his bonds, again returned to the grave, and never quitted it more! It was in vain that all kind means were used to bring him back; even the humane jailor assisted to take him food, but he would eat no longer! for four and twenty hours he was absolutely observed to employ (O force of genuine love!) his weakened limbs in digging up the earth that separated him from the being he had served; affection gave him strength, but his efforts were too vehement for his powers: his whole frame became convulsed; he shrieked in his struggles; his attached and generous heart gave way, and he ceased to

breathe, with his last look turned upon the grave, as if he knew he had found, and again should be permitted to associate with his master; and that his

“Faithful dog should bear him company.”

ADVICE TO SPORTSMEN.

LET the gun be stocked to the muzzle, and heavy as possible, observing in particular that the touch-hole be large; should the *lock* go off when half-cocked, so much the better, it saves trouble, and is always prepared for action. A *bright* barrel is more conspicuous in the field, and handsomer over the fire-place at home, than a dull brown piece of iron. The shot-belt should be capable of holding 20lbs. at least; it is impossible to define what quantity may be wanted. As to the article of *dress*, opinions are much divided; one gentleman has insisted upon *green* in the early part of the season, and in winter dark *grey*, or some colour resembling that of a *dead leaf*, except during *snow*, when a *white* habit is indispensable; however, leaving the colour to the fancy of the wearer, the coat should be made with *long skirts*; it will then enable the lock of the gun to be covered, and the priming defended from the effect of the rain. A *cocked hat* will also be proper, as it causes no obstruction to the sight, and preserves uniformity.

In choice of dogs there are various fancies, but that species of the *spaniel*, called the *Spitalfields hieaway* is to be preferred, as he will hunt every kennel as well as ditch, and runs over much ground; a few half-grown puppies will be also serviceable, as they will not keep close to the heel, but by continually frisking and yelping, will assuredly disturb every thing that has life. The moment the trigger is drawn, both eyes should be shut, as the priming cannot then hurt them, and they can be opened time enough to see where the game falls; hammer the flint with the back of a knife after every discharge, (when the gun is re-loaded) to prevent its missing fire; and let the point of the gun be presented to a companion, if possible; and in stopping upon any occasion, always put the muzzle under the arm for a support, as well as to prevent any wet from running down the barrel.

If a party of *three* go together in a carriage, be sure that the barrels of two guns appear, at least a quarter of a yard from the side windows, and the third in front; all the people that are passing must then know they are shooters. Be careful at hastily firing at any dog for *standing still*: a famous city sportsman once did so, and the same shot that disabled *Ponto* disturbed the partridges. But still more laughable than the foregoing, is the *deed* underneath recited, and which, if there be such things as *esquires* who understand *Latin*

and *sporting parsons*, who have not forgotten it, they will smile at—

“*In flammis et in arma feror.*”

ARMA virumque *cano*, qui primo sole bo-peeping,
 Jam nunc cum tabby nox languet to button her eye lids,
 Cum pointers aut spaniels campos sylvasque pererrat—
 Vos mihi *Brontothesi* over arms small and great dominantes,
 Date spurs to dull poets, give *dog Latin* carmina condit—
 Artibus atque novis audax dum *sportsmen* I follow,
 Per stubbles, et turnips, et tot discrimina rerum,
 Dum partridge with popping terrificare minantur,
 (Pauci namque volent a feather tangere plumbo)
 Carmina si hang fire, discharge them bagpiping Apollo.
 Te quoque *Magne Cleator*,* te memorande precamur,
 Jam nunc thy fame gallops super garamantas et Indos—
 Nam *Nabobs* nil nisi de brimstone & charcoal loquuntur,
 Horrificiphizque *Tippoo* sulphurea sustinet arma—
 Induit ecce *Shooter* tuncam made of neat marble drugget,
 Quæ benè conveniens defluxit to th' waistband of breeches.
 Nunc *paper*, et *powder*, et *silices* popp'd in the side pocket,
 Immemor haud shoot bag graditur comitatus two pointers,
 Mellorian retineus tormentum dextra bi-barrel'd.
 Eu ! stat *stanch lingo* haud aliter quam steady guidepost,
 Proximus atque *Pero* perstat se ponere juxta—
 With gun cocked and levelled, et lævo lumine clauso,
 Nunc avicida resolves hand double-stong parcere powder.
 Vos teneri *yelpers*,† vos grandævique parentes,
 Nunc *yalsy-pate* Jove orate to dress to the left hand,
 Et Veneri tip the wink, like a shot to skim down ab alto,

* Author of the ingenious “*Essay on Shooting.*”

† Young partridges.

Minque per touch-hole totamque madescere *priming*—
 Nunc lugete diu nunc sportsmen plaujite palmas,
 Infandum flebili musâ renovante dolorem—
 Exsilit ecce lepus from *box* cum this iles operto—
 Bang bellowed both barrels—heu ! pronus sternitur each dog,
 Et puss in the interim trips away sub tegmine thorn bush.

SINGULAR RACE.

IN the month of December, 1800, a match was to have been run over Doncaster course for one hundred guineas, but one of the horses having been drawn, a mare started alone, that by running the ground she might insure the wager; when having run about one mile of the four, she was accompanied by a greyhound bitch, who joined her from the side of the course, and emulatively entering into the competition, continued to race with the mare the other three miles, keeping nearly head and head, affording an excellent treat to the field, by the energetic exertions of each. At passing the distance-post five to four was betted in favour of the greyhound; when parallel with the stand, it was even betting, and any person might have taken his choice for five or ten; the mare, however, had the advantage by a head at the termination.

COURSING.

IN 1792, as a gamekeeper of Lord Egremont's was leading a brace of greyhounds in couples, a hare accidentally crossed the road in view; this

temptation being too great to resist, they, in a joint effort, suddenly broke from their conductor, and gave chase, shackled as they were together, to the great admiration of those who were spectators of a scene so novel and entertaining. When they got up, and gave the hare the first turn, it was evidently much to her advantage, as the greyhounds were so embarrassed, it was with great difficulty they could change the direction: notwithstanding which temporary procrastination, they sustained no diminution of natural energy, but continued the course through and over various obstructions, till the object of their pursuit fell a victim to their invincible perseverance near Pikeless Gate, after a course of between three and four miles. A similar circumstance took place in Scotland two or three years after, where a brace of greyhounds in couples killed a hare after a course of a mile.

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

DELINEATED BY LORD SHAFTESBURY.

IN the year 1638, lived Mr. Hastings, at Woodlands, in the county of Southampton, by his quality, son, brother, and uncle, to the earls of Huntingdon. He was, peradventure, an original in our age, or rather the copy of our ancient nobility in *hunting*, not in warlike times. He was very low, strong, and active, with reddish flaxen hair; his clothes, which, when new, were never

worth five pounds, were of green cloth. His house was perfectly old-fashioned, in the midst of a large park, well-stocked with deer and rabbits, many fishponds, a great store of wood and timber, a bowling-green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, never having been levelled since it was ploughed; round sand bowls were used, and it had a banqueting-house like a stand, built in a *tree*.

Mr. H. kept all manner of hounds, that run buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger. Hawks, both long and short winged. He had all sorts of nets for fish. A walk in the New Forest, and the manor of Christ Church: this last supplied him with *red deer*, sea and river fish; and, indeed, all his neighbours grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports. But he borrowed to caress his neighbours wives and daughters, there not being a woman in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife, and under the age of *forty*, but it was extremely her fault, if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him popular, always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father, and making them welcome at his mansion, where they found beef, pudding, and small beer, and a house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes; the great hall strewn with marrow-bones, full of hawks, perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers; the upper side of the hall hung with

the fox skins of this and the last year's killing, here and there a martin-cat intermixed, and gamekeeper's and hunter's poles in abundance.

The parlour was a large room, as properly furnished. On a hearth paved with brick, lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom less than two of the great chairs had litters of *kittens* on them, which were not to be disturbed, he always having three or four cats attending him at dinner; and to defend such meat as he had no mind to part with, he kept order with a short white stick that lay by him.

The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other such accoutrements. The corners of the rooms were full of the best chosen hunting and hawking poles. An *oyster* table at the lower end, which was in constant use twice a day, all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters before dinner and supper, through all seasons. In the upper part of the room were two small tables and a desk; on the one side of the desk was a church bible, and on the other a book of martyrs: upon the table were hawkshoods, belts, &c. two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry; these he took much care of, and fed himself. Tables, boxes, dice, cards were not wanting: in the holes of the desk was store of old-used tobacco-pipes.

On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, and which never came thence but in *single* glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed; for he never exceeded in drinking, nor ever permitted it.

On the other side was the door into an old chapel, not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, never wanted a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pie, with a thick crust, extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was always well supplied. His sport furnished all but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best of *salt*, as well as other *fish*, he could get, and this was the day on which his neighbours of the first quality visited him.

He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with "my pert eyes therein a"—He drank a glass or two at meals, very often syrup of gilliflowers in his sack, and always a tun glass stood by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary. He was affable, but soon angry, calling his servants bastards and cuckoldy knaves, in *one* of which he often spoke truth to *his own* knowledge, and sometimes *both*, of the same person. He lived to be an hundred, never lost his eye-sight, but always wrote and read without spectacles, and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore years old, he rode

up to the death of a stag as well as any man. A portrait of this gentleman is now at Winbourn, St. Giles, Dorsetshire, the seat of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF AN ASIATIC HUNTING
PARTY.

(Given in a letter from an officer resident in India, to his friend in London.)

I AM just returned from a four months excursion with his Excellency the Nawab, and as a sketch of our ramble may afford you some amusement in an idle hour, I shall detail a few of the most agreeable and interesting circumstances which occurred. After leaving Lucknow, we directed our course towards Baraeech; our kafeela consisted of about 40,000 men and 20,000 beasts, composed of 10,000 soldiers, 1000 cavalry, and near 150 pieces of cannon; 1500 elephants, 3000 hackeries, and an innumerable train of camels, horses, and bullocks; great number of ruts,* filled with the Nawab's women; many large and small boats carried on carts drawn by 50, 40, 30, or 20 bullocks; tygers, leopards, hawks, fighting-cocks, quails, and nightingales; pigeons, dancing-women, and boys; singers, players, buffoons, and mountebanks. In short his excellency had every thing,

* Ruts are covered carriages for women, drawn by oxen.

every object which could please or surprise, cause a smile, or raise a sneer, attract admiration, fix with wonder, or convulse with laughter; captivate the eye, lull the ear, or tickle the palate; above 500 coolies were employed to carry his shooting apparatus, guns, powder, shot, and et ceteras; he had above 1000 double-barrel guns, the finest that Manton and Neck could make, and single-barrels, pistols, swords, and spears without number.

Religion constrained him to stop some days at Baraeech to pay homage at the tomb of a celebrated saint:† all good men who are able, resort to worship this holy anchorite once a year, generally in the month of May; his bones were discovered about 400 years ago, and manifested their sanctity by some miraculous marks. The witty and unbelieving say they were the skeleton of an ass, without thinking of the impiety in imagining there is any resemblance between an ass and a saint, whether dead or alive.

From Baraeech we steered towards Nanpara, a small town in the first range of mountains, commonly called the Commow Hills, which extend from the eastern extremity of Bootan to Hurdwar, and divide Hindostan from Tibet and Nepal. Game of all sorts were destroyed every morning and evening without number or distinc-

† Named Salar Gazee.

tion; his Excellency is one of the best marksmen I ever saw; it would be strange if he was not, as one day with another he fires above 100 shots at every species of birds and animals. The first tiger we saw and killed was in the mountains: we went to attack him about noon; he was in a narrow valley, which the Nawab surrounded with above 200 elephants: we heard him growl horribly in a thick bush in the midst of the valley. Being accustomed to the sport, and very eager, I pushed in my elephant; the fierce beast charged me immediately; the elephant, a timid animal, as they generally are, turned tail, and deprived me of the opportunity to fire: I ventured again, attended by two or three other elephants; the tiger made a spring, and nearly reached the back of one of the elephants, on which were three or four men; the elephant shook himself so forcibly, as to throw these men off his back; they tumbled into the bush; I gave them up for lost, but was agreeably surprised to see them creep out unhurt. His excellency was all this time on a rising ground near the thicket, looking on calmly, and beckoning to me to drive the tiger towards him. I made another attempt, and with more success; he darted out towards me on my approach, roaring furiously, and lashing his sides with his tail. I luckily got a shot, and hit him; he retreated into the bush, and ten or twelve elephants just then

pushed into the thicket, alarmed the tiger, and obliged him to run out towards the Nawab, who instantly gave him a warm reception, and with the assistance of some of his omraos, laid the tiger sprawling on his side, as dead as a stone. A loud shout of *wha ! wha !* proclaimed the victory ; and those who had been too timid to approach before, from idle apprehension, assumed their valour, and rushed on the fallen hero with slaughtering swords. On elephants, there is no danger in encountering these savage beasts, which you know from repeated trials. I have been at the killing of above 30 tigers, and seldom saw any one hurt : if you recollect, I was thrown off my elephant on one, and escaped with a bruise.

The next sport we had of any magnitude was an attack on a wild elephant, which we met a few days after the battle with the tiger : we espied him in a plain overgrown with grass. The Nawab, eager for such diversions, immediately formed a semicircle with 400 elephants, who were directed to advance on and encircle him. This was the first wild elephant I had ever seen attacked, and confess I did not feel very easy ; however, I kept alongside of his excellency, determined to take my chance. When the semicircle of elephants got within 300 yards of the wild one, he looked amazed, but not frightened :

two large must* elephants of the Nawab's were ordered to advance against him; when they approached within twenty yards he charged them; the shock was dreadful; however the wild one conquered, and drove the must elephants before him. As he passed us, the Nawab ordered some of the strongest female elephants with thick ropes to go alongside of him, and endeavour to entangle him with nooses and running knots; the attempt was vain, as he snapped every rope, and none of the tame elephants could stop his progress. The Nawab, perceiving it impossible to catch him, ordered his death, and immediately a volley of above 100 shots were fired; many of the balls hit him, but he seemed unconcerned, and moved on towards the mountains; we kept up an incessant fire for near half an hour; the Nawab and most of his omraos used rifles which carried two or three ounce balls, but they made very little impression, the balls just entered the skin, and lodged there. I went up repeatedly, being mounted on a female elephant, within ten yards of the wild one, and fired my rifle at his

* *Must* elephants are those which are in high rut; they are then very unmanageable, bold, savage, and often very dangerous. The male elephants become must at a certain age, which some say is 40 years; the must elephants are the only ones who will dare to face a wild one; they are also used in the elephant-fights exhibited before the princes of India.

head; the blood gushed out, but the skull was invulnerable. Some of the Kandahar horse galloped up to the wild elephant, and made cuts at him with their sabres; he charged the horsemen, wounded some, and killed others. Being now much exhausted with the loss of blood, having received above 5000 shots and many strokes of the sabre, he slackened his pace, quite calm and serene, as if determined to meet his approaching end with the undaunted firmness of an hero. I could not at this time refrain from pitying so noble an animal, and thought I saw in him the great Epaminondas encompassed by the Lacedemonians at the battle of Mantinea. The horsemen seeing him weak and slow, dismounted, and with their swords began a furious attack upon the tendons of his hind legs; they were soon cut; unable to proceed, this noble monarch of the woods staggered, looked with an eye of reproach, mixed with contempt at his unfeeling foes, and then fell without a groan, like a mountain thrown on its side. The hatchetmen now advanced, and commenced an attack on his large ivory tusks, whilst the horsemen and soldiers, with barbarous insult, began a cruel and degrading assault on the extended hero, to try the sharpness of their sabres, display the strength of their arm, and shew their invincible courage. The sight was very affecting; he still breathed, and breathed without a groan; he rolled his eyes with anguish on the

surrounding croud, and making a last effort to rise, expired with a sigh ! Thus has many a brave Roman met his fate, overcome by superior numbers. The Nawab returned to his tents, as much flushed with vanity and exultation as Achilles; and the remainder of the day, and many a day after, were dedicated to repeated narrations of this victory, which was ornamented and magnified by all the combined powers of ingenious flattery and unbounded exaggeration.

“ Sooth’d with the sound, the prince grew vain,

“ Fought all his battles o’er again,

“ And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.”

From the mountains we directed our course towards Buckra Jeel, where we arrived on the 4th of December. Buckra Jeel is a large lake, about three miles round at its most contracted extremity, and in some parts about thirty, surrounded by thick and high grass, at the foot of the Gorrackpoor hills; the Jungle, which surrounds the lake, is full of wild elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, leopards, wild buffalos, deer, and every species of aerial game. This was the place destined for the grand hunt, which we were daily taught to expect with pleasing anxiety, by the florid descriptions of his excellency. On the 5th of December, early in the morning, we were summoned to the sylvan war: a line of 1200 elephants was drawn up on the north of the lake,

facing the east ; and we proceeded rapidly through the high grass with minds glowing with the expectation of the magnanimous sport we should meet. Lay down your pipes, ye country squires, who boast in such pompous language the destruction of a poor fox or puss, and say in what splendid lexicon ye could find terms to convey a resemblance of the scene I saw, and now endeavour to describe. When we had arrived at the eastern extremity of the lake, we perceived a large drove of wild elephants, feeding and gambolling at the foot of the mountains ; I counted above one hundred and seventy. At this critical moment Mr. Conway, a gentleman in the Nawab's service, fell off his elephant, owing to the animal's slipping his foot into a concealed hole ; Mr. Conway was much bruised, pale, and almost senseless. The Nawab stopped to put him into a palankeen, and sent him back to the encampment. This gave the wild elephants time to gaze on our dreadful front, and recover from their amaze ; many of them scampered off towards the hills. The Nawab divided our line of 1200 elephants into four bodies, and sent them in pursuit of the wild ones, which they were to take or destroy : I remained with the division attached to the Nawab ; we attacked a large male elephant, and after a long contest killed him in the same manner as the one I have already described ; we killed also four smaller ones, and our division.

including the other three, caught twenty-one elephants, which we led to our encampment in high triumph. I have only given a short account of this grand hunt, as it is impossible for the most splendid language to describe what we saw and felt. The confusion, tumult, noise, firing, shrieking of 1200 tame elephants, attacking 170 wild ones, all tossed in terrible disorder, formed a dreadful *melange* which cannot be imagined by the most luxuriant fancy; to attempt therefore a delineation would be to injure the sublime subject. There were above 13,000 shots fired from all quarters; and, considering the confusion, I am surprised the scene was not more bloody on our side; about twenty men were killed and maimed, and near half a dozen of horses. I had two rifles and two double barrels, and a boy to load for me in the khawas;* yet I could not fire quick enough, though I expended 400 balls. Many of our tame elephants, who were must, and brought to oppose the wild ones, were knocked down, bruised, pierced, and made to fly; the largest elephant we killed was above ten feet high,† and would have sold for 20,000 ru-

* The khawas is a place in the rear of the howda, where the attendant sits. The howda is a carriage or box like the body of a phaeton, tied on the back of the elephant, where the rider is seated.

† Travellers say there are elephants sixteen feet high, but this is the language of romance; I never saw one eleven feet

pees if it had been caught. Our prize of this day might without amplification be estimated at 50,000 rupees; but you know the love of lucre was not our aim.

Pause for a moment, my dear sir, and reflect on the scene I have described; and you will confess, though seen through the imperfect medium of a description, that it must have been the sublimest sight that ever was presented to the mind of man in the sylvan war. Actæon would have been alarmed, and Diana and her nymphs frightened out of their wits. We expatiate on it with rapture; and no one who was present will lose the remembrance of it as long as he enjoys his faculties.

From Buckra Jeel we came to Faizebad, where we reposed for three weeks, to recover from the great fatigue we had undergone. After a gay scene of every species of oriental amusement and dissipation, we returned to this place, having killed in our excursion eight tigers, six elephants, and caught twenty-one. To enumerate the other kinds of game would require a sheet as ample as the petition which was presented to Jenghis Khan, and might perhaps be treated by you in the manner that conqueror treated the petition.

high, and I have seen some thousands. The Nawab gives extravagant prices for large elephants, and he has none eleven feet high.

EPITAPH ON A HUNTSMAN,

In the church-yard of Pelton, near Barnstaple, in Devonshire.

HERE lies JOHN HAYNE, who died the 18th of January, 1797, in the 40th year of his age, much regretted by his master, William Barbor, of Tremmington, Esq. to whom he was a faithful servant twenty-five years.

'Tis done! the last great debt of nature's paid,
 And HAYNE among the numerous dead is laid!
 O'er hills and dales, thro' woods, o'er mountains, rocks,
 With keenest ardour he pursued the fox;
 Heedless of danger, stranger to dismay,
 Dauntless thro' obstacles he held his way;
 But now alas! no more his bosom beats,
 High in the chase, forgotten are his feats;
 His ardour boots him not, for there are bounds,
 Ne'er overleap'd by huntsmen, horse, or hounds;
 Here was his course arrested,—then draw near,
 Sons of the chase, and drop the piteous tear;
 Now, o'er his tomb whilst you impassion'd bend,
 And pensive think of your departed friend;
 Repeat the tale, conveyed in simple strain,
 And sighing say, "*Here lies poor honest Hayne.*"

THE SOUND HORSE.

SOME years ago, an action was brought against a gentleman at the bar, respecting a horse, which he wanted to go the circuit. The horse was taken home, and his servant mounted him to shew his paces; when he was on the animal's back he would not stir a step; he tried to run him *round* and *round*, but all would not do, he was deter-

mined not to go *the circuit*. The horse-dealer was informed of the animal's obstinacy, and asked how he came to sell such a horse.—“ Well, (said the dealer) it can't be helped, but I'll tell you what I'll do, give me back the horse and allow me five pounds, and we'll settle the affair.” The barrister refused, and advised him to send the horse to be broke in by a *rough rider*. “ Rough rider ! (said the dealer) he has been to rough riders enough.”—“ How came you then to sell me a horse that would not go ?” replied the barrister.—“ I sold *you* a horse warranted sound—and *sound* he is; (said the dealer) but as to his going, I never thought he would go !”

GENEALOGY OF A FEMALE SPORTING CHARACTER.

SHE was got by *Broomstick*, out of *Besom*, has won all the plates she ever started for, yet never was matched but once, in which contest she *flung* her rider. She was originally bought in London, by two gentlemen in partnership, and used as a common hack, but a dispute arising between them who should ride her most, she became the sole property of one, who immediately put her in training for the match spoken of above, entered her in his own name, and *rode her himself*. She proved restive, and the rider (though a good one) being rather too old for such a mettlesome

tit, lost his heat, was thrown, and she ran away from him. At the last races she was driven in a gig, which reminded us of the song entitled the "Race Horse;" and we should not be surprised to see this *high mettled racer* soon driven in a cart.

ANECDOTE OF LORD SPENCER HAMILTON.

It is by no means unknown to the sporting world of *thirty years past*, that the late Lord Spencer Hamilton was one of its most liberal, zealous, and respected votaries. No man living enjoyed it more, or run his horses with a higher sense of honour, or greater anxiety to *win*. It is likewise as universally known, that his *liberality, hospitality, and nocturnal propensities*, led him into weighty and innumerable difficulties; difficulties that occasioned as confidential an intimacy between his lordship and Besbridge (a celebrated sheriff's officer for four counties) as between a *prime minister* and his private *secretary*. Under a variety of pecuniary engagements, *writs* were unfortunately in *eternal approach*, and his lordship was, in consequence, as constantly sequestering himself to avoid the *effect*; when at length a kind of accommodating adjustment became unavoidably necessary for the convenience of *both parties*, which, in the termination of events, proved no way dishonourable to either. When B. was put in possession of the *copy of a*

writ, with a letter of instructions from any *worthy*, or *unworthy*, limb of the law, well knowing the impossibility of “touching his lordship upon the shoulder” in his recluse habitation, with *out works so well defended*, he found it necessary to introduce a kind of friendly affection, and apprise his lordship *by letter* of what he *held* against him, with an earnest solicitation that his lordship would be *punctual and expeditious* in the business; which was generally satisfactorily arranged, without much *delay* to one, or *disgrace* to the other; B— having his usual fee remitted (which, by the bye, he was greatly entitled to) for his *unfashionable kindness* and *unprofessional lenity* upon the occasion. This continued, for some years, to answer both their purposes, till his lordship making a *grand effort* at “*seven’s the main*,” one night in the environs of St. James’s, with a view to retrieve his affairs at one stroke, received so violent an *electrical* shock in the *elbow*, that he became totally unable to attend to the *accumulating* admonitions and repeated remonstrances of the sheriff’s delegate, whose pressing injunctions now compelled him to *write—to solicit—to intreat—to insist*—but without the least effect. B—, however, accidentally heard that a deer was to be turned out before the *king’s hounds* at Bullmarsh Heath, near Reading; a scene of pleasure from which his lordship was hardly ever known to be absent,

unless upon compulsion in his military attendance upon his regiment of the *guards*. As B— had anxiously hoped, so it proved; and he had no sooner discovered *his object*, than his lordship (in the very moment when every eye was intent upon the stag's leaping out of the cart) recognized the *antique* countenance of his *old friend*, in as "dead a set at him" as ever was made by one of his own stanch pointers (having the wind) when perfectly in scent of his game. Upon Besbridge's giving signal for *chase*, his lordship (who always rode most excellent hunters) immediately went "*off at score*," leading him a gallop over the heath, to the inexpressible laughter and entertainment of the company; when the hounds being *laid on*, by the interposing sympathy of old Kennedy, the then huntsman (who felt for his friend and brother sportsman) it afforded his lordship *immediate* opportunity to fall in with them; while poor Besbridge being *thrown out* at the very first leap, was reluctantly compelled to relinquish the chase, and comfort himself with the consolatory transposition of *veni, vidi, vici*, to "I came, I saw, I was overcome:" but as it is Hudibrastically admitted, that

"He who fights, and runs away,

"May live to fight another day;"

so by the same parity of reasoning it may be concluded that this temporary *misunderstanding*

did not extend beyond the morrow. Suffice it to observe, that his lordship no more neglected the *private* admonitions of so excellent a friend ; nor did he again disconcert his lordship by any similar *public* obtrusion, having faithfully promised never to *hunt again* when his lordship was in the field ; a promise that he not only strictly adhered to, but he even continued to render his lordship every tenderness in the practice of his profession, 'till the unfortunate hour when the accumulation of pecuniary demands, too numerous and weighty for his lordship to stand against, compelled him to leave his native country, there to breathe "with broken spirit" his last hour in distant obscurity, very remote from the scene of his former hospitality, the presence of his numerous sporting friends, and the seat of all those favourite field sports to which his possessions were fully adequate (being in the then receipt of 1200*l.* per annum) could he have happily divested himself of that unfortunate *infectious* attachment to "*the bones*," that has, within a very few years, reduced so many from the inexpressible comforts of affluence, to the dreary abyss of *disgrace* and *misery*.

A UNIQUE LARCENY.

THE late Col. Hardy had a pack of beagles, consisting of ten or eleven couple, which was always carried to and from the field in a large pair of

panniers, slung across a horse; small as they were, they would keep a hare at all her shifts to escape them, and often worry it to death; but it was similar to that species of hunting where a fox was hunted in Devonshire House gardens, it might be endured as a novelty, but no one would ever wish to behold it a second time. The catastrophe attending this pack of hounds is laughable, and, perhaps, is a larceny *unique* in its attempt. A small barn was their allotted kennel, the door of which was one night broken open, and every hound, with the panniers, stolen; nor could the most diligent search discover the least trace of the robbers, or their booty.

THE BLIND SPORTSMAN.

THE celebrated Saunderson, Professor of Mathematics, at Cambridge, who was entirely destitute of sight, continued to hunt until a very advanced stage of his life; his horse was accustomed to follow that of his servant, and the satisfaction of Saunderson was extreme, when he heard the cry of hounds and the huntsmen, and which he used to express with all the eagerness of those who, possessing thir eye-sight, could consequently be more gratified by the incidents of the chase.

A JUST REPLY.

THE Duke Longueville's reply, when it was observed to him, that the gentlemen bordering on

his estates were continually hunting upon them, and that he ought not to suffer it, is worthy of imitation :—“ I had much rather (answered the duke) have *friends* than *hares* !”

REYNARD'S SAGACITY.

THE old Duke of Grafton had his hounds at Croydon, and occasionally had foxes taken in Whittlebury Forest, and sent up in the venison cart to London ; the foxes thus brought, were carried the next hunting morning in a hamper behind the duke's carriage, and turned down before the hounds. In the course of this plan, a fox was taken from a coppice in the forest, and forwarded as usual. Some time after a fox was caught in the same coppice, whose size and appearance was so strikingly like *that* got at the same spot, that the keepers suspected it was the fox they had been in possession of before, and directed the man who took him to London to enquire whether the fox hunted on such a day was killed, or escaped ; the latter having been the case, the suspicion of the keepers was strengthened. Some short time after, a fox was again caught in *the same coppice*, which those concerned in the taking were assured was the fox they had bagged twice before ; to be, however, perfectly able to identify their old acquaintance, should another opportunity offer, previous to his third journey to town, he had one ear slit, and some holes punched

through the other. With these marks he was dispatched to London, was again hunted and escaped, and within a very few weeks was retaken in the same coppice; when his marks justified the keeper's conjectures, in spite of the seeming improbability of the fact. It is with some concern, that the conclusion of this singular account is added, which terminates in the death of poor Reynard, who was killed after a very severe chase, bearing upon him the signals of his former escapes, and which ought to have entitled him to that lenity and privilege which was formerly granted to a stag, who had beat his royal pursuers.

EXTRAORDINARY CHASE.

A STAG was once hunted from Winfield Park, in the county of Westmoreland, until by fatigue, or by accident, the whole pack was thrown out, except *two foxhounds*, bred by Lord Thanet, who continued the chase during the greater part of the day. The stag returned to the park from whence it had been driven, and, as a last effort, leapt the wall, and died as soon as he had accomplished it. One of the hounds ran to the wall, but being unable to get over it, laid down and almost immediately expired: the other was found dead about half a mile from the park. The length of this chase is uncertain, but as they were seen at Red-Kirks, in Scotland, distant by the post-road about forty-six miles, it is conjectured that the cir-

cuitous course they took could not amount to less than *one hundred and twenty miles!*

LUDICROUS METEMPSYCHOSIS.

THE souls of deceased bailiffs and common constables are in the bodies of setting dogs and pointers; the terriers are inhabited by trading justices; the blood-hounds were formerly a set of informers, thief-takers, and false evidences; the spaniels were heretofore courtiers, hangers-on of administration, and *hack* journal writers, all of whom maintain their primitive qualities of fawning on their feeders, licking their hands, and snarling and snapping at all who offer to offend their masters; a former train of gamblers and black-legs are now embodied in that species of dogs called lurchers: bull dogs and mastiffs were once butchers and drovers: greyhounds and hounds owe *their* animation to country squires and fox hunters; little whiffling, useless lap dogs, draw their existence from the *quondam* beau; macaronies and gentlemen of the *tippy* still remaining the playthings of ladies, and used for their diversion. There are also a set of *sad dogs*, derived from attornies and *puppies*, who were in times past attornies' clerks, shopmen to retail haberdashers, men-milliners, &c. &c. Turnspits are animated by old aldermen, who still enjoy the smell of the roast meat; that droning, snarling species, stiled Dutch pugs, have been fellows of

colleges; and that faithful useful tribe of shepherd's dogs were, in days of yore, members of parliament, who guarded the flock, and protected the sheep from wolves and thieves, although, indeed, of late, some have turned sheep-biters, and worried those they ought to have defended.

CURIOUS BOND.

The following bond, given for breaking of a *setter*, shews the price of such labour upwards of a *century* ago, and the nature of the contract to perform it.

Ribbesford, Oct. 7, 1685.

“I, JOHN HARRIS, of Wildore, in the parish of Hartlebury, in the county of Worcester, yeoman, for and in consideration of ten shillings of lawful English money, this day received of Henry Hurbert, of Ribbesford, in the said county, Esq. and of thirty shillings more of the like money by him promised to be hereafter paid me, do hereby covenant and promise to and with the said Henry Hurbert, his executors and administrators, that I will, from the day of the date hereof, until the first day of March next, well and sufficiently maintain and keep a Spanish bitch, named *Quand*, this day delivered into my custody by the said Henry Hurbert, and will before the said first day of March next, fully and effectually train up and teach the said bitch to set partridges, pheasants, and other game, as well and exactly as the best setting dogs usually set the same. And the said

bitch, so trained and taught, I shall and will deliver to the said Henry Hurbert, or to whom he shall appoint to receive her, at his house in Ribbesford aforesaid, on the first day of March next. And if at any time after the said bitch shall, for want of use or practice, forget to set game as aforesaid, I will at my costs and charges maintain her for a month, or longer, as often as need shall require, to train up and teach her to set game as aforesaid, and shall and will fully and effectually teach her to set game, as well and exactly as is above mentioned.

Witness my hand and seal the day and year first above written.

JOHN HARRIS his  mark.

Sealed and delivered in the presence of

H. PAYNE his  mark.

A SINGULAR FACT.

THE following curious fact is recorded by Mr. Swallow, some years since the *British Consul General in Russia*:—Having occasion to go from *Petersburgh* to *Moscow*, where *eels* are a great rarity, he ordered some, to carry as a present; upon being taken out of the water, they were thrown upon the ground to be frozen, and soon appeared quite dead, and almost a piece of *ice*; they were then packed in *snow*, and when arrived at *Moscow*, which was four days after, the *eels*

being put into cold water, and so thawed, discovered gradually signs of life, and soon perfectly recovered!

METHOD OF FISHING WITH FOXHOUNDS.

Described by Colonel Thornton.

“IN order to describe this mode of fishing, (says the colonel) it may be necessary to observe, that I make use of pieces of *cork* of a conical form, and having several of these all differently painted, and named after favourite hounds, trifling wagers are made on their success, which rather adds to the spirit of the sport.

“The mode of baiting them is, by placing a live bait, which hangs at the end of a line, of one yard and a half long, fastened only so slightly, that on the pike's striking, two or three yards more may run off, to enable him to gorge his bait. If more line is used, it will prevent the sport that attends his diving and carrying under water the hound; which being thus pursued in a boat, down wind, (which they always take) affords very excellent amusement; and where pike, or large perch, or even trout are in plenty, before the hunters, if I may so term these fishers, have run down the first pike, others are seen coming towards them, with a velocity proportionable to the fish that is at them.

“In a fine summer's evening, with a pleasant party, I have had excellent diversion, and it is,

in fact, the most adapted of any for ladies, whose company gives a *gusto* to all parties."

It may not be amiss to introduce in this place the following anecdote, in illustration of this mode of fishing, as related by Colonel Thornton, in his Sporting Tour to Scotland.

"After breakfast (says he) we went again to Loch Alva, having got a large quantity of fine trout for bait; but, for many hours could not obtain a rise. Captain Waller baited the foxhounds, and as his boat was to be sent forward, I came down to him, having killed a very fine pike of above twenty pounds, the only one I thought we had left in the loch. The captain came on board, and we trolled together, without success, for some time, and, examining the foxhounds, found no fish at them. At length I discovered one of them which had been missing, though anxiously sought for, from the first time of our coming here; it was uncommonly well-baited, and I was apprehensive that some pike had run it under a tree, by which means both fish and hound would be lost. On coming nearer, I clearly saw that it was the same one which had been missing, that the line was run off, and, by its continuing fixed in the middle of the lake, I made no doubt but some monstrous fish was at it. I was desirous that Captain Waller, who had not met with any success that morning, should take it up, which he accordingly did, when, looking

below the stern of the boat, I saw a famous fellow, whose weight could not be less than between twenty and thirty pounds. But notwithstanding the great caution the captain observed, before the landing net could be used, he made a shoot, carrying off two yards of cord.

“ As soon as we had recovered from the consternation this accident occasioned, I ordered the boat to cruise about, for the chance of his taking me again, which I have known frequently to happen with pike, who are wonderfully bold and voracious: on the second trip, I saw a very large fish come at me, and, collecting my line, I felt I had him fairly hooked; but I feared he had run himself tight round some root, his weight seemed so dead: we rowed up, therefore, to the spot, when he soon convinced me he was at liberty, by running me so far into the lake, that I had not one inch of line more to give him. The servants, foreseeing the consequences of my situation, rowed with great expedition towards the fish, which now rose about seventy yards from us, an absolute wonder! I relied on my tackle, which I knew was in every respect excellent, as I had, in consequence of the large pike killed the day before, put on hooks and gimps, adjusted with great care; a precaution which would have been thought superfluous in London, as it certainly was for most lakes, though here barely equal to my fish. After playing him for

some time, I gave the rod to Captain Waller, that he might have the honour of landing him; for I thought him quite exhausted, when, to our surprise, we were again constrained to follow the monster nearly across this great lake, having the wind, too, much against us. The whole party were now in high blood, and the delightful Ville de Paris quite manageable; frequently he flew out of the water to such a height, that though I knew the uncommon strength of my tackle, I dreaded losing such an extraordinary fish, and the anxiety of our little crew was equal to mine. After about an hour and a quarter's play, however, we thought we might safely attempt to land him, which was done in the following manner: *Newmarket*, a lad so called from the place of his nativity, who had now come to assist, I ordered, with another servant, to strip, and wade in as far as possible; which they readily did. In the mean time I took the landing net, while Captain Waller, judiciously ascending the hill above, drew him gently towards us. He approached the shore very quietly, and we thought him quite safe, when seeing himself surrounded by his enemies, he in an instant made a last desperate effort, shot into the deep again, and, in the exertion, threw one of the men on his back. His immense size was now very apparent; we proceeded with all due caution, and being once more drawn towards land, I tried to get his head into the net, upon

effecting which, the servants were ordered to seize his tail, and slide him on shore : I took all imaginable pains to accomplish this, but in vain, and began to think myself strangely awkward, when, at length having got his *snout* in, I discovered that the hoop of the net, though adapted to very large pike, would admit no more than that part. He was, however, completely spent, and in a few moments we landed him, a perfect monster ! He was stabbed by my directions in the spinal marrow, with a large knife, which appeared to be the most humane manner of killing him, and I then ordered all the signals with the *sky-scrapers* to be hoisted; and the whoop re-echoed through the whole range of the Grampians. On opening his jaws to endeavour to take the hooks from him, which were both fast in his gorge, so dreadful a forest of teeth, or tusks, I think I never beheld : if I had not had a double link of gimp, with two swivels, the depth between his stomach and mouth would have made the former quite useless. His measurement, accurately taken, was *five feet four inches*, from eye to fork.

INSTANCE OF SURPRISING SPEED.

Performed by a person named Giles Hoyle.

THIS astonishing exploit is related by a sporting gentleman of great celebrity (Mr. Parker) who resides at Marshfield, near Settle, in Yorkshire, it was accomplished as follows:—

September 4, 1780.—Giles Hoyle rode from Ipswich to Tiptree, and back again, for the purpose of obtaining leave of absence for Major Clayton to attend the election at Clitheroe, from General Parker, being sixty-six miles in six hours.

September 5.—He rode with his master from Ipswich to Gisburne Park; they started at six o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Gisburne Park at two o'clock in the afternoon the day following, two hundred and thirty miles; this he performed in thirty-two hours.

Seventh —Dined at Browsholme, twelve miles.

Eighth.—Returned to Clitheroe, five miles, and, at ten o'clock that night, he took horse for Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire, with conveyance deeds of some borough-houses in Clitheroe, for the signature of Mr. Weld. He arrived at Lulworth between nine and ten o'clock on Monday morning the 10th. Transacted his business, and returned to Clitheroe on the following evening at seven o'clock; the whole being five hundred and forty miles. This he performed in sixty-nine hours.

N. B. Giles Hoyle kept an exact account of his expences to a penny, during the above time. The weather was very wet and stormy during the whole journey.

EPITAPH ON A SPANIEL.

The following Lines are intended to commemorate one of the best of Spaniels that ever existed.

WELL hast thou earn'd this little space,
Which barely marks the turf is heav'd;
For, truest of a faithful race,
Thy voice its master ne'er deceiv'd.

Whilst busy ranging hill and dale,
The pheasant crouch'd from danger nigh,
'Till warmer felt the scented gale,
Thou forc'd the brilliant prey to fly.

Alikethe woodcock's dreary haunt,
Thou knew to find amidst the shade;
Ne'er did thy tongue *redoubled* chaunt,
But, *mark!* quick echo'd thro' the glade!

Rest then assur'd, that mortals can
Draw a good moral from thy story here;
Happy, if so employ'd the span
Of active life, within their sphere.

For, search the middling world around,
How few their proper parts sustain!
How rare the instance to be found,
Of truth amongst the motley train!

THE VENERABLE HUNTSMAN.

JOSEPH MAN was born within the last century, at Poles Walden, in Hertfordshire, in which county he was, at an early age, employed as a *gamekeeper*. When nineteen years old, a violent fever changed his hair to grey in one night; so that at the time of being hired, in the year 1733,

by Viscount Torrington, as huntsman, he had the appearance of an elderly man. He remained in the family of three Viscount Torringtons, from the year 1733 to the year 1777, generally as huntsman; sometimes as gamekeeper. Stout and bony, he continued in unwearied exercise; a perfect adept in shooting, hare-hunting, and in the art of preserving game. Domesticated so long in the same family, and attentive to the same sports, he was looked upon by the neighbours as a prodigy; was known, far and near, as *old Joe Man*, and was called by all the country people *Daddy*. He was in constant strong morning exercise; he went to bed always by times, but never till his skin was filled with ale. "This (he said) *would do no harm to an early riser, (he was ever up at day-break) and to a man who pursued field sports.*" At seventy-eight years of age he began to decline, and then lingered three years; his gun was ever upon his arm, and he still crept about, not destitute of the hope of fresh diversion.

HINT TO COURTIER.

THE remark made by the unfortunate Charles I. during his troubles, upon the greyhound's affability, was just, as applied to the animal, and keen as a satire directed against those that surrounded him; a discourse arose respecting what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and every one al-

lowed it to belong to the spaniel or the greyhound. The monarch gave his opinion in the greyhound's behalf:—"Because (said he) it has all the *good-nature* of the spaniel, without the *fawning*!"

C. J. FOX, ESQ.

THIS distinguished senator, and popular orator, having, some years ago, an old gaming debt to pay to Sir John L——, or, as he is familiarly denominated, *Sir John Jehu*, finding himself in cash after a lucky run at the pharo-table, he sent a card of compliment to Sir John, desiring to see him, in order to discharge his demand. When they met, Charles produced the money, which Sir John no sooner saw, then calling for a pen and ink, he very deliberately began to reckon up the *interest*.

"What are you doing now?" cried Charles.

"Only calculating what the interest amounts to," replied the other.

"Are you so?" returned Charles coolly, and at the same time pocketing the cash, which he had already thrown upon the table, "Why I thought, Sir John, that my debt to you was a *debt of honour*; but as you seem to view it in another light, and seriously mean to make a *trading debt* of it, I must inform you, that I make it an invariable rule to *pay my Jew creditors* last. You must, therefore, wait a little longer for your money, sir,

and when I meet my money-lending Israelites for the payment of principal and *interest*, I shall certainly think of Sir John Jehu, and expect to have the *honour* of seeing him in the company of my worthy friends from *Duke's Place*.

JOHN MEDLEY.

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Poor Medley's gone, the Yorick of his day,
 Not to the court of wit, but house of clay;
 John, from a pleasant vein, but seldom found,
 Made dulness jocund as the laugh went round;
 Mirth rose to greet him, when she saw him come,
 And saucy praters at his nod were dumb!
 No griefs he told, but made the tables roar—
 And was the boy of twenty, at threescore;
 Yet he would bear affliction's soft controul,
 And shew his di'monds glitt'ring thro' the soul;
 'Twould wound his mind, to hear of worth distress'd,
 And, when he could, his ready hand redress'd!
 I've seen the drops of pity in his eye,
 And heard the liberal wish, and heart-felt sigh!
 'Twas *his*, with warmth unequall'd, to defend,
 The injur'd honour of an absent friend;
 Reproving such as provocation gave,
 Or purse-proud blockheads, or full pamper'd knaves!
 Tho' low his birth, he held as high a claim
 To man's respect, as those of nobler name.
 No slave to party—this he understood,
 "The whole is impotent, but *public* good!"
 Replete with facts, from memory's deep supply,
 His word decided, when debates ran high;

No turf transaction had escap'd his lips,
 From old Godolphin's *grand-dam* to Eclipse.
 If faults he had, they seldom met the sight,
 The best among us are not always right.
 Ye sportsmen sigh, or rather fill the bowl,
 And drink a flowing requiem to his soul ;
 For John was kind, and never, night or day,
 Spoke to deceive, or listen'd to betray ;
 But all *his care* was driving *care away*.
 In at his post, we trust his conduct past,
 May prove his *right* to win the *plate* at last.

}

A RATIONAL DOG.

[*The property of the Rev. Dr. Worsley, of Gatcomb, in the Isle of Wight.*
Related by H——y C——g, Esq.]

ERRORS, like straws, upon the surface flow ;
 He who would seek for pearls, must dive below.

DRYDEN.

MAN, in the fulness of his imaginary consequence, has presumed to assert that there is *no* creature in the universe possesses reason but himself. If this be a *true* position, how frequent may he behold in the less favoured animals, actions, that may put his rationality to the blush, and faculties, only called instinctive, to remind human presumption of its own insufficiency !

Some authors, and those of no mean consideration, have learnedly maintained, that if we *must* admit of a difference, the portion is often so slender, that a wise man hardly knows were to draw the line of demarcation. Our own immortal Milton was certainly possessed of this senti-

ment, when he composed the following interrogatories:—

—————“ Is not the earth with various
Living creatures, and the air replenish'd; and all these at
Thy command, to come and play before thee? Knowest thou
Not their language and their way? *They also know, and
Reason not contemptibly!*
With these find pastime.”—————

And now Aurora, with the jocund hours, presented one of those lovely mornings, when softened by a peculiar serenity, every being that has pulsation rejoices with the vegetation that surrounds it. The sun had just exhaled the dews of night when I quitted my inn, and having refreshed myself at the milk-house on Node's Hill,* resolved on a trip to Chele-Bay, and the south-westerly parts of this delectable island; so, like the Peripatetics of old, took my staff, and pursued my journey, with no other companion but the rural muse.

At Gatcomb, about two miles west of Newport, a fine black dog, powdered with large white spots, and of the greyhound breed, came across the field from his master's house towards me,

* The French having attempted to force Caresbrook Castle, defended by Sir Hugh Tyrrel, were cut off by an ambuscade, in a lane, which still bears the name of *Deadman's Lane*; and the *tumuli*, where the slain were buried, was called *Hoddie's-Hill*, now corrupted to Node's-Hill.

swift as an arrow from the bow of an archer; he presented his nose, pricked up his ears, and wagged his tail, while, with the most significant look I had ever beheld, seemed to say—"Let me be your companion, you will not disapprove my friendship." I encouraged my new acquaintance for his partiality towards me, and consented to comply with his solicitations, for I had frequently found the whimsicality of the canine reasoner, and his playful endeavours to divert, more agreeable to me than the ridiculous frivolity of our own species. We therefore set off together in the most friendly manner, and presently became as familiar as if our acquaintance had been of a long standing; and he did every thing with me but talk. If a robin perched upon a bramble bough, he flew forwards to look into the matter; and when any thing appeared, having human consistency, my new friend returned with the greatest precipitance to warn me of the thing, and put me on my guard. When he came to a runlet of water, he would stay to lap of the current, and, turning up his brilliant eyes, most tenderly seemed to say—"Companion, if thou art thirsty, here thou mayest slake thy craving, like me, to the full of thy wishes." To be brief, my dog was my prime minister, and performed his duty in that capacity with more credit to himself than many moderns who fill that exalted station; for he never led me to act wrong, nor forced me, through

false representations, to perform projects prejudicial to the interest of those who looked up to me for comfort and protection; he had no private motive to gratify, nor could I accuse him of the smallest peculation: on the contrary, he was a most penetrating companion upon disinterested principles, my playful associate, determined defender, and my accomplished friend. And thus we journeyed together, communicating reciprocal caresses, until we arrived at the White Horse at Niton, near the sea; a village celebrated for its prodigious crabs and delicious oysters. I entered the mansion with an intent to solace myself and companion, but the good woman of the refectory assured me her husband was gone with his fish to Southampton, and she had not so much as a lobster left behind. At this disagreeable news, I found myself obliged to go farther a-field, so resolved to pass over the high downs of St. Catherine* for Chele-Bay. As I turned over the stile at Niton, my good friend seemed more still than I had before observed him. I had reason to apprehend his distress arose from my disappointment, and I endeavoured to rouse him to more playful measures. At length, as if awakened by some pleasing recollection, he raised up his ears and darted across the Downs; in a

* St. Catherine's chapel, on Chele Downs, was founded by Walter Gadyton, in 1323.

few minutes I heard something cry like a tortured child, it was a fine wild rabbit my friend had taken, and when he had deprived it of life, brought his game and laid it at my feet, and again turning his eyes pleasantly towards me, seemed to articulate thus—"There, fellow-traveller, though you were deprived of a meal at the White Horse at Niton, I have provided one on the Downs of St. Catherine; take it, and refresh thy weary spirits." I took the rabbit by the heels, caressed my new *friend in need*, and we went merrily over the downs and rocks together, till we arrived at the old stone-church by the bay side, which, with the bays of Brixton and Freshwater, form one dreadful coast, from Broken-End to the Needle Rocks.

Reflecting on the dangers of the sea-worn mariners, I left these tremendous heights, and with my playful dog tripped to the green by the church, entered a pleasant house called the *Spaniard*, and there found an excellent repast.

Think'st thou thro' life to drink thy cup all sweet,
Thou'rt wrong; some bitters in the bev'rage meet.
And this is right; since every age agrees,
Without its bitters, not a sweet shall please.

I omitted to observe, as I passed Chele, with the rabbit in my hand, and the dog by my side, I overtook a being they call at this place a gentleman-farmer, with a fowling-piece. He seemed to regard me and my friend with a surly aspect.

I moved my hat, but he returned not the motion. Just as I had finished my comfortable meal, I heard the report of a gun; I looked round for my dog, but saw him not, he had strayed to the village green. I leaped up and flew to the door, when a rustic lad told me the gun was fired by Farmer W——y, at a black dog, for running after his lambs. I instantly concluded the death of my kind companion had been effected by the same surly thing we passed in the lane.

I could have sighed at the dissolution of a common acquaintance, but had a tear ready for my generous and playful quadruped. "If ever the farmer (said I with warmth) should arrive at the bar of judgment, may he, who is the fountain of mercy, remind him of the murder; and may he be forced to acknowledge, with contrition, that when he slew my honest companion he took away the life of a being possessed of more philanthropy than himself." Such was my affection for this kind creature; and the man of mercy will pardon my exclamation. It is a poor and pitiful benevolence, that doth not extend beyond our own species: limited to that narrow sphere, it will daily counteract itself as we advance in life, until it becomes entirely confined to ourselves, and as shrivelled, cold, and forlorn, as flinty avarice in the shades of its detested obscurity.

I had scarce made an end of my reflections, when I beheld my dog enter unhurt! The farmer

had missed his aim; and, that we might not run the risk of another attack, my friend and I left the inhospitable shores of Chele.

Unwilling to return the way we came, I took the road to Chillerton; and my fellow-traveller continued as entertaining as before; we went merrily on till we arrived at the back gate of Gatcombe-house; the dog knew his home, and, as if sensible of the impropriety of proceeding, in the most tender manner caressed me, and bid me farewell; then darting through his master's grounds, leaped the pales, and disappeared.

How shall we account for so much knowledge, foresight, and friendship, in what we call the brute? May not this be suggested as a solution: the dog is capable of discriminating the imports of sounds, as well as man, and, of course, is competent to observe upon the actions of those with whom he is familiar; at least, I found those principles in the subject of my eulogium, whose friendship I shall never forget, and with whom I should again be happy to find such rational pastime!

MEMOIRS OF A CELEBRATED SPORTING

LADY.

LADY DAREALL was the only child of a gentleman of large fortune, in Hampshire, who was a perfect Nimrod in the chase; he was doatingly fond of her, having no son to initiate into his

favourite pursuits, or to participate with him in the pleasures of hunting and shooting; seeing his daughter a fine robust girl, he determined to bring her up in the place of one, and, as she had strong animal spirits, great muscular strength, and rude health, she preferred partaking of the field sports of her father, to the lessons of the French governess and dancing-master, or being confined to work at the tambour-frame of her mother; in spite of whose gentle remonstrances, Mr. Hawthorn, aided by the inclinations of his romping daughter, vowed he would have his plan of education adopted.

In consequence, at fifteen, she would take the most desperate leaps, and clear a five-barred gate with the keenest fox-hunter in the county. She was always in at the death; was reckoned the best shot within a hundred miles; for having once levelled her death-dealing tube, the fate of the feathered tribe was inevitable, as the spoils she exultingly displayed, sufficiently testified, when she turned out her net to her admiring father.

At seventeen, Harriet Hawthorn, early habituated to exercise, had never felt the baleful curse of ill-health, that extermination of every comfort. Her height was five feet eight; her person finely formed: she had a commanding and majestic appearance. From the freedom of her education, which had banished *mauvaise honte*, she had acquired a firm tone of voice, an impressive man-

ner of delivering her sentiments, which, if it did not always carry conviction to her auditors, helped to awe them into silence. Her complexion was that of a bright brunette; on her cheeks glowed the rich tints of health, laid on by Aurora, as she hailed the rosy-fingered goddess's approach on the upland lawn. Her eyes were of the darkest hazel, full of fire and intelligence; her nose Grecian; her hair a glossy chesnut, which flowed in luxuriant profusion upon her fine formed shoulders, in all its native graces, as she never would consent to its being tortured into the fantastic forms dictated by the ever-varying goddess, Fashion, to her votaries.

Her mind partook of the energies of her body, it was strong, nervous, and masculine; she had a quick perception of character, and a lively wit, which she expressed in flowing and animated language; unused from early life to restraint, she never could be induced to put any on her words and actions, but had, to the present moment, done and said whatever struck her fancy, heedless of the world's opinion, which she treated with the most sovereign contempt.

At the period we have mentioned, she met, at a fox-chase, Sir Harry Darcall, a handsome young man, just come of age, with whom she was charmed, by seeing him take a most desperate leap, in which none but herself had the courage to follow him. Mutually pleased with each other's

powers, from that time they became constant companions; they hunted, shot, and played back-gammon together.

At this crisis the lovers were divided, by Squire Hawthorn being ordered to Bath by his physicians, after having had a severe fit of his old enemy, the gout, in his stomach. To expel this foe to man, from the seat of life to the extremities, he was sent to drink the waters of Bladud's fount; though, in the squire's opinion, old Madeira would have been much more pleasant, and of equal utility; but the faculty persisted, and he was compelled to yield. He would not go without his darling Harriet, deprived of whose society he could not exist a single day.

This was Miss Hawthorn's first introduction to the fashionable world, except at an assize, a race, or an election ball. It was all, to her, new and wonderful; she was at first amused by the novelty and splendour of the gay city of Bath, that emporium of cards, scandal, and ceremony. With her ideas of free-agency, she was soon disgusted with the painful restraint imposed on her by the latter; wild as the wind, and unconfined as air, she soon bid defiance to rule and order, determined to please herself just as she used to do at Bramble-Hall. In consequence of this wise resolve, she would mount her favourite blood-horse, gallop over Claverton Downs for a breathing before breakfast—leap off at the pump-

room—dash in—charge up the ranks between yellow-faced spinsters and gouty parsons, to the terror of the lame and decrepid—toss down a glass of water—quite forget the spur with which she always rode—entangled it in the fringe of some fair Penelope's petticoat, who, in knotting it, had beguiled many a love-lorn hour, which this fair equestrian demolished in a moment, paying not the least attention to the comments her behaviour occasioned the company to make ; such as—"How vastly disagreeable—monstrous rude—quite brutish—only a fit companion for her father's hounds—I wonder how her mother, who is really a polite well-bred woman, can think of letting her loose without a muzzle !" To audible whispers, like these, Miss Hawthorn either laughed contemptuously ; or, as her wit was keen and pointed, she made the retort courteous, and by her sarcasms soon silenced her antagonists.

At the balls, she paid as little attention to precedence and order, as she did to ceremony in the pump-room ; in vain the master of the ceremonies talked "*about it, and about it ;*" in vain he looked sour, or serious. She laughed in his face—advised him to descend from his altitude, that only made him look queer and quizzical ; then walked to the top of the room, takes her place upon those seats held sacred for nobility, that were not to be contaminated by plebeians. In vain the elected sovereign of etiquette talked of

his delegated authority, and remonstrated against her encroachments, as indecorous and improper. The men supported her in all these freaks; the women, afraid of her satirical powers, only murmured their disapprobation.

The males were all charmed with the graceful beauty of her person, and the wild playful eccentricities of her manners: she was the toast and admiration of Bath, under the appellation of—“*La Belle Sauvage*.” The females concealed the envy they felt at this new rival of their charms, under a pretended disgust of her *unfeminized* manners and masculine pursuits; while she felt and expressed a perfect contempt of their trifling avocations: and used to say they were pretty automaton, whose minds were as imbecile as their persons.

Tired of the dull routine of fashionable follies, as the pleasure of surprising the crowd lost their novelty, Miss Hawthorn sighed for the time that was to restore her to her early habits. Of all the men that fluttered round, praised her charms, and vowed themselves her devoted adorers, she saw none that could stand in competition, or dispute her heart, with her favourite companion in the chase; the manly, bold, and adventurous Sir Harry Daréall!

Her father, who, by drinking the waters, had expelled the gout from his stomach to his feet, and was content to accept a prolonged existence

through the medium of excruciating torments, could not, till pronounced by the faculty to be in a state of convalescence, remove to Bramble-Hall. Miss Hawthorn, obliged to remain in a place of which she was heartily tired, sought amusement in her own way; nor gave herself trouble what the company, with whom, to oblige her mother, she associated, thought of her actions.

At length Mr. Hawthorn, with his family, left Bath, and returned to Bramble-Hall, where he soon received a visit from Sir Harry Dareall, who made overtures to the old gentleman of marrying his blooming Harriet. Mr. Hawthorn discovered the pleasure with which she received the baronet's proposal; accepted the offer with as much eagerness as it was made, by the intended son-in-law; and as the estates joined, and their pursuits were so congenial, every one pronounced it a good match.

Soon after Sir Harry received the hand of the blooming Harriet from her father; after which the new married pair, with a splendid retinue, set off for Leveret Lodge, the seat of Sir Harry, who, with the old-fashioned hospitality of his progenitors, ordered open house to be kept for his tenants and dependants. The October brewed at his birth, and preserved for this joyous occasion, was now poured out in liberal potations, and drank to the health of the bride and bride-

groom: an ox was roasted whole in the park, and the plumb-pudding of our hardy sires smoked on the festive board. This rural *fête*, in the old English style, lasted a week.

Let us now follow Lady Dareall, and note her *entrée* into the great world. Aided by the advantages of youth, beauty, fortune, fashion, and consequence, the admiration of the men, the envy of the women, and the gaze of the multitude. Through the entreaties and remonstrances of her husband and friends, she allowed herself to be presented at court, to have a box at the opera, and so far to comply with the fashionable circles, to which she had been introduced, as to attend their routs, and give them at her own house; but these were not the amusements congenial to her mind, and she determined that, as she yielded to her husband's inclinations in town, she would live to please herself in the country. For this purpose she kept a pack of fox-hounds, that were reckoned the stanchest in the country; her stud was in the highest condition; her pointers excellent; and the partridges felt she had not forgot to take a good aim.

Obliged, by fashion's law, to pass some of the winter months in London every year, she soon threw off the restraint that tyrant custom imposes on the sex: amused herself by riding her favourite blood horse, Tarquin, against the male equestrians in Hyde-Park, or driving her phaeton

with four fleet coursers in hand, through all the fashionable streets, turning a corner to an inch, to the wonder and terror of her beholders. The ladies, who were constantly hearing her admired by the men, for her prowess, and venturous feats of horsemanship, finding Lady Dareall was quite the rage, sickened with envy; determining, as they could not persuade her to follow their fashions, they would aspire to imitate her's.

From hence we may date the era of women venturing their pretty necks in a fox-chase, shooting flying, and becoming female charioteers, to rival the celebrity of the fair huntress, who was at the head of the *haut-ton*, with all these dashing ladies; and we had *Dareall riding-hats*, *Dareall boots* and *spurs*, and *Dareall saddles*!

When Lady Dareall had been married about fourteen years, she had the misfortune to lose her husband, who was thrown from his horse during a fox-chase, and fractured his skull, by attempting a desperate leap. His beloved lady, who had cleared it a few moments before, saw the accident, immediately sprung from her horse, and, while she sent for a surgeon and a carriage, no house being nigh the spot where the accident happened, she threw herself on the ground by his side, and laying his bleeding head on her lap, shed a torrent of genuine tears, over the only man she ever loved. He was unable to speak, but

seemed sensible of her tender sorrow : for he feebly pressed her hand, and before any assistance arrived expired in her arms.

She mourned for him with unfeigned sorrow ; her “ occupation seemed to be gone ; ” her horses fed quietly in their stables, while, for the space of three months, the hounds slept in their kennels ! and she wore a black riding-habit for six. But time, which ameliorates the keenest anguish, and reconciles us to all things, aided by the conviction we cannot recal the tenants of the tomb, failed not to pour its lenient balm into her wounded bosom ; and Lady Dareall “ was herself again.”

Sir Harry left an only son, by this lady, the present Sir John Dareall, who, following the example of his father and mother, we see him now at the pinnacle of fashion, a Nimrod in the chase, a Jehu in London streets, a jockey riding his own matches at Newmarket, a bore at the opera, and a pigeon at the ladies’ faro-tables ! But he is a mixed character : he seeks celebrity by mixing with men of quality and fashion ; to gain the reputation of being one himself, he imitates all their follies, though they are not the sort from which, by inclination, he is enabled to receive any pleasure ; for this he associates with the wives and daughters of needy nobility, with whom his money will compensate for his manuers, though,

did he give the sensations of his heart fair play, he would mix among the buxom daughters of his fox-hunting neighbours.

To gratify his desire for fame, he will draw straws for hundreds, race maggots for thousands; has a chariot, built by Leader, in which he never rides; keeps an opera-dancer, whom he seldom sees: but this is to give him *eclat* with the fashionable world, and stamp him as a man of high *ton*; for, to indulge his real taste, he steals in a hackney-coach to the embraces of his dear Betsey Blossom, once the dairy-maid of his mother, but now his mistress, in a snug lodging in Marylebone, whom he admires for the vulgar, but native, charms of rosy cheeks, white teeth, and arms as blue as a bilberry.

Lady Dareall, his mother, at the present period is not yet forty, though she appears much older; for she is grown robust. Her complexion is dyed of the deepest bronze, occasioned by living so much on horseback, and exposing herself to the warring elements in all seasons; for the burning sun, or the pelting storm, deter her not from her accustomed avocations. By her management of herself she is so truly case hardened, that she sets coughs, colds, and sore throats, at defiance!

She rises at day-break, plunges directly into a cold bath, makes a meat breakfast, then mounts her fleet mare, and, according to the season, either hunts, shoots, or courses till dinner. After

having visited her stud, sits down at back-gammon with the vicar ; but if she has a visitor that can play, she prefers her favourite game, chess.

But though she has done every thing to preserve her health, and destroy her beauty, she is still a fine woman, and remains a favourite of the neighbouring gentlemen ; is their companion in field-sports, and often entertains with a dinner the members of the hunt in the vicinity.

CURIOUS INSTANCES OF AFFECTION.

PLINY relates, that at Argos, a *goose* was enamoured of a fair boy, named *Henus*, and also of a damsel, called *Glauce*, who was a skilful player on the lute ; in this latter attachment he had a rival in a *ram* ! *Lacydas*, the philosopher, had the honour of a *goose's* love, so ardent, that it never left him night or day ; and he was goose enough, at the death of his favourite, to have the creature buried magnificently. The affection of geese, in these later days, have apparently taken a different direction, and, like other experienced lovers, have evinced their passion for *old women*. As an instance, an aged blind woman, of a village in Germany, used to be led every Sunday to church by a *gander*, taking hold of her gown with his bill ; when he had introduced her to her seat, he always retired to graze in the church-yard, and no sooner was the congregation dismissed, but he returned to his duty, and led her home.

One day the pastor called at the house of the party, and expressing his surprize to the daughter of her mother being out—"Oh, sir, (said the girl) we are not afraid of trusting her out, for the *gander* is with her!

CANINE FIDELITY.

MR. HAWKES, farmer, of Halling, returning much intoxicated from Maidstone market, with his dog, when the whole face of the country was covered with snow, mistook his path, and leaped over a ditch on his right hand, towards the river; fortunately he was unable to get up the bank, or he would have fallen into the Medway, at nearly high water. Overcome with the liquor, Hawkes fell amongst the snow, in one of the coldest nights ever remembered; turning on his back, he was soon asleep; his dog scratched the snow from about him, and then mounted upon the body, rolled himself round, and laid him on his master's bosom, for which his shaggy hide proved a seasonable covering. In this state, with snow falling all the while, the farmer and his dog lay the whole night; in the morning a Mr. Finch, who was out with his gun, perceiving an uncommon appearance, proceeded towards it; at his approach the dog got off the body, shook the snow from him, and, by significant actions, encouraged Mr. Finch to advance. Upon wiping the snow from the face, the person was immediately

recognized, and was conveyed to the first house, when a pulsation in the heart being perceptible, the necessary means to recover him were employed, and in a short time Hawkes was able to relate his own story.* In gratitude to his faithful friend, a silver collar was made for his wearing, and thus inscribed:—

In man true friendship I long strove to find, but miss'd my
aim;
At length I found it in my dog most kind; man! blush for
shame.

INTERESTED CONDOLENCE.

WHEN hounds are at a check, the huntsman should not move his horse either one way or the other. Hounds lean naturally towards the scent, and, if nothing be said, will soon recover it; if a hound is spoken to at such a time, calling him by his name (which is too much practised) he seldom fails (observes Mr. Beckford) to look up, as much as to say, *what the deuce do you want?* Had he the faculty of speech, he would add, before he stooped to the scent again—“*You fool, let me alone.*” When hounds are at fault, not a word should be said; no other tongue should be heard but that of a hound; and so inflexible was a friend of Mr. Beckford’s, who kept harriers.

* From this interesting fact were derived the materials for the Prologue to the *Wheel of Fortune*. ED.

in this particular, that a gentleman accidentally coughing while his hounds were at fault, he rode up to him immediately and said—“*I wish, sir, with all my heart, your cough was better.*”

CYPRIAN HUNTING.

To shew the peculiar manner in which greyhounds are trained to pursue their game in some countries, the following description of their use in the Island of Cyprus, may not be uninteresting.

“IN this place (says the author) I had the pleasure of seeing a Cyprian hunting, or coursing match, and that at which I was present was none of the least brilliant, as it was the governor’s. Having arrived at a spacious plain, interspersed with clumps of mulberry-trees, some ruins, and thick bushes, the sportsmen began to form a ring, in order to inclose the game. The barrier consisted of guards on horseback, with dogs placed in the intervals. The ladies of the greatest distinction in Nicosia, with a multitude of other people, stood upon a little hill, which I ascended also. The governor and his suite were posted in different parts of the plain, and as soon as the appointed moment arrived, the hunt was opened with the sound of musical instruments; part of the dogs were then let loose, which, ranging through the bushes and underwood, sprung a great number of quails, partridges, and woodcocks. The governor began the sport by bringing down one of these birds, his suite fol-

lowed his example, and the winged tribe, into whatever quarter they flew, were sure of meeting with instant death. I was struck with the tranquillity of the *stationary* dogs, for, notwithstanding the instinct by which they were spurred on, not one of them quitted his post; but the rest ran about in pursuit of the game. The scene was soon changed, a hare started up from a bush, the dogs pursued, and while the *former* made a thousand turnings in order to escape, she every where found an opponent: she, however, often defeated the *greyhounds*; and I admired, in such cases, the sagacity of these animals, which disdaining the assistance of those that were young and inexperienced, consequently liable to be deceived, waited until some of the cunning old ones opened the way for them, and then the whole plain was in motion: when the poor animal was just ready to become a prey to its enemies, the governor rushed forward, and throwing a stick which he held in his hand before the greyhounds, they all stopped, and not one of them ventured to pass this signal. One of the swift greyhounds being then let loose, pursued the hare, and having come up with it, carried it back, and jumping upon the neck of the governor's horse, placed it before him. The governor took it in his arms, and delivering it to one of his officers, gave him orders, if it continued alive, to shut it up in his park, where he maintains a great many prisoners of

the same kind. I admired, above all, the discipline of the greyhounds, and the humanity of the governor, who thought it his duty to preserve an animal which had afforded him so much pleasure.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF DUCE,

AN OLD POINTER.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old dog,
Whose trembling limbs your helping hand require ;
Permit her still to crawl about your house,
Or rest contented near your kitchen fire.

Oft' for your sport I brush'd the morning dew,
Oft' rang'd the stubble where the partridge lay ;
Well-pleas'd I labour'd ;—for I toil'd for you,
Nor wish'd for respite till the setting day.

With you, my good old master, have I rov'd,
Or up the hill, or down the murm'ring brook ;
When game was near, no joint about me mov'd,
I strove to guess your wishes by your looks.

While you with busy care prepar'd the gun,
I frisk'd and sported by my master's side,
Obey'd with ready eye your sign to run,
Yet still abhorr'd the thoughts of ranging wide.

O these were days, be they remember'd still,
Pleas'd I review the moments that are past ;
I never hurt the gander by the mill,
Nor saw the miller's wife stand all aghast.

I never slunk from the good farmer's yard ;
The tender chicken liv'd secure for me ;
Though hunger prest, I never thought it hard,
Nor left you whistling underneath the tree.

These days, alas! no longer smile on me;
No more I snuff the morning's scented gale,
No more I hear the gun with wonted glee,
Or scour with rapture thro' the sedgy vale.

For now old age relaxes all my frame,
Un-nerves my limbs, and dims my feeble eyes;
Forbids my once swift feet the road to fame,
And the fond crust, alas! untasted lies.

Then take me to your hospitable fire,
There let me dream of thousand coveys slain;
There rest, till all the pow'rs of nature tire,
Nor dread an age of misery and pain.

Let me, with Driver,* my old and faithful friend,
Upon his bed of straw sigh out my days;
So blessings on your head shall still descend,
And, well as pointer can, I'll sing your praise.

Pity the sorrows of your poor old Duce,
Whose trembling limbs your helping hand require;
Permit him still to crawl about your house,
Or rest contented near your kitchen fire.

INSTINCT OF A DOG.

Two courtiers being out together in a forest, one of them jealous of his companion's credit at court, murdered and buried him. A dog belonging to the deceased remained on the spot, lamenting his master, till being almost starved, he went home, and having satisfied his hunger, returned again to the grave; this he repeated so often,

* A favourite horse.

that some of his master's friends thought proper to follow him; when suspicion soon led them to make a discovery of the body. Some considerable time after this, the dog perceiving the murderer, flew at him with such ferocity, as to excite attention; and, on being kept from his object, manifested signs of the greatest uneasiness and animosity. This occurred so frequently, and even when the man was placed in the midst of other people, as to give occasion for remark. At length the circumstance became so much the subject of conversation, that enquiries were set on foot, and the result of them served to attach strong grounds of suspicion on the murderer. The king being made acquainted with the particulars, caused the man to be apprehended and examined; but instead of making a confession, he charged his accusers with the blackest malevolence, in endeavouring to deprive him of life, on the frivolous circumstance of the antipathy of a dog; and added, that certainly, as a duty he owed himself, would take vengeance on his brute enemy. The king, struck with the manner of the man, or the peculiarity of the case, gave directions that a combat should take place between the man and the dog. This accordingly was adopted, and the victory ended on the side of the faithful animal. The murderer made a confession of his guilt, and suffered the punishment that was his due.

SINGULAR SAGACITY OF AN ENGLISH
MASTIFF.

A FRENCH officer, more remarkable for his birth and spirit than for his riches, had served the Venetian republic with great valour and fidelity for some years, but had not met with preferment adequate by any means to his merits. One day he waited on the *illustrissimo*, whom he had often solicited in vain, but on whose friendship he had still some reliance. The reception he met with was cool and mortifying: the noble turned his back on the necessitous veteran, and left him to find his way to the street, through a suit of apartments magnificently furnished. He passed them, lost in thought, till casting his eyes on a sumptuous sideboard, where stood on a damask cloth, as a preparation for a splendid entertainment, an invaluable collection of Venice glass, polished and formed to the highest degree of perfection: he took hold of a corner of the linen, and turning to a faithful English mastiff, who always accompanied him, said to the animal, in a kind of absence of mind—"There, my poor old friend, you see how these scoundrels enjoy themselves, and yet see how we are treated!" The poor dog looked up in his master's face and wagged his tail, as if he understood him. The master walked on, but the mastiff, slackening his pace, and laying hold of the damask cloth with his teeth, at

one hearty pull brought the whole sideboard to the ground, and deprived the insolent noble of his favourite exhibition of splendor!

CURIOUS WAGER.

GENERAL SCOTT won one of his many thousands at Newmarket, by the following wager:—Just as his horse was about to start for a sweepstakes, Mr. Panton called out to him—"General, I'll lay you a thousand guineas your horse is neither first nor last." The general accepted the bet; immediately gave directions to his rider; his horse came in last, and he claimed the money. Mr. Panton objected to payment, because the general had spoken to his rider; but the Jockey Club held, that the bet was laid not upon the chance of the place in which the horse would come, if the rider was uninformed of it, but upon the opinion that he had not speed enough to be first, nor tractibility enough to be brought in last.

LUDICROUS COMPARISONS.

The penetrating eye of reflection may often discover strong resemblances between many of the canine species and certain classes of mankind; not so absolute, certainly, but that contrarieties will exist; though the more general adumbrations of character approach so as nearly to coalesce with-

out the smallest difficulty. A few of the most obvious of them may be thus ranked.

The supple, sinister, smooth-tongued *sycophant*, in the scent of a great man, who is ready to execute the commands of a *premier*, however repugnant they may be to his inclination; however they may revolt against his ideas of honour (to say nothing of the shocks they give his *conscience*): who is ever disposed

“To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.”

To say *aye* and *no* to every thing a great man says—though *aye* and *no* too are not certainly, as old Lear says, *true divinity*—may aptly be coupled, in the way of comparison, with the *spaniel*, who is distinguished among his canine companions, by fawning upon those who use him worst, and licking even the hand that is raised in wrath against him; crouching at the feet of his imperious master, and becoming more humble the more he is beaten by him.

The sour and severe *critic*, whose supreme delight is to discover errors in a work which has met with a favourable reception from the public, who sits down with all the malice of an enemy, fastens upon the slightest deviation from the rigid rules of the Stagyrite with the execrable satisfaction of a *Scaliger*, and points them out to view with an exultation which does no credit to his *heart*,

whatever compliments he may receive for his critical acumen—ranks with the *cur*, who is always snapping and snarling at every man he meets, sticks close to his heels, and annoys those whom he assails in such a manner, that they find it no easy matter to disengage themselves.

The *pimp*, who makes it the dishonourable employment of *his* life to make the life of a right honourable personage happy, by drawing innocent girls from the paths of virtue, and putting them into his lordship's power, may be classed with the *pointer*, who hunts for the game his master wants to get into his possession, and as soon as he sees the poor birds endeavouring to make their escape, gives him notice, that some of them at least may be intercepted in their flight.

The *country-gentleman*, who lives upon his patrimonial estate in the most prudent style, which enables him at once to make a respectable appearance, and to endear himself to his indigent neighbours by well-governed hospitality, is (if the comparing him to a dog carries no degradation with it) like one of those faithful domestic animals that guards the house of his protector with the utmost faithfulness, and makes a noble *opposition* to those who might attempt by bribes, or blows, to prevent him from doing his duty, a *true English mastiff*.

The *delicate dangler* after the fair, who spends his whole time in giving himself an effeminate appearance, and distinguishing himself by feminine employments; whose conversation turns chiefly upon the tattle of the day, and who prefers a *tête à tête* with the silliest girl in the kingdom, to the company of any of his own sex, is of no more consequence in the creation than a *lap-dog*.

The *bailiff*, whose occupation is to seize those unfortunate members of the community whom the law has condemned to *durance vile*, for the contraction of debts which they cannot discharge, appears and acts with the fierceness of a *bull-dog*: and as well may the sturdiest of the horned race hope to throw off his ferocious assailant, whom he despises at the same time, as the unhappy debtor shake off a catchpole, though he may look at him, perhaps, with the most cordial contempt.

The vigilant *thief-taker*, who peeps into *courts* and *alleys*, for those who have endeavoured to screen themselves from the eye of justice, by skulking into corners and obscure places, may, with particular propriety, be compared to a *terrier*; as they are both serviceable in bringing to light the *vermin*, by which society is grievously infested.

The *projector*, who is always in pursuit of something which continually eludes his search, may be classed with the *water-spaniel*, in chase

of a duck, who is perpetually seeing the object of his pursuit sinking from his sight, and tantalizing him by a re-appearance in a different place, to which he hurries, animated with fresh hopes, only to be mortified by fresh disappointment.

This catalogue might be increased by coupling *soldiers* with *blood-hounds*; *courtiers* with *turn-spits*; and *blunderers in politics* with *blind puppies*, &c. &c. &c. but it is sufficiently evident, that there is a striking resemblance between the *human* and the *canine species*; and, it may be added, that upon many occasions the latter, making all due allowances for education, discover *more rationality*, though they cannot *reason*.

SINGULAR PROPERTY IN DOGS.

The following remarkable discovery in the natural history of the dog is derived from the Gentleman's Magazine, to which work it was communicated by a correspondent from Bloxwick.

“ I HAVE lately discovered a property in dogs which I never saw mentioned by any naturalist, nor yet even noticed by any one but myself; but for the truth of which I can, if necessary, produce several witnesses. About two years ago I had a terrier bitch, which brought six whelps, five of them were immediately drowned, and the sixth was left to be nursed by the mother till it could walk, when it was removed to a farm-house at about a mile distant, to which the bitch was constantly going with her master. At most of

these visits I thought she had eat something that made her sick, for she invariably threw up every time I called; but, upon attending to her more carefully, I found that whenever she got a hearty meal at home she would trot off to the barn and disgorge what she had eat before her whelp, and which he always eat up with great avidity. Not satisfied with this one instance, I tried a spaniel bitch, about half a year ago, in the same way, and found her daily practise the same thing, and which, I suppose, is not confined to *my* dogs only, but pervades the whole breed. This mode of the bitch feeding her whelps, seems never yet to have been noticed by any author, and may call out the remarks of some of your correspondents."

INSTRUCTIONS TO COCKNEY SPORTSMEN.

MY VERY GOOD FRIENDS,

PERMIT me, with all due deference and with sincere pleasure, to give you a few hints, which may render you pleasing to yourselves and terrible to others; but, first, let me attempt to explain the meaning of the appellation by which you are distinguished, viz. "cocknies." I could, with the greatest facility, deduce this word from the Greek, but as possibly you may not have your lexicon ready, I prefer deriving it from the two English monosyllables *cock* and *nigh*, though I do not mean by the first word either *cock-sure*, or a

cock of the game, from both of which you are equally remote; the signification I allude to is, *cocking the optic*, and the word *nigh*, as by sometimes creeping under shelter of a wall, or hedge, instances have been known of your shooting a fowl, or a turkey, at the distance of five yards. Having, therefore, proved you most indisputably to be *cock-nighs*, or, as from the corruption of the orthography, it is at present spelt, *cocknies*, I shall now proceed to my instructions.

1. In the choice of a gun, I would advise you to prefer a crooked barrel, as the odds being against your levelling direct, there will then be more chance of your hitting the object.

2. In loading, most people are in the habit of putting in the *powder* first; but as this is not of the smallest consequence, you are at liberty to follow your own inclination.

3. With respect to *flints*, by all means do not take those which throw out a great deal of fire, for then it must inevitably scatter; but chuse one of so dull a nature as scarcely to emit a single spark, for you well know "*Scintilla una sufficit.*"

4. When the *snow* is upon the ground, I would exhort you, instead of a pointer to take out a Newfoundland dog, and be particular that it is entirely *white*, as you will then have a chance of *surprising* the enemy.

5. In taking aim, shut both your eyes; for if it be a received opinion, that a sportsman shoots well by shutting *one eye*, you must of course shoot *twice* as well by shutting *two eyes*!

6. In the choice of a dog, take one that is either lame or blind; for if they are too active they put up the game: but, indeed, this may be remedied by tying up the two hind legs.

7. Lastly, as to the game you should prefer; the *turkies* are uncommonly strong in the wing, and the *sucking pigs* run like the wind; therefore confine yourself to *geese*, *brooding hens*, and *sows in pig*, to which you must approach within three yards before you presume to "make ready, present and fire."

Your's,

PETER POPGUN.

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBURY.

HIS grace is one of the oldest and most *distinguished* characters upon the turf, whether we consider his judgment, his ingenuity, his invention, or his success. No personage, within our recollection, has been more noticed by the public prints, and, perhaps, more misrepresented. Enabled by birth and fortune to enjoy the comforts of life, he has given into them without restraint, totally indifferent to the cynical caprice of individuals on the *one hand*, and to the jaundiced eye of envious malevolence on the other.



The Earl of March's famous Chaise Match, at Newmarket.

But, amidst the general pursuit of pleasure to which his life has been devoted, those pleasures have yet been the enjoyment of a man of honour, undebased by the long list of *swindling* degradations, that so unhappily characterize the juvenile representatives of *modern* nobility. A taste for and patronage of the fine arts, a predilection for beautiful women, rich wines, and a desire to excel on the *turf*, and to *exceed* in calculation, have ever been the distinguishing traits and ultimate gratification of his *grace's* ambition. When E— of M— he contrived and executed schemes of *expedition*, which were believed by his competitors to be absolutely *impracticable*; of these, his well-known *carriage-match*,* and conveying a letter fifty miles within an hour, (inclosed in a

* In consequence of a conversation, at a sporting meeting, relative to *running against time*, it was suggested by the Earl of March, that it was possible for a carriage to be drawn with a degree of celerity hitherto unexampled, and almost incredible. Being desired to name his *maximum*, he undertook, provided he was allowed the choice of his ground, and a certain time for training, to draw a machine with four wheels not less than nineteen miles within the space of sixty minutes. As it had been already discovered that a race-horse might be urged to such a degree of speed, as to run over a mile in a minute, this, which allowed about three to a carriage, did not appear so surprizing to the *knowing ones* for a short space of time; but the continuance of such a rapid motion during a whole hour staggered their belief, and many of them were completely outwitted.

perhaps, can be produced more in point than the performances of his horse *Dash* (by *Florise*), in the year 1789. On Tuesday in the first spring meeting, he refused 500 guineas forfeit from Lord Darby's *Sir Peter Teazle*, the six mile course, 1000 guineas, h. f.; and on Monday, in the second spring meeting, he beat Mr. Hallam's b. h. by *Higflyer*, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. 1000 guineas. On Thursday, in the second October meeting of the same year, he beat his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's *Don Quixotte*, 8st. 7lb. each, six mile course, 900 guineas; and the Tuesday sen'night following he beat Lord Barrymore's *Highlander*, at the same weight, three times round the R. C. 800 guineas; winning exactly within the six months 3000 guineas.

Increasing years, and a repeated succession of every comfort the world has to bestow, seems at length to have lulled all his grace's keener appetites to the apathy of age, and he glides towards the dissolution of life with every domestic gratification of *hospitality* around him. The present temporary stagnation of the turf, from which so many have lately (*compulsively*) withdrawn themselves, may have been one predominant reason why his grace's stud are nearly all thrown out of training, and disposed of to the best advantage. Indeed his grace's present pursuits seemed chiefly confined to pedestrian parades, and alternate turns in the front of his own mansion; rational

excursions with his phaeton and ponies, from the White Horse Cellar to Hyde Park Corner ; and sometimes the longer and more laborious journey of *Park Lane, Hyde Park, and home*. These, with occasional elegant entertainments and accompanying concerts (to the most brilliant of the fashionable *dulcineas* and *operatic beauties*), seem likely to fill the measure of his grace's sublunary enjoyments, and to afford him daily opportunity in ruminating upon the various pleasures of this life, or the uncertainty of the future, that, whether *sooner or later summoned* to pass "the bourne," he may exultingly lay his head in mental ease upon the pillow, and in paying the *debt of nature*, gratefully exclaim—"value received."

THE PRINCE AND THE PUPIL.

A CHESS-PLAYING ANECDOTE.

WHILE Mr. Cunningham resided at the Hague, a German prince, hearing of our author's great skill in the game of chess, came to that city for the purpose of playing with him at that truly noble amusement. The prince informed Mr. Cunningham, by a note, of the reason that induced him to visit the Hague: Mr. Ogilvie, a Scotch gentleman in the Dutch service, who passed with many for little better than an ingenious madman, happened to be with Mr. Cunningham when he received the note, to whom he said, "That he

did not chuse to risk his reputation, for all the knowledge of the game at chess, with a person whom he did not know, and wished that Ogilvie would go and play a game or two with the prince, in the character of one of Mr. Cunningham's disciples." This he acceded to, and Mr. Cunningham, it is said, wrote to the prince a note to this effect, "that although he had the honour of receiving his highness's invitation to play a game at chess with him, he could not accept of that honour, as business of a very peculiar nature would not admit of it at that time; but rather than his highness should be disappointed, he had sent one of his pupils to give him some entertainment that evening, and that, if he should be beaten, he would then do himself the honour of waiting on him (the prince) the next day; and would play with him as many games as he should chuse." Mr. Ogilvie accordingly went, and beat the prince every game. Early next morning the prince left the Hague, convinced, that if he was thus shamefully defeated by the *scholar*, he had, if possible, less chance of success with the *master*.

LUDICROUS ANGLING ANECDOTES.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS, in his notes on the *Complete Angler*, relates the following story:—
"A lover of angling told me, he was fishing in the river Lea, at the ferry called Jeremy's, and had hooked a large fish at the time when some Lon-

doners, with their horses, were passing: they congratulated him on his success, and got out of the ferry-boat; but, finding the fish not likely to yield, mounted their horses, and rode off. The fact was, that angling for small fish, his bait had been taken by a barbel, too large for the fisher to manage. Not caring to risk his tackle by attempting to raise him, he hoped to tire him; and, for that purpose, suffered himself to be led (to use his own expression) as a blind man is by a dog, several yards up and as many down, the bank of the river; in short, for so many hours, that the horsemen above-mentioned, who had been at Walthamstow and dined, were returned, who, seeing him thus occupied, cried out — “*What, master, another large fish!*”—“No, (says the Piscator) *the very same.*”—“Nay, (says one of them) *that can never be; for it is five hours since we crossed the river!*” and, not believing him, they rode on their way. At length our angler determined to do that which a less patient one would have done long before: he made one vigorous effort to land the fish, broke his tackle and lost him.”

THE same intelligent knight furnishes us with another anecdote relating to this sullen fish:—“Living some years ago (says he) in a village on the banks of the Thames, I was used, in the summer months, to be much in a boat on the river; it happened, that at Shepperton, where I had

been for a few days, I frequently passed an elderly gentleman in his boat, who appeared to be fishing at different stations for barbel. After a few salutations had passed between us, and we were become a little acquainted, I took occasion to enquire of him what diversion he had met with. "Sir, (says he) I have but bad luck to-day; for I fish for barbel, and you know they are not to be caught like gudgeons."—"Very true, (answered I) but what you want in *tale*, I suppose you make up in *weight*."—"Why, sir, (replied he) that is just as it happens; I like the sport, and love to catch fish; but my great delight is in *going after them*. I'll tell you what, sir, (continued he) I am a man in years, and have been used to the sea all my life; (he had been an India captain) but I mean to go no more, and have bought that little house which you see there (pointing to it) for the sake of fishing: I get into this boat (which he was then mopping) on a Monday morning, and fish on till Saturday night, for barbel, as I told you; for that is my delight; and this I have sometimes done for *a month* together, and in all that while have not had *one bite*!"

AN ANCIENT ANGLING ANECDOTE,

OR THE CUNNING EGYPTIAN.

PLUTARCH, speaking of angling, informs us, that Marc Anthony and Cleopatra, in the midst of their unparalleled splendor, passed many of

their hours in that tranquil amusement. He also mentions a deception reciprocally played off by those two royal personages upon each other. The whole business of angling may, indeed, be said to be deceptive, and therefore tricks in that art should be excused.

“Antony (says Plutarch) went one day to angle with Cleopatra, and being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he was much dissatisfied, and gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under water, and put fishes which had been fresh taken upon his hook. After he had drawn up two or three, Cleopatra perceived the trick; she pretended, however, to be surprised at his good fortune and dexterity, and mentioned the circumstance to her friends, at the same time inviting them to come and see him angle. Accordingly a very large company went out in the fishing vessels, and as soon as Antony had let down his line, she commanded one of her servants to be beforehand with Antony, and, diving into the water, to fix upon his hook a *salted fish*, one of those which were brought from the Euxine Sea.” It does not appear how Antony relished this imposition from his fair associate.

THE REFINED PALATE;

OR, LEGS THE CRITERION.

A CERTAIN northern well-fed divine, pretending to a greater knowledge of good eating than his neighbours, and particularly in his taste and flavour of game, dined once with a neighbouring squire, who was determined to try the parson's palate. In the second course two common wood-pigeons were introduced, to which the cook had affixed the feet of *moor-game*. The parson expecting game, reserved his fire till they were introduced; when he set to work, and eat the greatest part of the birds; no notice was taken of the parson's mistake. At supper a brace of moor-game were served up, with the wood-pigeons' feet; the parson was prevailed on to take a slice of them; he quickly exchanged plates, exclaiming loudly that wood-pigeons were unwholesome, and ought never to be introduced before gentlemen. The squire then explained the whole affair, which chagrined the parson so much, that he ever afterwards laid aside all pretensions to a refined palate.

THE WHIP HAND.

A CITY JUSTICE, well known in Bow-street, being on a visit to a near relation, not a hundred miles from Eaton, having ordered his groom to

come in to wait at table, the lad obstinately refused, at the same time throwing out hints, "that masters liked to make servants work better than paying them:" at which the justice was so exceedingly offended, that snatching up a horse-whip, he began to flog the lad about the legs most unmercifully, which was immediately returned with interest, when a most ludicrous scene ensued, to the no small amazement of the gaping multitude. But at last, after many exertions of skill and dexterity on both sides, the justice was obliged to take to his heels, and leave the knight of the whip triumphant.

AMIALE SAGACITY OF A DOG.

THE author of the *Tableaux Typographiques de la Suisse*, in his description of the Alps and Glaciers, relates the following circumstance.—The chevalier Gaspard de Brandenburg was buried, together with his servant, by an avalanche, as they were crossing the mountain of St. Gothard, in the neighbourhood of Airolo. His dog, who had escaped the accident, did not quit the spot where he had lost his master. Happily this was not far from a convent. The faithful animal scratched the snow, and howled for a long time with all his strength; then ran to the convent, returned, and ran back again. Struck by his perseverance, the people of the house followed him next morning: he led them

directly to the spot where he had scratched the snow; and the chevalier and his domestic, after thirty-six hours passed beneath it, were drawn out safe and well. They had distinctly heard every bark of the dog, and all the discourse of their deliverers. Sensible of the attachment of this fine animal, to which he owed his life, he ordered, on his death, that he should be represented on his tomb with his dear dog. At Zong, in the church of St. Oswald, they still shew the tomb and the effigy of this magistrate. He is represented with a dog at his feet.

AN EPISTLE FROM ECLIPSE TO KING
FERGUS.

DEAR SON,

“ I SET out last week from Epsom, and am safe arrived in my new stables at this place. My situation may serve as a lesson to man: I was once the fleetest horse in the world, but old age has come upon me, and wonder not, King Fergus, when I tell thee, I was drawn in a carriage from Epsom to Cannons, being unable to walk even so short a journey. Every horse, as well as every dog, has his day; and I have had mine. I have outlived two worthy masters, the late Duke of Cumberland, that bred me, and the Colonel, with whom I have spent my best days; but I must not repine, I am now caressed, not so much for what I can do, but for what I have done; and

with the satisfaction of knowing that my present master will never abandon me to the fate of the *high-mettled racer*.

“ I am glad to hear, my grandson, Honest Tom performs so well in Ireland, and trust that he, and the rest of my progeny, will do honour to the name of their grandsire,

Cannons, Middlesex.

“ ECLIPSE.”

“ P. S. Myself, Dungannon, Volunteer, and Virtumnus, are all here.—Compliments to the Yorkshire horses.”

AN INGENIOUS MORALITY ON CHESS.

BY POPE INNOCENT.

THIS world is nearly like a chess-board, one point of which is white, the other black, because of the double state of life and death, grace and sin. The families of this chess-board are like the men of this world: they all come out of one bag, and are placed in different stations in this world, and have different appellations, one is called King, another Queen, the third Rook, the fourth Knight, the fifth Alphin, the sixth Pawn.

The condition of the game is, that one takes another; and when the game is finished, as they all come out of one bag, they are put in the same place together. Neither is there any difference between the King and the poor Pawn; and it often happens, that when thrown promiscuously

into the bag, the King lies at the bottom; just as the great will find themselves in their transit from this world to hell. In this game the king goes and takes in all the circumjacent places in a direct line: a sign the king takes every thing justly, and that he never must omit doing justice to all uprightly; for in whatever manner a king acts, it is reputed just; and what pleases the sovereign has the vigour of law.

The Queen, whom we call *Fen*, goes and takes in an oblique line; because women being an avaricious breed (*genus*), whatever they take beyond their merit and grace, is rapine and injustice.

The Rook is a judge, who perambulates the whole land in a straight line, and should not take any thing in an oblique manner by bribery and corruption, nor spare any one. Thus they verify the saying of Amos—“*Ye have turned judgment into gall, and the fruits of righteousness into hemlock!*”

But the Knight, in taking, goes one point directly and then takes an oblique circuit; a sign that knights and lords of the land may justly take the rents due to them, and their just fines, from those who have forfeited them, according to the exigence of the case; their third point being obliquely, applies to them, so far as they extort subsidies and unjust exactions from their subjects.

The poor pawn goes directly forward, in his simplicity ; but whenever he will take, does so obliquely. Thus man, while he rests satisfied with his poverty, lives in a direct line ; but when he craves temporal honours, by means of lies, perjuries, favours, and adulation, he goes obliquely, till he reaches the superior degree of the chess-board of this world ; then the Pawn changes to *Fen*, and is elevated to the rank of the point he reaches, just like poverty promoted to rank, fortune, and consequently insolence.

The Alphins are the various prelates of the church, pope, archbishop, and their subordinate bishops, who rise to their fees not so much by divine inspiration, as by royal power, interest, entreaties, and ready money. These Alphins move and take obliquely three points ; for almost every prelate's mind is perverted by love, hatred, or bribery ; not to reprehend the guilty, or bark against the vicious, but rather to absolve them of their sins : so that those who should have extirpated vice, are, in consequence of their own parsimony, become promoters of vice, and advocates of the devil.

In this chess-game the devil says "Check !" whenever he insults and strikes one with his dart of sin ; and, if he that is struck cannot immediately deliver himself, the devil, resuming the move, says to him, "Mate !" carrying his soul along with him to prison, from which neither love nor

money can redeem him—for from hell there is no redemption. And as huntsmen have various hounds for taking various beasts, so the devil and the world have different vices, which differently entangle mankind—for all that is in the world, is either lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes, or proud living.

APPAREL NECESSARY TO BE WORN BY EVERY
ACCOMPLISHED SPORTSMAN.

WEAR a wig, if possible; and should you be a sportsman, and hunt the forest (flipping), the larger and whiter it is, the safer for you; for should your horse prove what is properly termed *too many* for you, and make off, nothing but the singularity of your appearance can restore you to your disconsolate family.

The hallooing and hooting of the boys, that this will occasion, will enable your friends to trace you through most of the villages you may have passed; and, at the worst, to know in what part of the country you may be cried. I never admired a round hat, but with a large wig it is insupportable; and, in truth, a most puerile ornament for the head of a sober man. In windy weather you are blinded with it; the inconvenience it occasions to men of business, or rather those who are called on the road, a rider, a bagster, &c. are, that by its being blown over his eyes, he is frequently carried a contrary way from his intended rout. A

cocked hat, besides the advantages over its competitor, and the dignity it gives to the most unhappy countenances, has so many others, that it is wonderful to me it is not universally worn, but more particularly by equestrians. If in windy weather, you are blinded; in rain, you are deluged by a round hat; whereas one properly cocked will retain the water in till you arrive at your baiting place, and keep your head (which riding may have heated) agreeably cool; having much the same effect upon it that a pan of water has upon a flower-pot.

Let your boots be somewhat short, and the knees of your breeches must just reach the joints, so that the flap of your saddle (and observe, a single flapped saddle is the genteeldest) may be continually curling up, and chafing you between the confines of the boots and breeches, by which means you will be satisfied that your leg is in a proper position.

AN INGENIOUS PARODY.

Is this a king's plate I see before me,
Turned toward my hand? come, let me clasp thee:
I have thee not! and yet I see the still—
In form as bright as ever racer won.
Thou marshal'st me the way to Newmarket,
And a horse the instrument I'm to use.
Thy brilliant form's worth my swift gelding,
And I will run him. Send for th' engraver,
Be on my seal and scutch'on, feats of *blood*,

Which were not there before; but no such luck:
 It was ambition, that dire antidote,
 My wish. Now all the fashionable world,
 Hurry to the course, and, trav'ling all night,
 Abjur'd by curtain'd sleep; now meet the peers;
 Sport-day commences; and the thin sweated jockey,
 Proud of his office, whose daily training
 And feeding's kept his weight, with shambling gait,
 And knowing wink, towards the starting-post
 Moves like a deep-one. The full betting-room
 Admits my steps, that quickly move for fear;
 The very black-legs prate of my hedging off;
 Laying my bets, or taking in the queer flats,
 And country squires!

JEALOUSY AND REVENGE OF A COCK.

THE habitudes of the domestic breed of poultry cannot, possibly, escape observation; and every one must have noticed the fierce jealousy of the cock. It should seem that this jealousy is not confined to his rivals, but may, sometimes, extend to his beloved female; and that he is capable of being actuated by revenge, founded on some degree of reasoning concerning her conjugal infidelity. An incident which happened at the seat of Mr. B——, near Berwick, justifies this remark. “My mowers (says he) cut a partridge on her nest, and immediately brought the eggs (fourteen) to the house. I ordered them to be put under a very large beautiful hen, and her own to be taken away. They were hatched in two days, and the hen brought them up perfectly

well till they were five or six weeks old. During that time they were constantly kept confined in an out-house, without having been seen by any of the other poultry. The door happened to be left open, and the cock got in. My housekeeper, hearing her hen in distress, ran to her assistance, but did not arrive in time to save her life; the cock, finding her with the brood of partridges, fell upon her with the utmost fury, and put her to death. The housekeeper found him tearing her both with his beak and spurs, although she was then fluttering in the last agony, and incapable of any resistance. The hen had been, formerly, the cock's greatest favourite.

FACETIOUS INSTRUCTIONS.

ENDEAVOUR to inculcate an idea, wherever you go, that riding *hard* and riding *bets* are the only things on earth to excite attention; that they are the leading qualifications by which to acquire pre-eminence, and, in fact, that there is no pleasure *but the chase*, that a *sensible* man can engage in with consistency. Hold it forth to your servants, as a matter of the utmost magnitude, and confirm this by the orders of the preceding evening, that the whole house may be in *early* confusion, and strict preparation in the morning. If you possess a horse not worth *twenty pounds*, or the least entitled to the appellation of a hunter, (affect a dignity, if you have it not,) let him be

ordered in waiting at the place of *throwing off*, to which, after leaving the hand of your *hair-dresser*, and a comfortable breakfast-table, you come dashing upon a *ten pound hack*; here it is necessary for you to ride up with the most *unbounded effrontery*, and survey every part of the company with the most *ineffable contempt*; exchange your horse, adjust your apparatus, and ask your servant (although he may be only so for the day) a thousand questions, of no other import than to render yourself conspicuous. When the hounds are thrown into covert, and every experienced sportsman is in *silent* agitation for the first challenge, it will be *your* particular care to become the only subject of *vociferation*, by unnecessary remarks, or futile observations; be sure to gallop from one extremity of the covert to the other, when the hounds have *good drag*, and are likely to find: so soon as they *unkennel*, fix yourself at the most likely spot for the *fox* to *break*, because you will not only have the pleasure of *heading* him, but probably the happiness of *a rein*, and this you may do with the strictest attention to your *love of the sport*, because the longer he remains in the covert where he is found, the longer you will insure the satisfaction of *hearing the hounds*. If he luckily should avoid being *mobb'd to death* by you, and your fraternity, and is so fortunate as to *break away*, it becomes your duty to lay as well as you

can with the hounds; but when, as it may frequently happen, you find the horses of *others* have more speed, or are better leapers than *your own*, vociferate "Hold hard! hold hard!" with the most violent and stentorian voice. This will give a decided proof of your consequence (particularly if you are a *subscriber* to the *pack*), and will intimidate the *pusillanimous* to let you get before them; by which stroke of policy you in part carry your point, and become a *leading* sportsman of the first description, at least in your *own opinion*.

Take a great number of unnecessary leaps in, the course of the day, not only to prove your courage, but your *humanity* also, by such a display of *attentive tenderness* to your *favourite* horse. However you may have been *accidentally* behind, make a point of coming up in the midst of a dirty country, or watery lane, for by almost smothering those you pass with dirt or water, you become an object of general attraction, tho' whether by exciting smiles of approbation, or frowns of contempt, experience will best convince. Whenever you may happen to be at *the death*, take care to give the huntsman, or whipper-in, a *previous* hint that you have particular occasion *for the brush* (or at any rate *a pad*), for which they shall receive the customary gratuity.

After the chase, *bore* all your friends, for some days, with its incredible length and innumerable

difficulties; "what hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach," and how very much you had rendered yourself an object of admiration.

Carefully implant in your memory these leading traits of instruction, as they will often be serviceable to you upon those occasions, which it will be needless to enumerate.

A CANINE EPISTLE.

From Towzer to Ponto, in relation to the Dog Tax.

DEAR PONTO,

I WENT home with Phillis, the parson's speckled bitch, last Tuesday, and, to my great astonishment, I heard the doctor declare that Mr. Pitt had actually a scheme on foot to tax us poor dogs, the consequence of which will be, that three parts in four of our species will be knocked on the head. I profess I am not in any dread for myself, nor for you, my dear Ponto, for our usefulness will preserve us, since man (though by far the most ungrateful of any other animal) seldom chuses to destroy what is of real benefit. I am not, therefore, alarmed out of any selfish views; no, it is a noble spirit of patriotism that inflames me; and, though I say it, there is not a dog in the nation that will fight more desperately, or bark louder, in a good cause, than your old friend Towzer. Let your sneaking puppies follow low mercenary views; let them wag their

tails at every scoundrel, and nuzzel in dung-hills for half a bone. I am a British mastiff, and scorn such paltry actions. I will venture to say, that almighty Love itself cannot make me do a little thing, and though I like a pretty bitch as well as another dog, yet it is not in the power of the most bewitching of that sex, either by day to make me kill a neighbour's sheep, or by night to desert my post, and leave my master's house unguarded. But why all these professions of honesty to me, my Ponto will say, who have had long experience of Towzer's worth and integrity. True, but at this juncture it is highly requisite that you should think the best of me, since I am about to engage thee in an affair, the seriousness and importance of which cannot be too strictly attended to, and the greater opinion thou hast of the proposer, with the more alacrity wilt thou enter upon the whole affair.

One must be a stupid dog, indeed, not to know that, notwithstanding our innumerable taxes, the ministry are dreadfully in want of money. The tax, therefore, will certainly take place, unless we can start some other more lucrative scheme. Such a one I have in my mind, but I am well aware that it cannot be brought to maturity without thy assistance. Thy intimacy with Miss Biddy's lap-dog will forward thee in the way I shall lay down for thee. Thou must engage Shock to communicate my proposals to his fair mistress,

was, or *may be*, seen again within the park, or forest of Windsor. To his indefatigable exertions the present generation stands indebted for the various judicious crosses that have brought the breed of *blood-horses* to such a state of unprecedented perfection; and the origin of all the most valuable stallions now in the kingdom, center in the happy combination of his own efforts to produce priority. *Crab*, *Marsh*, *Herod*, and *Eclipse*, were amongst the most celebrated of his own breed to which were annexed a very long list of progeny, that by his death and the "fascinating flourish of the hammer," were "scattered to all the winds of heaven." *Marsh* fell to the possession of *Lord Abingdon*, where he continued till his death—*Eclipse* first to *Wildman*, then, *partis equalis*, with *O'Kelly*, and, lastly, to *O'Kelly solus*—as did the little famous horse *Milksop*, the then first *give and take* horse in the kingdom; he was thus named by his Royal Highness, in consequence of his dam's taking fright at him as soon as he was foaled, and never could be brought to *any association*; so that he was literally brought up *by hand*. *Eclipse* also derived his appellation from the circumstance of being brought forth during the great eclipse, or real "darkness visible."

His Royal Highness, in his first efforts for superiority, felt the mortification that every liberal mind must be subject to when surrounded by the most voracious *sharks* of every description. The family of the *Greeks* were *then*, as *now*, exceed-

ingly numerous, and to its various branches his Royal Highness was, for a considerable time, most implicitly subservient; but as soon as it was possible for him to shake off the effects of the embarkation, and *time had* enabled him to produce stock of his *own breed*, and that breed formed upon his well-improved judgment, he took the lead, and, in a very few years, totally defeated every *idea of competition*. He had, at the unexpected hour of his death, not only the most *pure, perfect, and correct*, but the most *valuable* stud of horses in his possession of any subject of the king's dominions; and his loss was considered as a still greater check to the sporting world, as it happened just at the moment when the *turf* and its enjoyments had acquired the *meridian of popularity*: it was the influenza of the day, to whose infection fresh objects were eternally becoming subject, and to which fashionable fascination the *death* of so *great* and so *good* a promoter, gave an instantaneous obstruction. Amongst the numerous improvements incessantly carrying on in and near his delightful residence, the *race course* at *Ascot* seemed to be the most favourite and predominant object of pursuit; laying claim to every care and attention that could possibly constitute a scene of the greatest and most unsullied brilliancy. This the hand of Providence (as the first object of his heart) spared him long enough to see complete; but just in the moment of exultation, when loaded with the grateful caresses

lour, white, or a good crimson, is, in my opinion, preferable.

In your equipment, do not forget a game-bag; as for myself, being a plain man, I have generally substituted a large cabbage-net, or a pillow-case; let your's be strong and capacious, and capable of carrying three or four pounds of bread and cheese, with a reasonable portion of gin, or brandy, or any other liquor you like best.

The next thing to be considered, is the choice of dogs: and here again there are various opinions; however, that you may not be at a loss, I advise you to take two or three of each species with you—on all occasions, prefer those which bark most, and have the strongest tones—a few half grown puppies will also be serviceable, they will not keep sneaking at your heels, like an old dog, but, by their continually frisking and yelping, will assuredly raise all the game about you.

Some people are apt to despise that useful species of dogs called *curs*; but this is an error, for as they are generally a mixture of two or three distinct kinds, 'tis more than probable they also inherit the respective qualities of their relations and ancestors.

Many sportsmen think a shooting-poney a necessary appendage; but if your circumstances will not permit you to purchase one, borrow a Jerusalem *hobby*, vulgarly called a *jack-ass*, of some

coster monger, who has worked him hard, which, with the hard beating he may have had, will prevent him from being restive; another advantage attending this animal, will be his occasional braying, which will very likely put the birds on the wing.

All I shall say on the article of shot, is, that as you are uncertain what kind of game you may meet with, be prepared for all, by loading with a mixture of the different kinds, from Bristol-drop to snipe-shot.

Never go out till the sun has been out some time: this will give you an opportunity of eating a good breakfast, and the dew being off the grass, will prevent you from catching cold in your feet.

As you are going to the ground where you expect to meet with game, you may exercise yourself by shooting at crows, cats, or tame fowls, this will bring your hand in, and prevent your startling at the first report of your gun—a thing not unusual with young sportsmen. You may likewise train your dogs, by setting them at a flock of sheep, or geese, in your way; and your water-spaniels at any pond you may pass, where there are a few tame ducks.

The moment you draw your trigger, be sure you shut both your eyes; this will prevent the priming from hurting them, and you can open them time enough to see where the game falls.

Always carry your piece full cocked, with the muzzle parallel with the horizon, as you are then ready for any thing; and should you chance by this to lodge a few shot in your companion's breech, or body, it is an accident that so often happens to sportsmen, that it will not be regarded.

Be sure you put powder enough into your gun, and let your wadding be of the strongest and thickest paper you can get; this will prevent the shot from mixing with it; nor be sparing of the latter, as from the quantity you are less liable to miss your object.

Ram your shot down for at least five minutes, your gun will make the better report, and the execution be more certain.

Always get the wind at your back, if possible; it will hinder the smoke from flying in your eyes, and, if the weather be dry, the dust also.

Hammer your flint well with the back of your knife after every discharge; this will give it a fine edge, and prevent your missing fire.

On coming to the bush, or copse, beat it with the muzzle of your gun, and shout lustily, this will put your dog in spirits, and if there is any game, you will be sure to put it up.

On stopping to rest yourself, always put the muzzle of your gun under one arm; it will serve to support you, and prevent any wet or rain from getting down the barrel.

After you have killed all you can, if you should refresh at a hedge ale-house, assume airs of consequence, curse the practice, and offer a reward for the apprehension of poachers; threaten to discharge your gamekeeper; talk of intimacy with great and noble sportsmen, and this will make you appear somebody, and the ignorant rustics will, perhaps, say you are a *gemmen*.

When you return home, let your game-bag be full, if it is only of grass; splash yourself as much as possible, the dirtier you are, will prove you have been indefatigable in your pursuit; and when you join your associates, give an exaggerated account of your day's sport, and what great quantities of game you have distributed to very particular friends, on your way home.

AN EPITAPH ON A SPORTSMAN.

BENEATH this turf, pent in a narrow grave,
Lies a true sportsman, generous, great, and brave;
It was his principal, and greatest pride,
To have a fowling-bag slung by his side;
Thro' woods and fields to labour, toil, and run,
In quest of game, with pointer, scrip, and gun.
His random-shot was seldom known to spare,
The woodcock, pheasant, or the tim'rous hare;
Till death (that sable lurcher) lay conceal'd,
Surpris'd, and shot our hero in the field;
Then in this covert may he safely rest,
Till rous'd to join with covies of the blest!

JOURNAL OF TIMOTHY TAPE.

Rose at seven—spent an hour in balling doe-skins, colouring boot-tops, &c. &c.—Stupid boy had lost one of my spur-leathers—obliged to use packthread. Got to the stable by nine—spurs wrong put on—gave ostler a pint of beer to alter 'em. Mounted on the off-side in such a hurry, that, losing my balance, I pitched over head foremost into the horse-trough—got out half-suffocated; wig so wet was forced to take it off and dry it—stable-boys laughed, dogs barked, I swore; but at length, being mounted by the help of a step, set off, and reached Tottenhamcourt-Road without any material accident, except that a hackney-coach splashed me all over.

N. B. Took his number. Whilst paying the turnpike, dropped my glove—afraid to get off, for fear of not being able to mount again—so rode on, putting my naked hand in my pocket—*Mem.* Its genteel to sit easy. Just by Mother Red-Cap's horse made a trip—pulled at him with all my might, but, breaking the rein, fell backwards, and came to the ground with my foot in the stirrup—luckily, horse was no run-away—mended the rein with my garter, and led my horse till I came to a mile-stone, where, with some difficulty, I re-mounted. Finding that I should be too late for the ordinary, squared my elbows, turned out my toes, flourished my whip, stuck in the

spurs, and away I trotted—by the time I had got a mile found myself very sore, though I rose in the stirrups at least a foot every second—however, persevered, and by two o'clock reached Highgate Hill, at the bottom of which, as the devil would have it, the saddle turned round, and down I came once more—to complete my misfortune, the girth (for there was but one) broke; so, with the saddle on my back, and leading my horse, I fagged up the hill, and at length reached the inn, followed by all the rabble of the place. After dinner, discovered I had lost all my money by my fall—obliged to leave my watch for the reckoning—girth being mended, I mounted about eight o'clock in the evening; but, being dreadfully galled, borrowed a crown of the landlord, and giving it a man to take my horse home, returned to Cheapside in the stage, highly delighted with my ride, and the pleasures of the country!

TIM TAPE.

Sunday night.

MISFORTUNES OF CHRISTOPHER COCKNEY.

I AM the son of an opulent citizen, who, for the first fifty years of his life, was never three miles from Threadneedle-street; who knew no learning but arithmetic, no employment but posting his books, and no dissipation beyond the enjoyment of his weekly club. It has been observed, that a man's veneration for learning is some-

times in proportion to his own want of it: this was exactly the case with my father. He was determined his son should be the best scholar in the city of London. He, therefore, sent me to a considerable free-school in the neighbourhood, till the age of eighteen, when I was sent to a college in Oxford. As I had never in my life been farther from London than Turnham-Green, I found myself in a new world; and, for some time, thought it a very happy one. I had health and spirits, my allowance was ample, and I had a great many agreeable companions, who obligingly assisted me in the arduous task of spending it. A very little observation was sufficient to shew me, that every body around me consulted only by what means they should best get rid of their time; and candour must acknowledge, that the variety and elegance of their amusements reflect great honour on the inventors. I too was resolved not to be behind hand with my friends in the science of spending time agreeably, and, in order to do it more systematically, chose for my *arbiter* one of the most knowing men in Oxford. He not only regulated my dress and behaviour, but selected with great care my acquaintance; told me how many under-waistcoats were proper for the different seasons; how many capes were necessary for a great coat; when shoe-strings and boots were most becoming; taught me how to lounge down the High-street, and how to stand before the fire at the coffee-house.

Under such a guide my progress was not slow ; I soon became almost as wise as my instructor, and should shortly have obtained the character of a *knowing man*, had not my hopes been cut off at once by an accident. It being summer when I was entered at the university, my feats of horsemanship had been confined chiefly to Port Meadow and Bullington Green, at one or another of which places I never missed appearing, at least once a day, upon a very clever cropped poney ; and though I knew no more of an horse than an elephant, yet, by the instructions of my friend, by talking big, and offering to trot a number of miles within the hour for large sums, I contrived to make many people believe I knew something of the matter. At last winter came, and I found it necessary to be very fond of fox-hunting, without which no man can pretend to be *knowing*. Never was a more fatal resolution taken ; never was there a man less qualified for a sportsman ; as I was naturally timid and chilly, and had never been on horseback in my life before I came to Oxford. But there was no alternative, my reputation, my character, my existence, as a *knowing man*, depended on my conduct in this article ; and, to say the truth, I had heard from my acquaintance such long and pompous accounts of *sharp bursts* and long chases ; such enthusiastic panegyrics on, and such animated descriptions of, this amusement, that I really began to think there

must be something bewitching in a diversion which seemed to take up so much of the time and thoughts of my companions. I therefore, by the advice of my friends, gave forty-five guineas for a very capital hunter; and having furnished myself with the proper paraphernalia—cap, belt, &c. made an appointment to go with a large party and meet the fox-hounds the next day. My friends were punctual to their appointment, and rattled me out of bed at seven o'clock, on a raw November morning, though I would have given a thousand pounds to have lain another hour, and a million not to have gone at all. I was, however, obliged to repress my sensations, and to feign the alacrity I felt not; and to affect a glow of pleasure, and assume the eagerness of hope. After a long ride, through a most dismal country, we arrived at the wood, where we found the hounds were not yet come, on account of the badness of the morning, which, from being foggy and drizzling, had now turned to a very heavy rain. Here then we amused ourselves riding up and down a wretched swampy common, or standing under a dripping wood, for about two hours; at the end of which time the day cleared up, the hounds came, and every countenance but mine brightened with joy: for I was half in hopes they would not come at all. But no sooner had the hounds thrown off, than my horse grew so hot, that, benumbed as my hands were with cold, I had no

sort of power over him; the consequence of which was, that I received many severe reprimands for riding over the hounds, and treading on the heels of the other horses. After riding in this state of torment for about three hours, the men and hounds all at once set up a terrible howling and screaming, and they told me they had found a fox. I shall not attempt to describe the chase, for I am sure you will never know it from my description: all I remember is, that as soon as the chase began, my horse (who went just where he pleased) dashed down in a very wet boggy lane, and in a moment covered me over with water and mud.

At last my sufferings came to a close, for turning short at the end of a narrow lane, my horse started—I pitched over his head, and fell as soft as if it had been on a feather-bed. There I lay, till a countryman, who had caught my horse, brought him to me, and good-naturedly assisted me in getting up and cleaning my clothes. No intreaties, however, could prevail on me to remount, and having desired my assistant to lead my horse to Oxford, I determined to endeavour reaching home on foot; but this I found not so easily effected in my present condition, and luckily meeting with a higler's cart, which was bound for that place, I got into it, and in this vehicle made my triumphant entry over Magdalen bridge,

about six o'clock in the evening, just as the High-street was the fullest.

As soon as I got to college, I went to bed, and sent for a doctor, by whose assistance I soon recovered as to my health, but my reputation was lost for ever. My story had got wind, and I was laughed at by all parties. My acquaintance began to look at me in a very contemptible light, and even my most familiar friend soon let me know it was no longer consistent with his reputation to be seen walking in the High-street with me. If I entered a coffee-house, I was sure to hear a titter and a whisper run round the room; and at last the very servants of the livery-stables pointed at me as I passed through the streets, and said—“*There's the gentleman that got such a hell of a tumble the other day!*”

In short, I was obliged to give up all my knowing acquaintance, and get into an entirely different set, who, as they had never aspired to the first pinnacle of sporting merit, and could, at best, but boast a secondary kind, received me with open arms. They told me I had entirely mispent my time and my money, that fox-hunting was not only a dangerous, but an expensive, and very uncertain amusement; but that shooting was free from these objections, being a diversion extremely cheap, and which had the additional recommendation of furnishing us game for our own

tables, or our friends; and they offered to be my instructor in these amusements.

I listened to this recital with pleasure, and accepted the offer with gratitude, for I thought it not impossible to gain some degree of reputation for being a good shot; I therefore furnished myself with every proper requisite for this amusement; and, in an evil hour, accompanied my new friends to Bagley Wood. It is enough to say, that the last error was worse than the first; and that I returned home wet, dirty, scratched, and tired, and pretty well convinced that I was not more fitted for a shot than a fox-hunter.

I have since endeavoured to excel in some other amusements, but the same ill-luck has constantly attended me. I got at least twenty broken heads last winter in learning to skate; and have since narrowly escaped being drowned in attempting to throw a casting net, which had nearly drawn me into the water with it. This, however, was the last effort of the kind I ever made; I am now set quietly down, perfectly satisfied with my own achievements in the sporting way.

But the worst is, that one of my companions wonders at my want of taste, and another at my want of resolution; a third asks me how I felt when I was falling off, and a fourth thanks heaven he was not bred in London!

CHRISTOPHER COCKNEY.

DEATH OF TOM MOODY,

The noted Whipper-in; well-known to the Sportsmen of Shropshire.

You all know Tom Moody,* the whipper-in, well;
 The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell:
 A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound,
 Thro' a country, well-known to him, fifty miles round;
 No hound ever open'd with Tom in the wood,
 But he'd challenge the tone, and cou'd tell if 'twas good:—
 And all, with attention, would eagerly mark,
 When he cheer'd up the pack—"Hark!
 To Rockwood, hark! hark!
 High!—Wind him! and cross him!
 Now Rattler, boy!—hark!"

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's green drest,
 Supported poor Tom to an "earth" made for rest:
 His horse, which he styl'd his "Old Soul," next appear'd,
 On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was rear'd;
 Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy were bound,
 And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.
 Ah!—no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace!
 Nor the Wrekin† resound his first burst in the chase!
 "With high over!—Now press him!
 Tally-ho!—tally-ho!"

* The veteran sportsman, who is the subject of this ballad, died some years since, in the service of Mr. Forrester, of Shropshire. He had been the whipper-in to that gentleman's pack upwards of thirty years: and from the whimsical circumstances attending his burial, it is considered as worthy of a place in this collection.

† The famous mountain in Shropshire.

Thus Tom spoke his friends, e'er he gave up his breath—
“ Since I see you're resolv'd to be in at the death,
One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave—
Give a rattling view-hallo, thrice over my grave:
And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
My boys! you may fairly conclude I am dead!”
Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the sky,
For ev'ry voice join'd in the Tally-Ho! cry.

“ Tally-ho!—Hark forwards!

Tally-ho!—Tally-ho!”

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PUPPY.

THE puppy is an animal often mentioned, often seen, often complained of, but never yet accurately described. As the word *puppy* is not to be found in Linnæus, it may be necessary to attempt a definition. Puppy then is derived from the French *pou-pec*, which means either a whelp or one of those pastboard figures, which we see in the shops of fashionable hair-dressers to exhibit their skill. It originally signified the whelp of a female dog, and at that time was known rather in kennels than in families; but it is now understood as a species of human beings, differing from the rest of mankind in this respect, that in them there is something internal, as well as external, to be looked at or expected; whereas with the puppies all is outside. When, therefore, we speak of the head of a puppy, we are not speaking of that which contains the brain or intellect, but of a round empty knob, which has

no other pre-eminence than that of being accidentally placed at the upper extremity of the body.

Puppies (from the above derivation of their name) came from France, but though puppies were originally the growth of that country, they may be cultivated with success in almost any; and it is pretty certain that they have been made to thrive with as much success in London as at Paris.

In the account of this animal, I must correct myself, so far as to guard against the term *cultivation*, which is, strictly speaking, not applicable to them; on the contrary, they never flourish so well as when left to themselves, and kept free of all cultivation; those who have attempted cultivation have either failed, or produced an animal of a quite different species. Cultivation and education are almost synonymous terms, and therefore equally improper in this case.

At what time they were imported into this country it is not easy to say, as they have been mentioned by writers for nearly two centuries past, but it is principally within the last that they have become domesticated, and that no place has been found entirely free of them. In the metropolis the best specimens are to be seen; and next to that in the principal cities, and in some towns on the sea coast, such as Brighthelmstone, Margate, &c. but in the latter they are chiefly in

the summer, and it is only within these thirty years that they have frequented those places at all.

The metropolis, notwithstanding, is the chief haunt of the species, and no public places are free from them. The theatres, opera, concerts, and riding-schools, the parks, and the most frequented streets, particularly between Charing Cross and Hyde-Park Corner, often swarm with them.

It was a long time supposed that they were of the monkey kind; in respect to chattering, they certainly resemble that animal. Their language is pronounced with the same kind of confused noise, and what they say is equally sensible. They have also all the mischievous tricks of monkeys, and somewhat of their knack of imitating common actors, or taking off certain peculiarities; but in other respects they totally differ from the monkey, who is a far more faithful and affectionate animal, and fulfils the end of its creation more punctually than the puppy. Veracity, in matters of natural history is of great importance, and, therefore, we have introduced this short comparison between the two animals. It is our present business to do justice to puppies, but it must not be at the expence of monkeys.

We have already hinted, that the puppy is an animal entirely *outside*; strip him of that, and you have a mere *non-entity*, or what we may

term the personification of *nobody*. It is in their skin, or outer covering, that they pride themselves, and by which they are principally known. On this account, also, it is that they are so much encouraged by various descriptions of artisans, particularly tailors and barbers, who have acquired such a perfect knowledge of the genius of the animal, that they can alter its shape at pleasure, and do sometimes, for the entertainment of the public, produce such extraordinary transformations, as have been thought worthy of representation on the stage, and these are often exhibited by artists in the print-shops.

It is common with natural historians to enquire into the use of the animals they describe; but this is a question, which, in the case of puppies, would be attended with some difficulty, and no author has seriously made the attempt. In truth, the more we consider them, the more useless they appear. A great part of their time is consumed in sleep, or at least in bed, where they are to be found at the time when the rest of the world have completed half the business of the day. Justice, however, requires me to add, what I have slightly hinted at already, viz. that they occasion a considerable consumption of broad cloth and leather, particularly in the article of boots; but, on the other hand, they have occasioned a diminution in the demand for shoes and stockings, none of these

articles having for many years been considered as belonging to the puppy tribe.

With regard to the propagation of this animal there are many difficulties and uncertainties. That they are capable of propagating their own species, has been doubted, and indeed they seldom marry: but, on the other hand, they are themselves said to be the produce of a cross-breed, composed of a fool and a fine lady! These produce puppies in abundance, and take such care in rearing them, that they are quite perfect in their kind by the time they have reached their fifteenth or sixteenth year; after which, their parents send them into the world to provide for themselves, and seldom take much care about them afterwards. They are not a very long-lived animal; they are generally worn out after they have been upon the town a few years, and very many of them, when they have arrived at the age of twenty-one, are caught by persons appointed for the purpose, and locked up in cages, of which there are several in and about the metropolis, particularly in the Old Bailey and Fleet Market, and a very large one in St. George's Fields.

Some of them are not absolutely disagreeable, and many persons, particularly ladies, are particularly fond of them, preferring them to parrots and monkies. Indeed they are in some respects more docile than these animals, and perform a greater number of droll and diverting tricks:

some of them cannot only call a coach. but hand the company into it, and pay for it afterwards. Some of them can very cleverly defray the expence of a tavern bill, and will present tickets for the opera, or a concert, like a human being. Some, likewise, have been taught various games, although it must be confessed they play their cards but indifferently; yet, if they pull out their money readily and gracefully, it affords amusement to their antagonists. Others of them ride on horseback very expertly, and acquire a knowledge of the business of the stable, equal to that of the most rational grooms and jockies.

When to this is added, the chattering noise they make in talking, and the various actions which they are taught to mimic, it may be supposed, that in general they would be preferred to monkies or parrots; but there are many reasons why this should not be the case, and the principal reason is, that the expence of keeping them is enormous.

THE DUKE OF YORK.

THIS illustrious personage entered into all the blandishments of the Field, the Turf, and the Tavern, with a superlative excess of imagination, and with a degree of honour and innate integrity that will immortalize his name. He no sooner became convinced of the folly and the danger of a permanent attachment. and the simplicity of

devotees to such a complication of variegated inconsistencies, than he instantly emancipated himself from the scene of villainous deception that surrounded him; from all the shackles that fashion so constantly becomes subservient to; and bravely engaged in the service of his country, and fought its battles. The *entré* of his Highness upon the turf was made under the wing of an elder brother, to whose wishes (more from fraternal affection than personal gratification) he became obedient, and entered his name to a variety of sweepstakes and subscriptions, at the decisions of which he was seldom present, or more engaged, than simply to deposit the stakes, the *taking up and return of which*, was a matter that is well known to (seldom or ever) have given him the least personal *trouble or concern*. Seeming to be but little delighted with the perpetual sameness of hunting with the stag-hounds of his father, he adopted the more noble pursuit of the fox, and purchased a pack of hounds, that, had they continued under the same patronage and superintendence, would have ranked with the first in the kingdom. His district, though large, (extending from Chertsey and Guildford, in Surrey, to Farley-hill and the banks of the Thames, in Berks) was not the best calculated for the sport; but that no one thing might be wanting to constitute a certainty, *thirty-five* brace of foreign foxes were turned out in one

week upon every part of the district, the good effects of which will be evident for years, to such of the neighbouring packs as hunt foxes, when they find them. His hunters and retinue were likewise in the highest state of magnificence; the farmers, to the amount of several hundreds, were elegantly entertained annually in their different neighbourhoods, and the sport continued for two seasons in a singular state of celebrity; but from what cause (whether a want of personal enjoyment) it is uncertain, his Royal Highness hunted but little himself; when at length entering into that scene of connubial comfort, that contracts the rays of pleasure to a *domestic focus*, orders were immediately given for a disposal of hounds, horses, and a reduction of retinue, that has enabled his Royal Highness, by most honourably discharging every demand upon his purse, to dignify himself as a *man*, and ennoble his liberality as a *prince*.

AFFECTING FIDELITY OF A DOG.

PROFESSOR RAFF, in his "System of Natural History," relates the following fact, and as the authenticity of that elegant author is unimpeachable, we think it fully entitled to a place in this collection.

"A French merchant having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it.

Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, and jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy.

“The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and, taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under an hedge, and, on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag, but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and, after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

“The merchant, absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but waked to the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the dog would drink; the animal was too intent upon its master's business to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant, 'it must be so, my poor dog is certainly mad: what must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! Oh, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! but there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim, if I spare him.

"With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand took an aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired, but the aim was too sure: the poor animal falls wounded and weltering in his blood, and still endeavours to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude.

"The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey, which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil by dispatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit was ineffectual. 'I am most unfortunate, (said he to himself): I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog.' Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure; it was missing! no bag was to be found! In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and

folly. ‘Wretch that I am ! I alone am to blame : I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life.’

“ Instantly he turned his horse, and went off with a full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw with half-averted eyes the scene where the tragedy was acted ; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded ; he was oppressed and distracted, but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations ! his heart was ready to bleed ! he cursed himself in the madness of despair ! The poor dog, unable to follow his dear, but cruel, master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and in the agonies of death he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more—he tried to rise, but his strength was gone ; the vital tide was ebbing fast, even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments : he stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness for the deed that had deprived him of

life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes for ever."

EXTRAORDINARY BETTING.

"Throwing of stones, or being basketted," for a Levant, are terms which we have no occasion to explain to a sportsman; but to others, it may be necessary to say, that the latter consists of a person being put into a large basket, and drawn up to the roof of the cock-pit, *for foul play*. A person well-known to the sporting world, being once in this predicament, notwithstanding he had no money in his pocket, could not expect his bets to be taken, had the *furor* of betting so strong upon him, that in spite of his situation in the basket, as the odds varied, he could not help vociferating, "I'll lay three to two—two to one—five to two—three to one—four to one—five to one—a guinea to a shilling—the long odds, ten pounds to a crown," to the no small diversion of the auditors and spectators, who, at length, commiserating his case, and attributing his imprudence to an insurmountable passion for play, shortened his punishment; and when a gentleman present gave him a small sum, he took the long odds all the way through, went off with a hundred guineas in his pocket, and from this source only, became a very distinguished character upon the turf.

INCONGRUOUS ADOPTION.

A FOX that had been dug out of its earth, being brought to a gentleman's house in Shropshire, to be kept till the next morning, when it was to be turned out before a pack of hounds; a female rabbit, with two sucking ones, was procured for its refreshment, and the fox accordingly ate up the old rabbit for his supper; but in the night he found means of effecting his escape; a cat, who had lately kittened in the house, found suck for the young rabbits, and taking compassion on the poor orphans, nourished them as she would have done her own offspring, and seemed even to pay them uncommon attention; for she frequently carried them in her mouth to different parts of the house, even into the garrets, for greater security from any enemies whom she apprehended might injure them: and more particularly from a young terrier, who was also kept in the house. One of the rabbits died in two or three days, but the other lived till it was able to run about after its nurse, who continued to treat it with the utmost tenderness and affection, but whose cares were unavailing to preserve her adopted from the enemy she most suspected—the terrier, who finally demolished the poor rabbit, to the grief of its foster-mother.

SINGULAR PENSION.

THE Hon. Mr. L— lost, a few years since, at Brookes's, 70,000*l.* with his carriages, horses, &c. which was his last stake. Charles F—, who was present, and partook of the spoils, moved that an annuity of 50*l.* per annum should be settled upon the unfortunate gentleman, to be paid out of the general fund; which motion was agreed to *nem. con.* and a resolution was entered into at the instance of the same gentleman, that every member who should be completely ruined in that house should be allowed a similar annuity out of the same fund, on condition they are never to be admitted as sporting members; as, in that case, the society would be playing against their own money.

CAUTIONS FOR THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

1. WE recommend all persons who have dogs of any kind, whether bull-dogs, mastiffs, greyhounds, pug-dogs, lap-dogs, or mongrels, to keep them at home, as the dogstealers are prowling about, to provide pointers for the cockney sportsmen to-morrow.

2. Ladies who have parrots, or singing-birds of any kind, to be cautious of hanging them out of their windows to-morrow, as they may probably be considered as fair game by the sporting parties.

3. It would be advisable also to padlock the doors of hen-houses, as poultry will stand in a very dangerous predicament throughout the whole

of to-morrow; the first of September having become as hostile to cocks in particular, as Shrove Tuesday was at a former period.

4. The cowkeepers are recommended to have an extraordinary watch over their cattle; as an accidental shot, though it would not kill a cow, might lame, or blind it.

5. It is earnestly hoped that all persons will be cautious of walking in the vicinity of town, and particularly near hedges, in the early part of the day; as, on the first of last September, a lady walking under an umbrella during a shower of rain, in Pancras fields, was shot at by a sportsman from the city, who took her for a *green goose*.

6. All persons who drive out to-morrow in gigs and one-horse chairs, are desired to put up the heads; and ladies and gentlemen who take airing in their carriages, are particularly requested to keep up the blinds for fear of accidents.

7. Parents are also most seriously charged to prevent their children from bathing to-morrow, for fear they should be taken for water-fowl.

(Signed) JONATHAN SAVE-ALL.

August 31.

Secretary.

POLITICAL SPORTING.

It was Earl Spencer, who, with a certain degree of perspicuity and penetration, first employed that unrivalled *hunter*, *Horace Nelson*, who discovered how admirably he was adapted for a *long chase*, and how invariably and invincibly

determined he was, at all times, to be *in at the death*.

When Horace took the field, and threw off the well-trained pack, they were so exact and perfect in discipline, that not a hound gave challenge upon drag, till they were sure to run up to their game and bring it to view. Upon breaking covert, he was always at the head of the hounds, to prevent even a chance of their being at fault; and would sooner hazard his life at the most dangerous leaps, than suffer the disgrace of the pack's being beat. He had formerly been whipper-in to that famous old sportsman John Jervis, and from him, with his own native courage, caught the spirit of looking danger in the face. No weather, however dreadful, prevented his taking the field, or continuing the chase. When the game was afoot, his pack was remarkable for their speed, and were never known to tire, of which they gave ample proof in a tedious drag with a light, fluctuating, and uncertain scent, till the leading hound beginning to feather at the entrance of the Nile, a challenge ensued. The exhilarating sound rallied the pack to a point. They entered the Aboukir coppice, when the game was unkennelled, and after a few short and shifting turns in covert, brought to a view; when one of the most desperate chases took place, ever recorded in the annals of sporting. Nelson and the whippers-in took every thing in stroke; the pack, with the most unprecedented courage, lay side by side, and might have been covered with a

sheet: the scent lay well, and they continued running breast high without a check, (except once for a few minutes) for near eight hours, when, nature being quite exhausted, the hounds exulting, ran into their game, and Nelson, the gallant Nelson, secured the brush, after sustaining more difficulties than ever was known upon any former occasion. Lord Spencer has likewise had the good fortune of selecting many other celebrated huntsmen, who have done equal honour to the distinct and separate packs they had the happiness to lead. Witness the Duncans, the Keiths, the Warrens, &c. &c. who never drew bit until up to their game, and were in at the death.

CHLOE'S VEXATION.

AT the glittering dew which bespangled the lawn,
 Aurora was taking a peep,
 To rouse the keen sportsman broke forth the clear dawn,
 When up started Colin, as brisk as a fawn,
 Leaving Chloe unconscious asleep:
 And op'ning the casement, he cried out to John,
 His servant, and old sporting crony,
 "See the sun's getting up, and 'tis time we were gone,
 "So uncouple the pointers, young Ponto and Don,
 "And saddle the black shooting poney."
 Awak'd by the noise, Chloe rubbing her eyes,
 Which might rival the basilisk's charm,
 Exclaim'd, "What's o'clock?" Then with well-feign'd
 surprise,
 "'Tis not five! Why, my Colin, so soon dost thou rise,
 "And quit thy poor Chloe's fond arms?"

Colin quick snatch'd a kiss, smil'd, and shaking his head,
Cried, "The day, my sweet Chloe remember."
The disconsolate fair one, then, tossing in bed,
Again courted sleep, but with pouting lip said,
"Oh, the deuce take the First of September!"

CZARINA: AN ANECDOTE OF LORD ORFORD.

It is well known that this nobleman was disordered in his mind. Once, during an attack which was on him, he was confined to his chamber with an attendant; but with all the latent artifice for which objects of this description are so remarkable, he contrived, by some plausible pretext, to get his keeper out of the room, and instantly jumped out of the window, ran to the stables, and saddled his pye-balled poney, at the very time he well knew the grooms and stable attendants were all engaged.

On that day his favourite bitch, old Czarina, was to run a match of great consequence; the gamekeepers had already taken her to the field, where a large party were assembled, equally lamenting the absence of his lordship, and the cause by which his presence was prevented.—When at the very moment of mutual regret and condolence, who should appear, at full speed on the pye-balled poney, but Lord Orford himself.

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay,
His friends stood in silence and fear.

But none had power to restrain him, all attempts

and entreaties were in vain, the match he was determined to see; and no persuasions whatever could influence him to the contrary. Finding no entreaties could divert him from the extatic expectation he had formed, the greyhounds were started, and Czarina won. During the course, no human power or exertion could prevent him from riding after the dogs, more particularly as his favourite bitch displayed her superiority in every stroke: when, in the moment of the highest exultation and the eagerness of his triumph, unfortunately falling from his poney, and pitching upon his head—whether occasioned by apoplexy, or such contusion upon the skull as instantly affected the brain—he almost immediately expired, to the inexpressible grief of those who surrounded him at the last moment of his life.

UNCOMMON INSTANCE OF CANINE SAGACITY.

IN October 1800, a young man going into a place of public entertainment at Paris, was told that his dog would not be permitted to enter; and he was accordingly left at the door with the guard. The young man had scarcely entered the lobby when his watch was stolen; he returned to the guard, and prayed that his dog might be admitted, as through his means he might discover the thief. The dog was suffered to accompany his master, who intimated to the animal that he had lost something: the dog set out immediately in quest

of the *strayed* article, and fastened on the *thief*, whose guilt, on searching him, was made apparent: the fellow had no less than *six* watches in his pocket, which being laid before the dog, he distinguished his master's, took it up by the string, and bore it to him in safety.

CONNUBIAL TENDERNESS.

A GENTLEMAN, equally remarkable for the urbanity of his manners, and the excellence of his fox-hounds, was addressed one evening in the following manner by his huntsman.—“An please your honour, sir, (twirling his quid and cap with mutual dexterity) I should be glad to be excused going to-morrow to *Woolford Wood*, because, as how, I should like to go and see my poor wife buried.”—“I am really sorry for thee, Tom, (replied his master) we can do very well without thee for one day; she was an excellent wife!” Notwithstanding, however, this kind permission, Tom was the first in the field on the following morning. “Hey-day! (said his master) did I not give you leave to see the remains of your poor wife interred, and to pay the last tribute at her grave?”—“Yes, your honour, you did to be sure, but I thought as how, being a fine morning, we should have good sport of it, so I desired our Dick, the dog-feeder, to see her *earthed*!”

ON HUNTING.

OCTOBER, hail to thy melodious morn!
Thy gale bears music on its fragrant wings:
Hark! to the wind the hound his rapture flings,
And the glad huntsman sounds his cheerful horn:
The poor hare rues the day that she was born;
Tidings of her death to her the chorus brings,
For the vale echoes, and the forest rings,
And fast behind the hunter band are borne.
Onward they come: o'er every barrier they fly;
Pour down the hill, and skim along the plain;
Then up the steep again are tost on high;
Nor fear can stop, nor precipice restrain:
For courage, vigorous health, and jollity,
And manly strength by exercise they gain.

A SINGULAR RENCONTRE.

A GENTLEMAN once made an excursion into Leicestershire, to hunt with the fox-hounds so justly celebrated in that county. On the first day of their sport they unkenneled in high style, the fox breaking on the unexpected side of the covert, with only two horsemen (a large field) within hearing, and the hounds going away in a body *breast high*, every soul was completely thrown out, and continued riding near *twenty miles* upon enquiry, without once reaching the chace, or even ascertaining to a *certainty*, which way they were gone. Thus some were riding one way, and some another; and the gentleman followed, as he supposed, the track of the chase,

destitute of any guide whatsoever, except his own private opinion. At length he observed hounds running up the side of a hill, at a distance of about four or five miles; this discovery excited in him the most lively joy, being thus relieved from that unpleasant state of suspense: it gave new life and vigour both to himself and his horse. By pursuing the line accurately, he came *within hearing*, and ultimately to the death first, as the huntsman was throwing Reynard among the hounds. Not attending to the company, but intently fixed upon the energetic emulation of the hounds, in tearing their fox, he was roused from his enjoyment by a voice eagerly enquiring "How long they had run?" Taking out his watch, he very *innocently* replied—"An hour and three quarters."—"An hour and three quarters!" vociferated, with stentorian lungs, the enquirer, "why, sir, it is not much more than half an hour since we *unkenned*: we came away close at his *brush*, and after the *hardest burst* I ever rode in my life, we have killed *without a check*!" This difference of opinion instantly roused the attention of all present, and excited no small degree of *mutual* surprise; for the gentleman appeared to the company a preter-natural visitor from the regions *above or below*; and he, discovering *no one face* in the field that he had seen in the morning, proceeded to explanation, when it appeared that he had *run* accidentally into Sir W. L—i's hounds,

and had only to condole himself with the *whimsical singularity* of his situation, not to be equalled, perhaps, by the oldest sportsman in the kingdom. He had *unkenneled* with *one pack*, (rode a chace of near thirty miles without hounds) and been at the death *with another* : having that distance to return unaccompanied, to the spot he had fixed on for his residence, during his sporting excursion to that county.

GOOD HOUNDS.

Peter Beckford, Esq. having heard of a small pack of beagles to be disposed of in Derbyshire, sent his coachman (the person he could then best spare) to fetch them. It was a long journey, and the man, not having been used to hounds, had some trouble in getting them along; besides, it unfortunately happened, that they had not been out of the kennel for many weeks before, and were so riotous, that they ran after every thing they saw; sheep, cur-dogs, and birds of all sorts, as well as hare and deer, had been his amusement all the way along. However, he lost but one hound: and when Mr. Beckford asked him what he thought of them, he replied—"They could not fail of being good hounds, for they would hunt *any thing*!"

THE CUCKOLD OF NATURE.

In 1559, when the Marshal de Beaumonier was hunting one day in the forest of Maine, one of his servants brought to him a man of extraordinary appearance, whom they had surprised in a thicket while asleep. On his forehead grew two horns, exactly similar to those of a ram; his head was entirely bald, and his beard was red and woolly, as satyrs are represented. The circumstance was so singular, that they instantly quitted the chase, and conducted the man to Paris, where, after gratifying the court, he was given to a showman, or keeper of wild beasts. His vexation at being publicly exposed to view at the different fairs and markets, was so great, that he lived only three months, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Côme. An epitaph was inscribed on his tombstone, which, though it has but little to recommend it in the present age, was doubtless admired at the time it was written.

“ Near this foot-worn path is laid,
A cuckold strange, whom nature made;
Horns he wore, yet had no wife:
Pray for his bliss in future life.”

A REMARKABLE ACCIDENT.

A GENTLEMAN hunting once, upon a young and valuable horse, with the king's hounds, near Taplow, and taking a leap over a hedge into a

lane where a cottage had formerly stood, felt the hind parts of his horse sink till his own feet rested on the ground, unfortunately, the animal continued sinking by his own weight, and the seeming suction of an old well, which was obscured from sight by some brambles. In a few minutes, notwithstanding every effort, the horse was obliged to be covered, or rather buried, in that state, with his head about two feet below the surface, to the great loss of the owner, and the inexpressible distress of every sportsman in the field.

THE PHEASANT.

CLOSE by the borders of the fringed lake,
And on the oak's expanding bough is seen;
What time the leaves the passing zephyrs shake,
And sweetly murmur thro' the sylvan scene.

The gaudy pheasant, rich with varying dyes,
That fade alternate, and alternate glow;
Receiving now his colours from the skies,
And now reflecting back the wat'ry bow.

He flaps his wings, erects his spotted crest,
His flaming eyes dart forth a piercing ray,
He swells the lovely plumage of his breast,
And glares a wonder on the orient day.

Ah! what avails such heav'nly plumes as thine,
When dogs and sportsmen in thy ruin join.

CURIOUS MAP OF A SPORTSMAN.

THE late Mr. O'Kelly, well-known to all the lovers of the turf, having, at a Newmarket-Meet-

ing, proposed a considerable wager to a gentleman, who it seems had no knowledge of him; the stranger, suspecting the challenge came from one of the black-legged fraternity, begged to know what security he would give for so large a sum, if he should lose, and where his estates lay. "O! by Jasus, my dear crater, I have the *map of them about me*, and here it is, sure enough," said O'Kelly, pulling out a pocket-book, and giving unequivocal proofs of his property, by producing *bank notes* to a considerable amount.

A CHARACTERISTIC EPITAPH.

AN old huntsman being at the point of death, requested his master would see a few legacies disposed of, as follows:—

"*Imprimis*, I give to the sexton, for digging my grave, my tobacco-box. *Item*, to the clerk, for two staves, my gin-bottle with silver top. *Item*, to our sporting parson, Dr. Dasher, my silver-mounted whip, with old Merrilass and her litter of puppies engraved, for a funeral sarment (if he can make one) on the following text—

"Foxes have holes," &c.

"An', please your honour, (he continued) I have made some varses too, to save the clerk the trouble, for my grave-stone, if your honour will say something first about my birth, parentage, and education." The gentleman promised, and he *died*.

Here lies
 TIMOTHY FOX,
 who was unkennelled
 at seven o'clock, November 5th, 1768;
 and having
 availed himself of many shifts thro' the chase,
 but at last not being able to get into any hole or crevice,
 was run down
 by CAPTAIN DEATH's bloodhounds,
 Gout, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Catarrh, Asthma,
 and Consumption.

From early youth I learnt to hoop and hollow,
 And o'er the Cotswolds the sharp hound to follow;
 Oft at the dawn I've seen the glorious sun,
 Gang from the east till he his course had run.
 I was the fam'd Mendoza of the field,
 And to no huntsman wou'd give in or yield;
 And when it fancied me to make a push,
 No daring Nimrod ever got the brush.
 But all my life-time death has hunted me,
 O'er hedge and gate, nor from him could I flee;
 Now he has caught my brush, and in this hole
 Earth my poor bones—"Farewell! thou flowing bowl,
 Scented* with Reynard's foot, for death my rum† hath stole."

* A custom with enthusiastic fox-hunters, to put a foot, or pad, of the fox killed into a bowl of punch; deduced, perhaps, from the unenlightened heroes amongst the ancient northern tribes, who thought the beverage more highly flavoured when drank out of the skulls of their enemies. The writer of the present anecdote must confess, that he has carried *his* ardour more than once so far, as to immerse the foot of a fox recently killed in a bumper of port.

† His aquavitæ.

THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

WE may here contemplate one of the greatest, most glorious, distinguished, and independent characters this kingdom ever had to boast. Whether we advert to his abilities as a senator, his perseverance as a patriot, his punctuality as a sportsman, or his support of dignity in the scale of society, we shall find him equally entitled to our respect and admiration. Like his predecessors in the political hemisphere of former ages, he has been subject to the vicissitudes of popular fluctuations; but amidst such changes, (so palpably dependant upon times, seasons, fashions, and caprice) he has ever been considered the staunch friend of the people, and an inviolable supporter of the constitution. However political opinions may vary respecting the purity of his principles, no man living will presume to declare, he has ever attempted pecuniary depredations upon the revenue of his country. An orator from his infancy, and a sportsman by the effect of intuition, or the prevalence of fashion, it can create no surprize that we find him a *blazing comet* of the *senate*, and a *member* of the *Jockey Club*, immediately after his emancipation from the dreary dictates of the more dreary drudgery of collegiate tyranny and scholastic subordination. In his initiation to the "*music of the bones*," or the pleasures of the *turf*, eternal los-

ses paved his way, as is the custom of all noviciates at their introduction. To depredations of the first magnitude, he opposed the most unsullied philosophy, and sustained the injuries that were so lavishly heaped upon him with the greatest patience, as they unfolded a variety of the mysteries contained in the immense volume of human depravity. So great and diversified were the infinite resources of genius and intellect, that in the very zenith of his popular attraction, when surprising the senate with the utmost force and power of rhetorical fascination, and his patriotic exertions resounded through the remotest corners of the kingdom, we have seen him an inviolable nocturnal devotee at the court of Comus, and known him take, in alternate succession, the senate and the *subscription-house*, without the intervening assistance of the pillow, for the renovation or restoration of either *body* or *mind*. Thus possessed of such an immense store of mental energy and personal experience, it is natural to suppose he became proof against every attack of *the family*; on the contrary, the liberality of his mind and the openness of his heart, rendered him the unsuspecting and eternal dupe of their determined villainy, in habitual subservience to which, a very considerable property became totally appropriated. His engagements upon the *turf* were not the most numerous, but of the most honourable kind; his confederacy was with

his most intimate friend, the late Lord F—y, and so strictly *just* and equitable were they, in the most minute and trivial part of their concerns, that neither envy, prejudice, or the spirit of opposition, has ever presumed to arraign their conduct, in either point of view. Upon the *turf* he has been always accustomed to animadvert with jocularity upon his own losses, and repeatedly observed—“his horses had as much *bottom* as other people’s, but they were such *slow good ones*, they never went fast enough to *tire themselves*.” He had, however, the inexpressible gratification to experience some few exceptions to this *imaginary* rule; for, in the year 1790, his horse, Seagull, won the Oatland stakes, at Ascot, of 100 guineas each (nineteen subscribers), beating the Prince of Wales’s Escape, Serpent, and several of the best horses of that year, to the very great mortification, and vociferous disappointment of his Royal Highness, who immediately matched Magpie against him, to run four days after, 8st. 7lb. each, two miles, for 500 guineas; upon which immense sums were depending, and won by Seagull with ease. That year he and his confederates had thirty horses in training, upon the majority of which *fame* has not much to introduce; suffice it to say, that the winning of Seagull alone, in *stakes only*, amounted to no less than fifteen hundred and twenty guineas; and, as sportsmen, it is natural to conclude, the common

field-betting must exceed the principal. The loss of his friend, whose judgment he most confided in, considerably relaxed his ardour in a pursuit that seems, in more respects than one, to be deprived of the former fervency of fashion. To sum up his personal excellencies, would be to go over a great deal of ground, and expose us, perhaps, to the cavil and critique of more cynical biographers; we shall, therefore, only presume to observe, that his time at present is equally divided between *parliamentary duty* and *domestic comfort*; when he relaxes from the severity of the former, it is only to enjoy the sweets of domestic society, at St. Anne's Hill, in the neighbourhood of Chertsey, where he is frequently seen indulging in scenes of rural simplicity and tranquillity.

PROMPT COURAGE OF FRANCIS I.

WHEN this monarch was at Amboire, among other diversions for the ladies of his court, he ordered an enormous wild boar he had caught in the forest to be let loose in the court before the castle. The animal, enraged at the small darts, &c. thrown at him from the windows, ran furiously up the grand stair-case, and burst open the door of the ladies' apartment. Francis ordered his officers not to attack him, and waited deliberately to receive him with the point of his hanger, which he dexterously plunged between his eyes,

and, with a forcible grasp, turned the boar upon his back. This prince was then but one and twenty years of age.

REPARTEE OF LOUIS XV.

WHEN this monarch went out to hunt, it was customary for his suite to take with them forty bottles of wine, of which, however, he seldom tasted; indeed, they were intended more for his servants than for him. One day the king was extremely thirsty, and asked for a glass of wine. "Sire, there is none left," said they. "Do you not always bring forty bottles?"—"Yes, Sire, but all is drank."—"In future (said he) you will be so good as to bring forty-one, that at least one may be left for me."

EPITAPH ON A HORSE.

IN the park at Goatherst, near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, the seat of Sir Charles Tynne, Bart. is erected a tomb to the memory of a favourite horse.

The monument is adorned with the various trappings and accoutrements in which that animal is commonly arrayed: and in the centre are the following lines.

To the memory of one who was remarkably steady,
these stones are erected.

What he undertook, with spirit he accomplished,

His deportment was graceful, nay noble;
 the ladies admired, and followed him;
 by application, he gained applause.

His abilities were so powerful, as to draw easily
 the divine, the lawyer, and the statesman,
 into his own smooth track.

Had he lived in the days of Charles I. the cavaliers
 Would not have refused his assistance, for to the reins
 of due government he was always obedient.

He was a favourite, yet at times felt
 the wanton lash of lawless power.

After a life of laborious servitude, performed, like Clarendon's,
 with unimpeached fidelity,

he, like that great man, was turned out of employment,
 stript of all trappings, without place or pension:

Yet, being endued with a generous forgiving temper, saint-like,
 Not dreading futurity, he placidly met the hand
 Appointed to be his assassin.

Thus he died—an example to all mortals under
 the wide expanded canopy of heaven.

CHARACTER OF THE BLOOD-HOUNDS,

Used in the Island of Cuba by the Spanish Chasseurs.

BY R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

THE dogs carried out by the Chasseurs del Re
 are perfectly broken in, that is to say, they will
 not kill the object they pursue unless resisted.
 On coming up with a fugitive, they bark at him
 till he stops, they then couch near him, terrifying
 him with a ferocious growling if he stirs. In this
 position they continue barking, to give notice to
 the chasseurs, who come up and secure their pri-
 soner, each chasseur, though he can hunt only

with two dogs properly, is obliged to have three, which he maintains at his own cost, and that at no small expence. These people live with their dogs, from which they are inseparable. At home the dogs are kept chained, and, when walking with their masters, are never unmuzzled, or let out of ropes, but for attack. They are constantly accompanied with one or two small dogs, called finders, whose scent is very keen, and always sure of hitting off a track. Dogs and bitches hunt equally well, and the chasseurs rear no more than will supply the number required. This breed of dogs, indeed, is not so prolific as the common kinds, though infinitely stronger and hardier. The animal is the size of a very large hound, with ears erect, which are usually cropped at the points; the nose more pointed, but widening very much towards the after-part of the jaw. His coat, or skin, is much harder than that of most dogs, and so must be the whole structure of the body, as the severe beatings he undergoes in training would kill any other species of dog. There are some, but not many, of a more obtuse nose, and which are rather squarer set. These, it may be presumed, have been crossed by the mastiff; but if by this the bulk has been a little increased, it has added nothing to the strength, height, beauty, or agility, of the native breed.

SINGULAR STRATAGEM OF A FOX.

SOME gentlemen being a hunting in Derbyshire, found a fox in good style, went away with him, and had a severe run of two hours and a half, when the hounds came to a sudden check. After trying for a quarter of an hour to no purpose, one of the old hounds ran up to a dead sheep, (which appeared to have been recently killed) and could not be prevented smelling about it, and sometimes biting it. Every one was surprised at this, till the dog absolutely gave tongue, and the whole pack came up, and tore the sheep to pieces in a moment. But what was their astonishment, when Reynard himself appeared, covered with the blood and entrails of the sheep! He was of course immediately killed.

It seems, that running through a flock of sheep, and finding himself very hard pushed, and unable to go much farther, he had killed one, ripped open its belly, and secreted himself within, as the only means of saving his life.

THE LATE RICHARD RIGBY, ESQ.

THE early life and habits of Mr. Rigby, were not calculated to enforce economy; according to the fashionable, or the foolish manners of the age, mortgages and money-lenders had made deep inroads on his paternal estate, which was originally respectable, before he had perfectly at-

tained the age or art of properly enjoying it; and he might have lived to deplore his imprudence in abject dependance, had not the *turf*, which contributed to diminish, afforded him an opportunity of redeeming his fortune.

The grandfather of the present Duke of Bedford had given great offence to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Litchfield, by an improper and unfair interference at their races; and as it was by no means safe or easy effectually to punish a man fortified by rank, privilege and wealth, they at last determined to bestow on this illustrious offender manual correction. The overbearing conduct of the duke, in some matter relating to the starting of the horses, and their weights, in which he had no kind of right to interpose, soon afforded the confederates an opportunity of executing their purposes. He was in a moment separated from his attendants, surrounded by the party, hustled, and unmercifully horse-whipped by an exasperated country attorney, with keen resentments and a muscular arm. The lawyer persevered in this severe discipline, without being interrupted by his grace's outcries and declarations "that he was the Duke of Bedford;" an assertion which Mr. Humphries, the assailant, positively denied, adding, "that a peer of the realm would never have conducted himself in so scandalous a manner." The matter soon circulated over the course, and, reaching Mr. Rigby's ear, with a

generous, perhaps a political gallantry, he burst through the croud, rescued the distressed peer, completely threshed his antagonist, and protected the duke off the ground.

From this time the foundation of the immense fortunes of this gentleman may be dated. Grateful for the singular service they had received, the Russel family heaped their favours on him, and at length procured him the most lucrative office in the gift of the crown, that of paymaster-general: the emoluments arising from which, during the American war, amounted annually to fifty thousand pounds. The amusements of Mr. Rigby, in the country, principally consisted in fox-hunting; for which, in the county of Suffolk, his abilities are well known. In short, wherever business or pleasure conducted him, his social habits and convivial talents gave a zest to the scene.

RUSSIAN GAMING ANECDOTE.

THE grand Chancellor Ostermann,* was so well served abroad, as to get intelligence of a scheme formed at the court of Versailles to send over an insinuating elegant gamester to attack the Duke of Biran on his weak side (a violent rage for play), and by that means to render him probably more tractable on some point they wanted

* Who was chancellor during the reign of the Empress Anne.

to gain, when less overflowing with ready money than he generally was.

To communicate this information, the chancellor called on the haughty duke, then all powerful, and suspected he was at home, though declared abroad by his porter. This real, or supposed affront, the chancellor took a most humorous mode of revenging, which was wrapping himself up in flannels, as if attacked with a violent fit of the gout, to which he was subject, and then writing a note to the Empress Anne, to inform her majesty he had something of moment to communicate, but was unfortunately unable to move from his couch with his ordinary complaint.

This produced the very visit he expected; and the duke was announced as coming to speak with him from the sovereign. Ostermann received his visitor extended on a sofa, wrapped up like a mummy in flannel, and pretended to be unable, from pain, to utter any thing but the usual involuntary exclamations of a man in violent sufferings. When he had made the duke sit in eager curiosity to hear his secret, long enough to be revenged on him for the supposed refusal at his door, he seemed to articulate, with great difficulty, that the French were sending over a gamester,—and then stopped again with excess of pain. The duke, on hearing the mountain thus delivered of a mouse, and being unable to draw any thing further from the gouty chancellor, went

off in a pet, probably thinking it a joke on his prevailing passion for *gaming*, and informed the empress that Count Ostermann had nothing to reveal, but was delirious with a severe fit of the gout.—Here the matter rested, and was forgot by the duke.

Some months after the political gamester actually arrived, under the form of an elegant, easy, dissipated marquis, with a large credit on a house of the English factory; he presently insinuated himself into the good graces of the duke, and had cleared him and his party of their superfluous cash; when the chancellor, thinking the lesson sufficient, dispatched a courier to Moscow, to bring down post a *midshipman*, absent on leave from the fleet, named Cruckoff, whom he was assured to be inferior to none in Europe, either in the necessary manipulation of the cards, or knowledge of the game *Quinze*, then the fashionable court play, and at which the marquis had won all the money; one preliminary measure was, however, necessary to the scheme of getting back the money of the duke and the other noblemen, which was, to get the midshipman made an officer of the guards, to entitle him to play at court; this Ostermann did, by soliciting it for him under the title of a relation, a favour immediately conferred by Anne, left entirely ignorant of the plot. The new ensign began to lose freely small sums, like a wealthy *novice* elated with the honour of

playing at court, and at last drew the attention of the marquis, as a pigeon worth plucking. After some evenings, forcing him with high play, two-thirds of all his former gains were carried off by the pigeon, who was then marked out as an object worthy of condign punishment by the nettled Frenchman, and a monstrous stake was proposed, which the marquis certainly made himself sure of gaining, by some master-piece of shuffling art, reserved for the *coup de grace*: but probably it never entered into the marquis's head, or calculation, that a Muscovite pigeon could swallow a card he had drawn too much, as he actually did, with some sweetmeats taken from an adjoining table, and left just fifteen in hand, the same number the Frenchman's art had procured to himself likewise, and on which he betted not only all his former winnings, but to the amount of his credit with his banker, in perfect security of gaining; but he had forgot an essential circumstance in case of equality, that the Russian was first in hand, which determined the matter in his favour, and the laugh was turned on the unfortunate Frenchman.

The chancellor, by this means, being in possession of the gains and credit of the amiable gamester, waited once more on the duke, to finish the conversation which the gout had prevented him concluding on his grace's first visit, and told him that he was *then* anxious to put him on his

guard against a gamester whom the court of France was sending to fleece him, and had it not been for the impatience of his highness on that occasion, and the abrupt manner in which he left him, he might have saved his money.

The duke, quite outrageous at the trick played him by the marquis, talked of having him arrested as a cheat; but the chancellor, taking a bag from under his cloak, added coolly, that he had taken a more effectual method to punish him *in kind*; returned the duke both his own and his friend's money, only airily begging him, in future, *not to be so impatient when gouty men had secrets to discover*.

The rest of the spoil made the fortune of the successful officer, with an injunction never to lift a card again, if he wished to spend his days out of Siberia, where people would run less risk from his address.

It has since become a sort of proverb among the Russian *black legs*, that such a one plays like a *midshipman*, if fortune favours him *a little too much*.

EPITAPH ON A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

UNDERNEATH this bending briar,
Interr'd by neither priest nor friar,
Here, honest Tim, you see,
Wrapt up in everlasting sleep;
Melpomene, thou ne'er canst weep
A worthier cur than he:

No sins had Tim of any sort ;
His virtues might have grac'd a court ;
He liv'd Matilda's pride :
And never fill'd with tears her eye,
Or caus'd her lovely breast to sigh,
Alas ! but when he died.

PEDESTRIAN EXPLOITS.

LEVI WHITEHEAD, of Bramham, in Yorkshire, who was noted for his swiftness in running, in the beginning of the present century, having won the buck's head for several years at Castle Howard, given by the grandfather of the present Earl of Carlisle. He also won the five Queen Anne's guineas, given by William Aisleby, Esq. of Studley, near Rippon, beating the then famous Indian and nine others, selected to start against him. In his 22d year he ran four miles over Bramham Moor in nineteen minutes; and, which is still more remarkable, in his 95th and 96th years, he frequently walked from Bramham to Tadcaster (full four miles), in an hour. He died in the 100th year of his age, on the 14th of March, 1787.

About the year 1740, Thomas Calile, a lamp-lighter, was known as a very swift runner; he beat all his competitors with ease, and once ran in the artillery-ground twenty-one miles in two hours.

From 1760, for ten or twelve years, John Smith, commonly called the shepherd's boy, a little man, was noted as a fleet runner; he beat most who opposed him; won several silver cups at the Artillery-ground, and likewise one hundred guineas, by running fifteen miles in an hour and twenty-eight minutes, on Moulsey Hurst.

On February 1, 1759, George Guest, of Birmingham, who had laid a considerable wager that he walked a thousand miles in twenty-eight days, finished his journey with great ease. It seemed as if he had lain by for bets, for in the last two days he had one hundred and six miles to walk; but walked them with so much ease to himself, that, to shew his agility, he walked the last six miles within an hour, though he had full six hours to do it in.

In July 1765, a young woman went from Blencogo, in Scotland, to within two miles of Newcastle, in one day, which is about seventy-two miles.

Robert Batley, of Hutford, in Norfolk, was famous in his youth for extraordinary speed in running, and was well known, when an old man, among the gentlemen at Newmarket, as a great walker, having frequently gone from Thetford to London in one day (eighty-one miles), and back again the next. He died in the 66th year of his age, in October, 1785.

Reed, of Hampshire, is a noted pedestrian. He, in 1774, ran ten miles within an hour, at the artillery-ground; walked one hundred miles in one day, at Gosport; in 1787, and in 1791, walked fifty miles in little more than nine hours, on the sands at Weymouth.

Colin Macleod, a Scotchman, (who is now in the 104th year of his age), in the autumn of 1790, walked from Inverness to London and back again; and afterwards to the metropolis again; and on the 8th of October following, for a considerable wager, he set out from the obelisk at Hyde-Park Corner to the five-mile stone on the Turnham-Green road, and back again, in two hours and twenty-three minutes, which was seven minutes less than the time allowed him.

Last, not least, is Mr. Foster Powell. This extraordinary man was born in the year 1736, at Horsforth, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, and, being bred to the law, was clerk to an attorney, in the New Inn, London. While in that employ, he had occasion to go to York for some leases, to which place he went and returned on foot, in little more than six days. He afterwards performed several expeditions with great swiftness, particularly from London to Maidenhead-bridge and back, (twenty-seven miles) in seven hours.

In 1773, he made a deposit of twenty pounds, for a wager of one hundred guineas, the conditions of which was, that he should begin, some

Monday in November, a journey to York on foot, and back again in six days.

He accordingly set out on Monday, November the 29th, 1773. The particulars of this journey, as authenticated by Mr. Powell, are as follow:—

“ I set out from Hicks’s-hall, London, on the 29th of November, 1773, about twenty minutes past twelve o’clock in the morning, for a wager of one hundred guineas, which I was to perform in six days, by going to York, and returning to the above place.

MILES.

- | | |
|---|----|
| “ I got to Stamford about nine o’clock in the evening of that day - - - - - | 88 |
| “ Nov. 30. Set out from Stamford about five in the morning, and got to Doncaster about twelve at night - - - - - | 72 |
| “ Dec. 1. Set out from Doncaster about five in the morning, and got to York at half past two in the afternoon - - | 37 |
| “ Departed from York about six the same afternoon, and got to Ferrybridge about ten that night - - - - - | 22 |
| “ Dec. 2. Set out from Ferrybridge about five in the morning, and got to Grantham about twelve at night - - - - - | 65 |
| “ Dec. 3. Set out from Grantham at six in the morning, and got to the Cock at Eaton about eleven at night - - - - | 54 |

“ Dec. 4. Set out from Eaton, the sixth and last day, about four in the morning, and arrived at Hicks’s-hall about half past six in the evening - - - - - 56

Total 394

“ FOSTER POWELL.”

What rendered this exploit more extraordinary was, that he set out in a very indifferent state of health, being compelled, from a pain in his side, to wear a strengthening plaister all the way; his appetite, moreover, was very indifferent, for his most frequent beverage was either water or small beer; and the refreshment he most admired was tea, and toast and butter.

In his next two performances he was more unfortunate. The first was in the summer of 1776, he run a match of a mile on Barham Downs, near Canterbury, against Andrew Smith, a famous runner of that time, who beat him.

The second was in November, 1778, when he undertook to run two miles in ten minutes, on the Lea-bridge road, which he lost by only half a minute.

In September, 1787, he offered a wager of twenty-five guineas, that he walked from the Falstaff Inn, at Canterbury, to London bridge, and back again, which is one hundred and twelve

miles, in twenty-four hours; which being accepted, he set out on the 27th of that month, at four o'clock in the afternoon, reached London bridge at half past two the next morning, and was again at Canterbury at ten minutes before four in the afternoon.

June the 8th, 1788, he set out from Hicks's-Hall, on his second journey to York and back again; which he performed in five days and nineteen hours and a quarter.

On the 15th of July following, he undertook, for one hundred guineas, to walk one hundred miles in twenty-two hours, which he accomplished with ease, and had several minutes to spare. He went from Hyde-Park Corner to the fifty mile-stone at Wolverton-Hill, on the Bath road, and back to Hyde-Park Corner.

In 1790, he took a bet of twenty guineas to thirteen, that he would walk to York and return in five days and eighteen hours. He set off on Sunday, the 22d of August, at twelve at night, and reached Stamford on Monday night; arrived at Doncaster on Tuesday night; returned from York as far as Ferrybridge, on Wednesday; on Thursday he slept at Grantham; on Friday on this side Biggleswade, and arrived at St. Paul's cathedral on Saturday, at ten minutes past four, which was one hour and fifty minutes less than the time allowed him.

He was so little fatigued with this journey, that

he offered to walk one hundred miles the next day, if any person would make it worth his trouble, by a considerable wager.

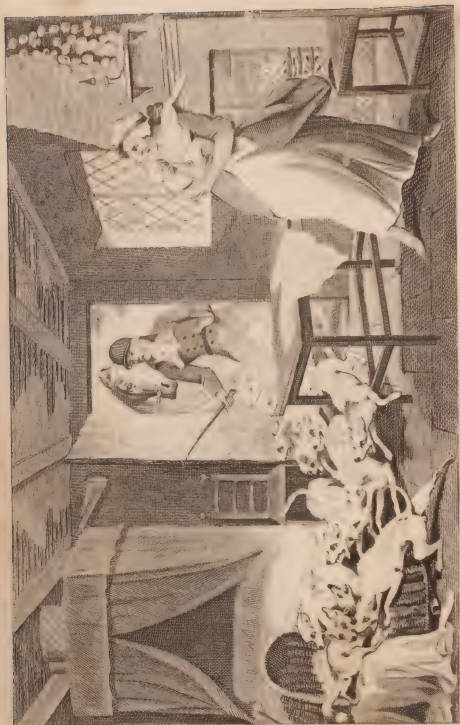
Soon after this he exhibited himself in a new light to the public, by being theatrically crowned at Astley's Amphitheatre, in the same manner as Voltaire was at the *Comedie Francois*, in Paris, some years before.

On November 22d following, he was beat by West, a publican, of Windsor, in walking (for forty guineas) forty miles on the western road: and, soon after, failed in attempting to walk from Canterbury to London in twenty-four hours, owing to the extreme darkness of the night. On his return over Blackheath he fell several times, and could not recover the right road.

On Sunday night, July the 1st, he started, at twelve o'clock, from Shoreditch church, to walk to York and back again in five days and fifteen hours, for a wager of thirteen guineas; which he won, by arriving at Shoreditch the following Saturday, at thirty-five minutes past one in the afternoon, which was an hour and twenty-five minutes within his time.

He walked, on the Brighton road, one mile in nine minutes, for a wager of fifteen guineas; and run it back again in five minutes and fifty-two seconds, which was eight seconds within the time allowed him.





Mr. Chase at Castle Combe.

EPITAPH

On a grave-stone, in the south side of St. Nicholas Church, Nottingham.

HERE lieth the body of Thomas Booth, who departed this life the 26th day of March, A. D. 1752, aged 75.

HERE lies a marksman, who with art and skill,
When young and strong, fat Bucks and Does did kill.
Now conquer'd by grim death ; go, reader, tell it,
He's now took leave of powder, gun, and pellet.
A fatal dart, which in the dark did fly, .
Has dropt him down among the dead to lie.
If any wants to know the poor slave's name,
'Twas old Tom Booth, ne'er ask from whom he came.
He's hither sent, and surely such another,
Ne'er issued from the belly of a mother.

It is said, that the deceased composed the above previous to his death, and requested it might be placed on his grave-stone. He was a sportsman, and very fond of buck-killing.

EXTRAORDINARY FOX-CHASE.

In January 1794, a most remarkable adventure happened with the hounds belonging to his Grace the Duke of Beaufort :—They had unkennelled at Stanton Park, when after a most excellent chase over a long scope of country, Reynard being close pressed, and nature nearly exhausted, in the last moments of despondency he entered a

cottage at Castle Coambe, and actually took refuge in a cradle, from which, but a very few minutes before, a woman had providentially taken her infant. This last exertion of strength and sagacity for the preservation of life, was, however, almost immediately rendered abortive; for the "well-scented hounds," steady to "the adhesive track," were not foiled to a *fault*, but entering the hovel, seized upon their devoted victim, and dragging him from "his lurking place," effected his immediate destruction.

EXTRAORDINARY EQUESTRIAN PERFORMANCES.

ONE of the earliest in the order of time, in this country, occurred in the year 1604, in the reign of James I. when John Lepton, Esq. of Kenwick, in Yorkshire, who was one of his Majesty's grooms, undertook to ride five times between London and York, from Monday morning till Saturday night. He accordingly set out from St. Martin's-le-Grand, between two and three in the morning of the 26th of May, and arrived at York on the same day, between five and six in the afternoon; rested there that night, and the next day returned to St. Martin's-le-Grand, about seven in the evening, where he staid till about three o'clock the next morning. He reached

York, a second time, about seven at night, from whence he set off again for London about three in the morning, and reached London between seven and eight. He set off again for York between two and three in the morning following, and getting there between seven and eight at night, completed his undertaking in five days. On the Monday following he left York, and came to his Majesty's court at Greenwich, as fresh and as cheerful as when he first set out.

In the year 1619, on the 17th of July, one Bernard Calvert, of Andover, rode from St. George's church, Southwark, to Dover, from thence passed by barge to Calais, in France, and from thence back to St. George's church, the same day; setting out about three o'clock in the morning, and returning about eight in the evening, fresh and hearty.

In 1701, Mr. Sinclair, a gentleman, of Kirby Lonsdale, in Cumberland, for a wager of five hundred guineas, rode a galloway of his, on the Swift, at Carlisle, a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours.

In 1745, Mr. Cooper, Thornhill, master of the Bell Inn, at Stilton, in Huntingdonshire, made a match, for a considerable sum, to ride three times between Stilton and London. He was allowed as many horses as he pleased, and to perform it in fifteen hours. He accordingly started on Monday, April 29, 1745, and rode

h. m. sec.

From Stilton to Shoreditch church,

London, (71 miles) in - - - 3 52 59

From London to Stilton in - - - 3 50 57

From Stilton to London in - - - 3 49 56

Which was two hundred and thirteen miles in eleven hours, thirty-three minutes, and fifty-two seconds; and three hours, twenty-six minutes, and eight seconds, within the time allowed him.

On Wednesday, June 27, 1759, Jennison Shafto, Esq. performed a match against time, on Newmarket Heath; the conditions of which were, he was to ride fifty miles (having as many horses as he pleased) in two successive hours, which he accomplished with ten horses, in one hour, forty-nine minutes, and seventeen seconds.

In 1761, a match was made between Jennison Shafto and Hugo Meynel, Esqrs. for two thousand guineas; Mr. Shafto to get a person to ride one hundred miles a day (on any one horse each day) for twenty-nine days together; to have any number of horses not exceeding twenty-nine. The person chose by Mr. Shafto was Mr. John Woodcock, who started on Newmarket-Heath, the 4th of May, 1761, at one o'clock in the morning, and finished (having used only fourteen horses) on the first of June, about six in the evening.

On Tuesday, August the 24th, 1773, at thirty-five minutes past ten in the evening, was determined a match between Thomas Walker's, Esq.

hackney gelding, and Captain Adam Hay's road mare, to go from London to York. Mr. Walker rode his horse, and Captain Mulcaster rode for Mr. Hay. They set out from Portland-street, London, and Captain Mulcaster, with the winning mare, arrived at Ouse-bridge, York, in forty hours and thirty-five minutes. Mr. Walker's horse tired within six miles of Tadcaster, and died the next day. The mare drank twelve bottles of wine during her journey, and on the following Thursday was so well as to take her exercise on Knavesmire.

The last week in September, 1781, a great match of four hundred and twenty miles in one whole week, was rode over Lincoln two-mile course, and won by Richard Hanstead, of Lincoln, and his famous grey horse, with great ease, having three hours and a half to spare.

October the 15th, 1783, Samuel Halliday, a butcher of Leeds, undertook, for a bet of ten pounds, to ride from Leeds to Rochdale, from thence to York, and back again to Leeds (one hundred and ten miles), in twenty hours. He started at ten o'clock at night, upon a slender mare, not fourteen hands high; and though he rode above fourteen stone, he finished his journey with ease, in less than eighteen hours.

December 29th, 1786, Mr. Hull's horse Quiber, run a match for a thousand guineas, twenty-three miles in one hour, round the Flat, at New.

market, which he performed in fifty-seven minutes and ten seconds.

August 15th, 1792. To decide a wager of fifty pounds, between Mr. Cooper and Mr. Brewer, of Stamford, the latter gentleman's horse, Labourer, ran twenty times round the race-ground (exactly a mile) at Preston, in fifty-four minutes.

In October 1791, at the Curragh meeting, in Ireland, Mr. Wilde, a sporting gentleman, made bets to the amount of two thousand guineas, to ride against time, viz. one hundred and twenty-seven English miles in nine hours. On the 6th of October he started, in a valley near the Curragh course, where two miles were measured, in a circular direction; each time he encompassed the course it was regularly marked. During the interval of changing horses, he refreshed himself with a mouthful of brandy and water, and was no more than six hours and twenty-one minutes in completing the one hundred and twenty-seven miles; of course he had two hours and thirty-nine minutes to spare.—Mr. Wilde had no more than ten horses, but they were all blood, and from the stud of——Daley, Esq.—Whilst on horseback, without allowing any thing for changing of horses, he rode at the rate of twenty miles an hour, for six hours. He was so little fatigued with this extraordinary performance, that he was at the Turf Club-House, in Kildare, the same evening.



Accident in Hyde Park



The expedition of the express, with the account of the drawing of the Irish lottery, for 1792, has never yet been equalled, as will appear by the following road-bill of the third day's express, Nov. 15, 1792.

	<i>m.</i>	<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>
Holyhead to Birmingham - -	163½	in	11 45
Birmingham to Stratford upon			
Avon - - - - -	23½		2 4
Stratford upon Avon to London	105		7 45
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	292		20 94
	<hr/>		<hr/>

October the 24th, 1791, a trotting match took place on the Romford road, between Mr. Bishop's brown mare, 18 years old, and Mr. Green's chestnut gelding, six years old, 12 stone each, for fifty guineas a side; which was won with ease by Mr. Bishop's mare. They were to trot sixteen miles, which the mare performed in fifty-six minutes and some seconds.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

ON Sunday, the 29th of October, 1802, about two o'clock, just as the fashionable world were beginning to collect in Hyde Park, an *awful lesson* presented itself to those *Phætonic Meteors*, who are so eternally anxious to obtain a superiority over each other, by the *blaze* of their individual brilliancy. A gentleman of the name of

ble, at which moment, the groans of the horses, and lamentations of the driver, exceed the power of the pen to describe; and never can be obliterated from the mind of the writer, who was a near and miserable spectator of the whole. At the critical instant, when it was supposed no effort could save his life, two persons, who had from the first made a determined point at relief, plunged into the stream up to their breasts, and most happily preserved his life at the hazard of their own. The horses, after long struggling, were both drowned, and left in the canal, the curriele was brought to shore by the boat.

LORD C—— AND THE WEIRD SISTERS.

THIS nobleman, with many amiable virtues, and many brilliant accomplishments, had a great propensity to gaming: in one night he lost three and thirty thousand pounds to the late General Scott. Mortified at his ill fortune, he paid the money, and wished to keep the circumstance secret; it was, however, whispered in the polite circles, and his lordship, to divert his chagrin, a few nights after, slipped on a domino, and went to a masquerade at Carlisle House. He found all the company running after three Irish ladies, of the name of G——e, in the character of the three weird sisters. These ladies were so well acquainted with every thing that was going on in the great world, that they kept the room in a con-

tinued roar by the brilliancy of their bon mots, and the terseness of their applications to some people of rank who were present. They knew Lord C—, and they knew of his loss, though he did not know them. He walked up to them, and, in a solemn tone of voice, addressed them as follows:—

Ye black and midnight hags, what do ye do!
Live ye, or are ye ought that man may question?
Quickly unclasp to me the book of fate,
And if good or ill my steps await.

FIRST WITCH.

All hail, C——! all hail to thee,
Once annual lord of thousands thirty-three.

SECOND WITCH.

All hail C——, all hail to thee,
All hail; though poor thou soon shalt be!

HECATE.

C——, all hail thy evil star,
Sheds her baneful influence.—Oh, beware!
Beware that Thane! beware that Scott!
Or poverty shall be thy lot.
He'll drain thy youth as dry as hay—
Hither, sisters, haste away!

At the concluding word, whirling a watchman's rattle which she held in her hand, the dome echoed with the sound; the astonished peer shrunk into himself with terror, retired, and

vowed never to lose more than a hundred pounds at a sitting: which resolution he ever after abided by.

WOLF-HUNTING.

Soon after Mr. Putnam removed to Connecticut, the wolves, then very numerous, broke into his sheep-fold, and killed seventy fine sheep and goats, besides wounding many lambs and kids. This havoc was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within gunshot; upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This wolf at length became such an intolerable nuisance, that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbours to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known that, having lost the toes from one foot by a steel trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige, the pursuers recognized, in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately

returned, and by ten the next morning the blood-hounds had driven her into a den, about three miles from Mr. Putnam's house. The people soon collected, with dogs, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back, badly wounded, and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect: nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts, (which had brought the time till ten o'clock at night) Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain! He proposed to his negro-man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf; the negro declined the hazardous service. Then it was, that their master, angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy this ferocious beast, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. His neighbours strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprize: but he, knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of birch-bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain that would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Accordingly, divesting himself of his coat and waistcoat

and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back at a concerted signal, he entered head foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by an earthquake. The top and bottom are also of stone, and the entrance in winter being covered with ice, is exceedingly slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width.

Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror. He cautiously proceeded onward, came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eye-balls of the wolf, which was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of the fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen growl. As

soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope, as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity, that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin was severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his cloaths, and loaded his gun with nine buck-shot, holding a torch in one hand, and the musket in the other, he descended a second time, when he drew nearer than before ; the wolf assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and, dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude, and on the point of springing at him. At the critical instant he levelled, and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave ; but having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Being come within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose, and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ear, and then kicking the rope (well tied to his legs), the people above, with no small exultation, drew them both out together.

ANIMAL COURAGE.

THERE is a well-authenticated anecdote of a cock, that, by crowing, clapping his wings, &c. shewed such spirit on board the gallant Rodney's ship, during the battle on the very memorable 12th of April; the following may be added as a counter-part to it:—

At the commencement of the action which took place between the *Nymph* and *Cleopatra*, during the late war, there was a large Newfoundland dog on board the former vessel, which, the moment the firing began, ran from below deck, in spite of the men to keep him down, and climbing up into the main chains, he there kept up a continual barking, and exhibited the most violent rage during the whole of the engagement. When the *Cleopatra* struck, he was among the foremost to board her, and there walked up and down the decks, seemingly conscious of the victory he had gained.

EXTRAORDINARY PIKE.

Two gamekeepers belonging to the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, at Stanley Abbey, were dragging a part of the river Avon, under Bericott Wood: within sight of the Abbey-door they caught a pike, which, after lying on the bank some time, attempted to disgorge something: he was immediately opened, and another pike taken out of him, which measured, from the extremity of its head





Disaster at Broadstairs.

to the end of the tail, two feet two inches and a half; weighed four pounds and a half, and the fish it was taken out of, weighed sixteen pounds.

THE AFFRIGHTED HORSE.

As Captain Laing, a gentleman in the army, was driving his gig down the road from St. Peter's, at Broadstairs, into the village, by some accident the animal took fright in coming down the hill, ran with great violence past the corner in the open street, and took for the parade on the beach, which is directly opposite. In the small distance between the high road and the Parade is an iron bar placed across the railing, to prevent carriages passing. The captain, aware of this railing, crouched in the chaise, which passed within an inch of the top, and of his head. Within four yards was the cliff, on the edge of which was a strong railing: upon reaching which the horse made a bold leap over it, but the strong post of the railing caught one of the wheels of the chaise, by which means the shafts were broken off short, the horse and harness precipitated into the sea, and the chaise and driver left behind. It was most happy for Mr. Laing that the horse attempted to leap the railing when he came to it; for had he, on the contrary, forced himself against it, it would easily have given way, and inevitable destruction to him would have been the consequence; as it was, Mr. Laing

escaped without the least injury. The chaise was broken, and the poor animal was dashed to pieces at the bottom of the cliff.

FOX-CHASE WITH MR. PANTON'S HOUNDS.

A PACK of fox-hounds, consisting of twenty-three couple, belonging to Thomas Panton, Esq. of Newmarket, found a fox at Abysey-wood, near Thurlow, in the county of Cambridge, which immediately quitted the cover, and ran two rings to Blunt's Park, and back to Abysey; he then flew his country, and went in a line through Lawn-wood, Temple-wood, to Hart-wood, where there was a brace of fresh foxes. The pack then divided, fifteen couple and a half went away close (as it is supposed), at the hunted fox, to West Wickham-common, then to Weston Covele, near Chalton-wood, and over Willingham-green; he then took the open country to Balsham, turned to the right, and away to the six-mile bottom going to Newmarket; he was then headed by a chaise, turned short to the left, and stood away upon the Heath in a line to Gogmagog-hills, and was run from scent to view, laid down, and was killed upon the open Heath, at the bottom of the hill. He stood an hour and three quarters, without a minute's check; and it is supposed in that time he ran a space of near thirty miles. The only gentlemen who were in at the death, were Thomas Panton, and Benjamin Keene, Esqrs.

with the huntsman, Thomas Harrison. The pack, as observed before, divided at Hart-wood; six couple and a half of hounds went away with one of the fresh foxes, and killed him, without any assistance, at Wethers-field, near Haverhall. The remaining couple of hounds went away with the other fox, and killed him at Thurlow-park gates.

EPITAPH ON HIGHFLYER.

ALAS, POOR HIGHFLYER!

HE deserves the pen of an abler writer, but the only merit I can claim is priority.—“*Bis dat qui cito dat.*”

HERE LIETH

The perfect and beautiful symmetry

Of the much lamented

HIGHFLYER;

By whom, and his wonderful offspring,

The celebrated TATTERSALL acquired a noble fortune,

But was not ashamed to acknowledge it.

In gratitude to this famous

STALLION,

He call'd an elegant mansion he built

HIGHFLYER-HALL.

At these extensive demesnes

It is not unusual for some of the

Highest characters

To regale sumptuously,

When they do the owner the honour

Of accepting his hospitality.

A gentleman of the Turf,

Tho' he has no produce from the above

STALLION,

Begs leave to pay this small tribute

To his memory.

Here lies the *third** of the Newmarket race,
 That ne'er was conquer'd on the Olympic Plain;
Herod his sire, who but to few gave place,
Rachel his dam—his blood without a stain.

By his prolific deeds was built a court,†
 Near where proud Ely's turrets rise;
 To this fam'd sultan would all ranks resort,
 To stir him up to an am'rous enterprize.

To *these three patriarchs*‡ the 'Turf shall owe
 The long existence of superior breed:
That blood in endless *progeny* shall flow,
 To give the *lion's* strength and *roebuck's* speed.

THE FOX-HUNTING PARSON.

THE late Rev. Mr. L——t, of Rutlandshire, when a young man, being out with Mr. Noel's hounds, he said to the Earl of G. who had promised him the living of T. when it should become vacant—"My lord, the church stands on the land of promise." And a short time afterwards, when he had been inducted, he said—"My lord, now the church stands on the land of possession."—He has been known several times, when at prayers in a week, to leave the congregation, and join the hounds, when they chanced to pass in full cry; and once, when he was marrying a couple, left them in the middle of the service, and told them he would finish it the next morning.—

* Childers.—Eclipse.

† An elegant villa near Ely.

‡ Childers, Eclipse, Highflyer.

He was esteemed as a worthy good man, by all ranks of people in the neighbourhood, and did a great deal of good himself amongst the poor in his own parish. He died, universally lamented, some years ago, and a very remarkable circumstance happened during the funeral; a fox, very hard run, was killed, after an excellent day's sport, within a few yards of the grave, at the time when the sexton was filling it in.

REMARKABLE LEAP.

IN March last, when a pack of hounds were in pursuit of a fox which took through the inclosures adjoining to Sydenham, in Kent; one of the party, a gentleman who lives in the neighbourhood, came up to a gate, which he expected to be permitted to pass through; but in this he was for some time prevented by a man, whose appearance bespoke him a *knight of the cleaver*, who, brandishing the terrible instrument of his trade, swore that no one should go that way, whilst he was able to make use of his knife. The *sportsman*, unwilling to lose the game, which would have been the case had he gone another way, began to expostulate with the butcher, and told him, it was not his wish to be out of humour, and was sorry to find his temper soured by some disappointment he had undoubtedly met with. All this had no other effect upon the defender of the castle, than to make him the more

positive that no person should pass through—filled with the enthusiasm of the chase, he asked him whether he might *go over*; this he assented to, observing at the same time, that neither him or any man in England could. However, our sportsman was not to be intimidated by his observations, but instantly drew his horse a few yards back, then ran him to the gate, which he took and cleared well, carrying the rider safe over, to the astonishment of every one.

This gate was a five-barred one, with paling upon the top, exactly six feet and a half high; the boldness of the attempt did that which the most persuasive language could not effect—it brought from the morose *lamb-slayer* this exclamation, “that he would be d—d if ever he prevented this gentleman from going through his gate whenever he thought proper.”

THE CLERICAL JOCKEY.

HIPPONEUS is a young man of fortune, lately admitted into orders; and, as the habit of a clergyman is a passport into the best of companies, Hipponeus is visited by the most respectable families of that part of the country in which he resides. But Hipponeus's pleasure is seated in his stable, in which he is more nice than in the economy of his household. If you call upon him in a morning, he is out airing his horses; or should you chance to call upon him in an evening, he is

with his stud. If any of his horses are sick, you may perceive it in the dejection of his countenance; or shall they, on the contrary, be all in health and high condition, the eager glee of approbation enlivens his whole features: thus this young man's pleasures are regulated by the diary of his stable. Hipponcus is a constant attendant at Newmarket, and, by his frequent conversations with jockies and sharpers, has attained to the happy imitation of the completest on the turf. He is constantly buying and selling horses, and it is allowed that he thoroughly understands (what is termed by dealers) *making up a horse*. Hipponcus is never so happy as when he can (in the language of jockies) take in a friend. It was but the other day that Philotius applied to him to procure him a tractable jade; for Philotius is one of those who prefer an easy seat to a prancing steed with a probability of being thrown from the saddle. Hipponcus promised his best endeavours, and as one of his own horses had not turned out thoroughly to his satisfaction, he thought it the luckiest time possible to accommodate his friend. Philotius took the horse on the recommendation of Hipponcus, and, in a few days, it proved unfit for use; and now Hipponcus congratulates himself on his superior judgment in *horse-flesh*.

L—D CA—V—SH.

THE character of the C—n—sh family, throughout all its branches, is uniform, cold, and phlegmatic; of unsullied honour and integrity. Lord G——e differs in no one point from the rest, unless that he may, by the force of example, be in some degree more tinctured with the prevailing follies of the age. When very young, he discovered a *penchant* for gaming, which has never forsaken him, nor do we believe that his fortune has been materially injured by it, the coolness of his temper preventing those excesses that might have otherwise been fatal.

We do not believe that the mines of Peru would seduce this gentleman to commit a dishonourable act; but if his soul disdains injustice and dishonour, it is not sufficiently warm and animated to feel the exquisite delight of pure natural sensibility, or from thence to be roused to the duties of an amiable and extensive benevolence. Indolence, rather than the want of generosity, we are inclined to believe, is the cause of this omission: but if he was less slothful and indifferent, he would be far more amiable and useful. The liberal and noble spirit of the lady united to this family, whose charities are universal, and whose benignity of heart is pronounced by the beaming graces of the most ingenuous lovely impassioned

countenance,* ought to have operated as an example to persons of a similar rank; but, alas! they are, for the most part, irreclaimable. Her lively mercurial temper was also adapted admirably calculated to correct the phlegm of the family with which she is connected; but fire and water cannot assimilate. If it falls to the lot of the impartial biographer to expose the vices of others, how happy should we be, had we sufficient eloquence and abilities to describe the various excellences of this charming woman! Who can regard her tender assiduity, her affectionate attachment, and universal benevolence, without feeling a degree of pleasure almost inexpressible. The cold unfeeling mind may condemn her warmth of temper, as hurrying, on many occasions, into extremes not properly belonging to feminine reserve; but sensibility, like her's, disdains the fastidious delicacy of etiquette, or punctilio, when the interest or happiness of a friend is at stake. Let us, therefore, consider trifling peccadilloes as only serving to heighten the general beauty of her character. All her foibles and levities originate in a purity of heart,

* When the Dutchess of D——e made her first appearance at Derby races, after her marriage, an honest rustic, on her grace being pointed out to him, in a kind of rapturous astonishment, exclaimed—"That were he G—d Al—h—ty, he would make her Queen of Heaven."

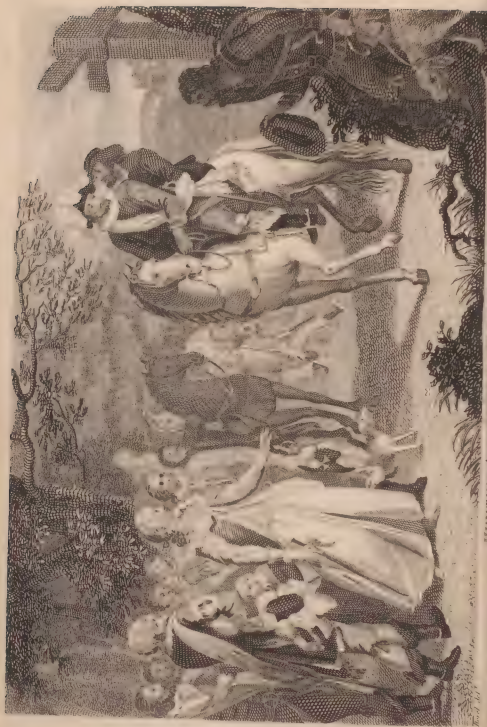
and a consciousness of her own innocence, which makes her overlook those forms of ceremony and restraint which prudence may, perhaps, require, but of which even the strictest observance is not always sure to stop the breath of calumny.

SPORTING RETORT.

IN England, as the titles of nobility are limited, and cannot be usurped by fictitious characters without detection, they confer a degree of consideration upon the possessor, far superior to what is observed in foreign countries, where they are abundant to an extreme, and where every needy adventurer can assume them. A German baron, in derision, once observed to a French marquis, that the title of *marquis* was very common in France: "I, (added he, laughing) have a marquis in my kitchen."—"And I, (retorted the Frenchman, who felt himself insulted) have a German baron in my stable." This repartee was particularly happy; it being well known that German grooms are as common out of their own country as are French cooks. It affords a just lesson too, against the folly, as well as rudeness, of all national reflections.

CANINE ADOPTION.

AT the seat of A. Spurling, Esq. at Dyne's Hall, in Essex, a spaniel bitch, remarkable for being a good finder, having a litter of her puppies



drowned, went shortly after into the adjoining plantations, and soon returned with a leveret in her mouth, supposed to be about a fortnight old, to which she gave suck, and continued to be affectionately attached to it for a considerable time, to the astonishment of a great number of sportsmen in that neighbourhood, who were eye-witnesses to that wonderful event.

HUNTING ADVENTURE OF HENRY IV.

THE education which this great man received was calculated to make him fond of woodland scenery and the sports of the field. Sent to a remote castle, amid the dreary rocks in the vicinity of the Pyrenian mountains, delicacy had no part in the education of the youthful Henry. His ordinary food was brown bread, cheese, and beef. He was cloathed like other children of the country, in the coarsest stuff, and was inured to climb and rove over the rocks often barefooted and bareheaded. Thus, moreover, by habituating his body early to exercise and labour, he prepared his mind to support with fortitude all the vicissitudes of his future life.

How much more interesting to the truly sentimental reader, (the reader who reflects on what he reads, with a view to extract useful wisdom from it) are the rural exploits of young Henry, amid the craggy rocks of Bigorre and Bearn, than the feats of the plumed hero in the field of battle,

or the deportment of the august monarch, surrounded by his courtiers in the Thuilleries or the Louvre !

Hunting was ever the favourite diversion of this monarch. He often strayed from his attendants, and met with some adventures which proved pleasant to himself, and evinced the native goodness of his heart, and an affability of disposition which charmed all who had an opportunity of observing it.

Such was the incident which is the subject of the annexed plate. Being on a hunting-party one day in the Vendomois, he strayed from his attendants, and some time after observed a peasant sitting at the foot of a tree :—" What are you about there ?" said Henry.—" I am sitting here, sir, to see the king go by."—" If you have a mind (answered the monarch) to get up behind me, I will carry you to a place where you can have a good sight of him." The peasant immediately mounts behind, and on the road asks the gentleman how he should know the king. " You need only look at him who keeps his hat on while all the rest remain uncovered." The king joins his company, and all the lords salute him :—" Well, (said he to the peasant) which is the king ?—" " Faikes, (answered the clown) it must be either you or I, for we both keep our hats on !"

THE DUKE DE NIVERNOIS.

WHEN this accomplished *cidevant* nobleman was ambassador to England, he was going to lord Townsend's seat, at Rainham, in Norfolk, on a private visit, *en dishabille*, and with only one servant, when he was obliged by a very heavy shower to stop at a farm-house in the way. The master of the house was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars in the neighbourhood, which in all might make his living about eighty pounds a year: this was all he had to maintain a wife and six children. When the duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in and dry himself, which the other accepted, by borrowing a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers, and warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the duke observed an old chess-board hanging up; and, as he was passionately fond of that game, he asked the clergyman whether he could play. The latter told him that he could play pretty tolerably, but found it difficult in that part of the country to get an antagonist. "I am your man," says the duke. "With all my heart," answers the clergyman, "and if you will stay and take pot-luck, I will see if I cannot beat you." The day continuing rainy, the duke accepted his offer, when his antagonist played so much better, that he won every game. This

was so far from fretting the duke, that he was pleased to meet a man who could give him so much entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly enquired into the state of his family affairs, and making a memorandum of his address, without discovering his title, thanked him, and departed.

Some months elapsed, and the clergyman never thought of the matter, when, one evening, a footman rode up to the door, and presented him with a note—"The duke de Nivernois' compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. —, and as a remembrance for the good drubbing he gave him at chess, begs that he will accept the living of — worth 400*l.* per annum, and that he will wait upon his grace the duke of Newcastle on Friday next, to thank him for the same."

The good clergyman was some time before he could imagine it to be any more than a jest, and hesitated to obey the mandate; but as his wife insisted on his making a trial, he went up to town, and to his unspeakable satisfaction, found the contents of the note literally true.

ASTONISHING OCCURRENCE.

ONE of the Oxford dragoon horses, quartered at Leominster, in the neighbourhood of Ludlow, Shropshire, having got loose in the stable, had the curiosity to march up a crooked stair-case into the hay-loft, with a view,

no doubt, to examine his stock of provisions; it is supposed he must have been there at least two hours, when his rider coming to the stable, and missing his horse, was thunderstruck, knowing he had the key in his pocket. The poor fellow, not having the least suspicion of his horse being up stairs, run like a madman to inform an officer of his loss, but had scarcely got twenty yards, when the animal (exulting in his station) put his head through the pitching hole and neighed aloud. The astonishment of the soldier, and the whole neighbourhood, can be better conceived than described. Every stratagem that could be devised was made use of, to lead or force him down the stairs, but all in vain; he saw the danger, and was obstinate.

The horse ran a considerable time, trotting and snorting about the loft, to the no small diversion of the spectators; at length, having wearied their efforts and patience, he accidentally trod upon the only vulnerable part of the floor, a trap door, which covered a hole for sacking hops, 27 inches by 23, which being made of weaker boards than the rest, gave way; and his hinder part going down through, till his feet touched the ground, he remained a few seconds in that position, and then disappeared, (like Harlequin in a pantomime, or the methodist parson into the washing tub) and dropped into the very posture and place in which he before stood in his stall,

without any hurt except the loss of a few hairs off one of his legs, and a piece of skin, the size of a shilling, off his whiskers. The spectators could not forbear expressing their wonder, that the creature could fall through so small a hole without greater injury,

TROTTING MATCH.

EDWARD STEVENS, a noted jockey in the neighbourhood of Windsor, made a bet with a sporting gentleman of great celebrity in the annals of Newmarket, that he would produce a pair of horses from his own stud, who should trot in a tandem from Windsor to Hampton Court, a distance of sixteen miles, within the hour. The day being fixed, they performed the journey, with great ease, in fifty-seven minutes and thirteen seconds. They were driven by Mr. James Stevens, brother to the owner, who, by his excellent management, was the chief cause of their being so little distressed by the exertion.

THE HOUNDS.

AN ALLEGORY.

A HUNTSMAN was leading forth his hounds, one morning, to the chase, and had linked several of the young dogs in couples, to prevent their following every scent, and hunting in a disorderly

manner, as their own inclination and fancy should direct them. Among others, it was the fate of Jowler and Vixen to be yoked together. Jowler and Vixen were both young and inexperienced, but had for some time been constant companions, and seemed to have entertained a great fondness for each other; they used to be perpetually playing together, and in any quarrel that happened, always took one another's part; it might have been expected, therefore, that it would not be disagreeable to them to be still closer united. However, in fact, it proved otherwise; they had not long been joined together, before both parties began to express uneasiness at their present situation. Different inclinations and opposite wills began to discover and exert themselves; if one chose to go this way, the other was eager to take the contrary; if one was pressing to go forward, the other was sure to lag behind—Vixen pulled back Jowler, and Jowler dragged along Vixen—Jowler growled at Vixen, and Vixen snapped at Jowler. At last it came to a downright quarrel amongst them; and Jowler treated Vixen in a very rough and ungenerous manner, without any regard to the inferiority of her strength, or the tenderness of her sex. As they were thus continually vexing and tormenting one another, an old hound, who had observed all that passed, came up to them, and thus reproved them :—“What a couple of silly puppies you are,

to be thus perpetually worrying one another at this rate ! What hinders your going on peaceably and quietly together ? Cannot you compromise the matter between you, by each consulting the other's inclination ? At least, try to make a virtue of necessity, and submit to what you cannot remedy ; you cannot get rid of the chain, but you may make it sit easy upon you. I am an old dog, and let my age and experience instruct you. When I was in the same circumstances with you, I soon found the thwarting my companion was only tormenting myself ; and my yoke-fellow came into the same way of thinking. We endeavoured to join in the same pursuits, and to follow one another's inclination ; and so we jogged on together, not only with ease and quiet, but with comfort and pleasure. We found, by experience, that mutual compliance not only compensates for liberty, but is even attended with a satisfaction and delight beyond what liberty itself can give."

AN EPITAPH.

BENEATH this turf a female lies,
That once the boast of fame was ;
Have patience, reader, if you're wise,
You'll then know—what her name was.

In days of youth (be censure blind)
To men she wou'd be creeping ;
When 'mongst the many one prov'd kind
And took her into—keeping.

Then to the stage* she bent her way,
Where more applauded none was;
She gain'd new lovers ev'ry day,
But constant still to---one was.

By players, poets, peers, address'd,
Nor bribe nor flattery mov'd her:
And tho' by all the men caress'd,
Yet all the---women lov'd her.

Some kind remembrance then bestow
Upon the peaceful sleeper;
Her name was PHILLIS, you must know,
One HAWTHORN was her keeper.

CHEAP TRAVELLING.

JOHN KILBURN, a person well known to many gentlemen of the turf, as a list-seller, and attendant in the stables at most of the races in the kingdom, died some years since at a public-house at Water Newton, in Huntingdonshire. He had under-

* A little spaniel bitch strayed into the Theatre in Drury-Lane, and fixed upon Mr. Beard as her master and protector, was constantly at his heels, and attended him on the stage in the character of Hawthorn. She died much lamented, not only by her master, who was a member of the Beef-Steak Club, but by all the members; at one of their meetings, as many as chose it, were requested to furnish, at the next meeting, an epitaph. Among divers, preference was given to the above, from the pen of the late worthy John Walton, to whom the club were obliged for the well known ballad of "Ned and Nell," and some beautiful songs.

gone various vicissitudes in life; had been a horse-dealer of some eminence, and in that line travelled into France, and other foreign parts; returning into England poor, he entered into several militias, and was at one time a serjeant in the Huntingdonshire; but his predilection for horses and the turf, occasioned him to quit that situation. At a town in Bedfordshire, some years ago, he was, according to the turf phrase, *quite broke down*. It was in harvest time. The week before Richmond races, near which place he was born, and to reach there in a certain time, he hit on the following expedient: he applied to a blacksmith of his acquaintance to stamp on a padlock the words "*Richmond Gaol*," which, with a chain, was fixed to one of his legs, and he composedly went into a corn field to sleep. As he expected, he was soon apprehended, and taken before a magistrate, who, after some deliberation, ordered two constables to guard him in a carriage to Richmond, no time being to be lost, Kilburn saying he had not been tried, and hoped they would not let him lay till another assizes. The constables, on their arrival at the gaol, accosted the keeper with—"Sir, do you know this man? Yes, very well, it's Kilburn; I have known him many years." We suppose he has broke out of your gaol, as he has a chain and padlock on his leg with your mark; is not he a prisoner? A prisoner! I never heard any harm of him in my

life." "Nor, (says Kilburn) have these gentlemen, sir; they have been so good as to bring me home out of Bedfordshire, and now I will not give them any farther trouble; I have got the key of the padlock, and I'll not trouble them to unlock it. I thank them for their good usage." The distance he thus travelled was about 170 miles.

THE FIDELITY OF A DOG.

IN a village situated between Caen and Vire, on the borders of a district called the Grove, there dwelt a peasant of a surly untoward temper, who frequently beat and abused his wife, insomuch that the neighbours were sometimes obliged, by her outcries, to interpose, in order to prevent farther mischief. Being at length weary of living with one whom he always hated, he resolved to get rid of her. He pretended to be reconciled, altered his behaviour, and on holidays invited her to walk out with him in the fields for pleasure and recreation. One summer evening, after a very hot day, he carried her to cool and repose herself on the borders of a spring, in a place very shady and solitary. He pretended to be very thirsty. The clearness of the water tempted them to drink. He laid himself down all along upon his belly, and swilled large draughts of it, highly commending the sweetness of the water, and urging her to refresh herself in like manner. She

believed him, and followed his example. As soon as he saw her in that posture, he threw himself upon her, and plunged her head into the water, in order to drown her. She struggled hard for her life, but could not have prevailed, but for the assistance of a dog, who used to follow, and was fond of her, and never left her. He immediately flew at the husband, and seized him by the throat, made him let go his hold, and saved the life of his mistress.

ARTIFICES OF ANIMALS OF THE CHASE.

THE artifices practised by animals proceed from several motives, many of which are purely instinctive, and others are acquired by experience and imitation. Their arts in general are called forth and exerted by three great and important causes; the love of life, the desire of multiplying and continuing the species, and that strong attachment which every animal has to its offspring. These are the sources from which all the movements, all the dexterity, and all the sagacity of animals originate; the principle of self-preservation is instinctive, and strongly impressed upon the minds of all animated beings; it gives rise to innumerable arts of attack and defence, and not unfrequently to surprising exertions of sagacity and genius. The same remark is applicable to the desire of multiplication, and to parental affection.

Upon this subject we shall, as usual, give some examples of animal artifice, which may both amuse and inform some readers.

When a bear or other rapacious animal attacks cattle, they instantly join, and form a phalanx for mutual defence; in the same circumstances, horses rank up in lines, and beat off the enemy with their heels. Pontopidon tells us, that "the small Norwegian horses, when attacked by bears, instead of striking with their hind legs, rear, and by quick and repeated strokes with their fore feet, either kill the enemy, or oblige him to retire: this curious and generally successful defence, is frequently performed in the woods, while a traveller is seated on the horse's back. It has often been remarked, that troops of wild horses, when sleeping either in plains, or in the forest, have always one of their number awake, who acts as centinel, and gives notice of any impending danger."

Margraaf informs us, that "the monkeys in Brazil, while they are sleeping on the trees, have uniformly a centinel, to warn them of the approach of the tyger, or other rapacious animals, and that if ever this centinel is found sleeping, his companions instantly tear him in pieces for his neglect of duty. For the same purpose, when a troop of monkies are committing depredations on the fruits of a garden, a centinel is placed on an eminence, who, when any person

appears, makes a certain chattering noise, which the rest understand to be a signal for retreat, and immediately fly off, and make their escape."

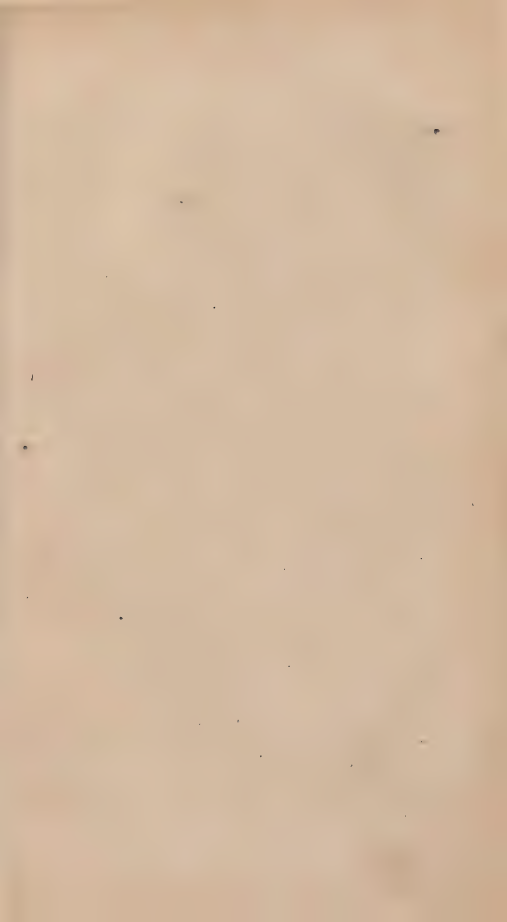
The deer kind are remarkable for the arts they employ in order to deceive the dogs; with this view, the stag often returns twice or thrice upon his former steps: he endeavours to raise hinds or younger stags to follow him, and to draw off the dogs from the immediate object of their pursuit. If he succeeds in this attempt, he then flies off with double speed, or springs off at a side, and lies down on his belly to conceal himself. When in this situation, if by any means his foot is recovered by the dogs, they pursue him with more advantage, because he is now considerably fatigued; their ardour increases in proportion to his feebleness, and the scent becomes stronger as he grows warm. From these circumstances the dogs augment their cries and their speed, and though the stag employs more arts of escape than formerly, as his swiftness diminishes, his doublings and artifices become gradually less effectual: no other resource is now left him but to fly from the earth which he treads, and go into the water, to cut off the scent from the dogs, when the huntsmen again endeavour to put them on the track of his foot. After taking to the water, the stag is so much exhausted, as to be incapable of running much further, and is soon at bay, or in other words, turns and defends him-

self against the hounds: in this situation he often wounds the dogs, and even the huntsmen, by blows with his horns, till one of them cuts his hams to make him fall, and then puts a period to his life.

The fallow deer is more delicate, less savage, and approaches nearer to the domestic state than the stag. The male, during the rutting season, makes a bellowing noise, but with a low and interrupted voice; they are not so furious as the stag; they never depart from their own country in quest of females, but they bravely fight for the possession of their mistresses; they associate in herds, which generally keep together. When great numbers are assembled in one park, they commonly form themselves into two distinct troops, which soon become hostile, because they are both ambitious of possessing the same part of the inclosure; each of these troops has its own chief or leader, who always marches foremost, and he is uniformly the oldest and strongest of the flock; the others follow him, and the whole draw up in order of battle to force the other troop, who observe the same conduct from the best pasture. The regularity with which those combats are conducted is singular; they make regular attacks, fight with courage, and never think themselves vanquished by one check, for the battle is daily renewed till the weaker are completely defeated, and obliged to remain in

the worst pasture. They love elevated and hilly countries. When hunted, they run not strait out like the stag, but double and endeavour to conceal themselves from the dogs by various artifices, and by substituting other animals in their place. When fatigued and heated, however, they take the water, but never attempt to cross such large rivers as the stag; thus between the chace of the fallow deer and of the stag there is no material difference; their sagacity and instincts, their shifts and doublings, are the same, only they are more frequently practised by the fallow deer, as he runs not so far before the dogs, and is less enterprising; he has oftener occasion to change, to substitute another in his place, to double, return upon his former tracks, &c. which renders the hunting of the fallow deer more subject to inconveniencies than that of the stag.

The roe deer is inferior to the stag and fallow deer, both in strength and stature, but he is endowed with more strength and gracefulness, courage, and vivacity; his eyes are more brilliant and animated, his limbs are more nimble, his movements are quicker, and he bounds with equal vigour and agility: he is likewise more crafty, conceals himself with greater address, and derives superior advantages from his instincts, though he leaves behind him a stronger scent than the stag, which increases the ardor of the dogs. He knows how to evade their pursuit by the rapidity





Ferocious Scotch Bull.

with which he commences his flight, and by his numerous doublings, he delays not his art of defence till his strength begins to fail him; for he no sooner perceives that the first effort of a rapid flight have been unsuccessful, than he repeatedly returns upon his former steps, and after confounding by those opposite motions the direction he has taken, after mixing the present with the past emanations of the body, he by a great bound rises from the earth, and retiring to a side, lies down flat on his belly; in this immoveable situation, he often allows the whole pack of his deceived enemies to pass very near him.

FEROCIOUS SCOTCH BULL.

ONE Thomas White, a butcher, in the city of Edinburgh, had lately a very extraordinary escape:—having gone in along with one of his companions, to drive some bullocks out of Provost Stewart's park, the bullocks, after being driven up to the gate, turned, while one of the lads was employed in opening the gate. White, when the animals turned, chased them to the foot of the park, where there was a bull well known to be very ferocious, and which immediately pursued him. He ran till he was sensible that he was losing breath, and that the animal was gaining upon him: he threw himself flat upon his back, when the creature coming up, transfixed him with one stroke of its horn, which passed

through the belly, close to the borders of the chest, the tip of the horn coming out through the lower part of the chest, so that both chest and belly were opened, and the horn had such a hold upon the lower ribs, as to turn him over before it slipt its hold.—He was saved from a second stroke, which would have surely been fatal, by his dog running at the bull, and catching it by the heel, when the bull ran round the park, roaring very furiously, the dog, which was of the small shepherd kind, still keeping its hold. White's companion coming down at this time, carried him away upon his shoulders, and laid him in a safe place behind the railing of the park: and the bull, after having shook off the dog, returned to the place where he had left the man, after having gored him, snuffing at the blood, and tearing up the ground with his hoofs. White was carried on men's shoulders to the house of a surgeon, who put back a part of the bowels which protruded at one of the wounds, and cut off, as is reported, a part of the omentum.—He was conveyed to the hospital, where, after keeping his bed eight or ten days, he made a perfect recovery!

TOM ROBERTS,

THE FAMOUS KIRMOND CRIPPLE.

THOMAS ROBERTS was born of indigent parents, at Kirmond, in Lincolnshire, where he died on the 16th of May, 1798, aged eighty-five.

This extraordinary person was, if we may so term it, a *lusus nature*; he was perfect to his elbows and knees, but without either arms or legs; above one of his elbows was a short bony substance, like the joint of a thumb, which had some muscular motion, and was of considerable use to him. Nature compensated for his want of limbs, by giving him a strong understanding, and bodily health and spirits. When Sir George Barlow, the last baronet of that ancient family, rented of Edmund Turnor, Esq. the manor and lordship of Kirmond, he kept a pack of hare-hounds. Tom was for many years employed as his huntsman, and used to ride down the hills, which are remarkably steep, with singular courage and dexterity. His turn for horses was so great, that, on leaving the service of Sir George Barlow, he became a farrier of considerable reputation, and indulging in his propensity to liquor, seldom came home sober from the neighbouring markets: he, however, required no other assistance from the parish (till he became infirm) than an habitation, and the keeping of a horse and cow. What is, perhaps, more remarkable, he married three wives! By the first, who was an elderly woman, he had no children; but by the second he left two sons, now in good situations as farmers' servants, who attended the funeral of their father, and buried him in a decent manner.

THE DUTCH BARON.

THE gentlemen of the green cloth were put out of *queue*, by a hero of a *hazard-table* imported from the continent, a few years ago, by one of the squad, who, while he pretended to be playing the *losing game*, was shrewdly suspected of going snacks in all that rolls into the *pocket*.

The Dutch Baron was introduced by his friend, who *happened* to have known him at Hamburgh. He played in a crowd of billiard amateurs and professors, many of whom were rich, and lost about one hundred and fifty guineas with the utmost *sang-froid*. Upon his retiring, his *friend* told the company he was a fine pigeon, a Dutch baron, who had emigrated from Holland with immense property, and who would as readily lose ten thousand pounds as ten guineas. Some asked, "Is it the *Gala Hope*?" "No, (replied others) he is in hands that will not let him slip a-while." "Is it the Princess Amelia's house Hope?" asked another. "Who is he? Who is he?" was eagerly enquired—"A Dutch Baron, as rich as a Jew," was answered in a whisper.

No Batavian laid out an hundred and fifty guineas so well as the Dutch Baron. The whole corps of *riflemen* flocked around him, like a swarm of fish at a piece of bread. But little P. well known at Bath, who thought he best knew how

to make his market, like a *man of business*, applied to the baron's *friend* to have the first plucking. The friend, as a *great favour*, engaged to use his influence; little P. was at the billiard-table the first man in the morning, that he might secure the play in his own hands; the baron came—to it they went; little P. kept back his play; the Dutch Baron played but poorly—fair strokes he often missed; but whenever he was at an important point, he won, as if by accident. On they went—Hambletonian and Diamond. Little P. was afraid of frightening the baron, by disclosing the extent of his play; the baron played so as to persuade every one he knew little of the game. The contest was, who should play worst at indifferent periods, and who, without seeming to play well, should play best at important points—the Baron won on all great occasions, till little P. had lost about 100*l*. But the baron managed so well, that no one thought he could play at all; and although little P. was *sickened*, yet the bait of 150 guineas found plenty of customers. Some of them, the greatest adepts in the kingdom, gave the baron at starting three points in the game; but the baron's *accidental* good play was so superior, whenever a great stake was down, he at last gave three points to those who had given him three points, and still he beat them—by *accident*. And before the billiard knowing ones at Bath would stop, the baron had won nearly ten thou-

sand pounds, with which he made a bow, and came to London.

But this *Dutch Nobleman's* fame travelled almost as fast as himself, and he was *found out*; not, however, till he had sweated some of the most knowing gentlemen of the queue.

He concealed his play so well, that no one could form an idea of its extent. To the best billiard-players he gave points, and always won on important occasions. He seemed to be a very conjuror, commanding the balls to roll as he pleased; and there was nothing to be named, that it is not supposed he could accomplish.

But the most entertaining part of his story is the stile of reprobation in which the professors of the queue spoke of his concealment of his play. They execrated him as guilty of nothing short of cheating; they, whose daily practice it was to conceal their play, and angle on the gudgeons with whom they engaged—*they* bitterly reviled the Dutch Baron for retorting their own artifice, and entrapping them in their own way.

And who was the Dutch Baron? asks every one who hears of his achievements. In Hamburgh, he was the marker at a billiard table!

THE DOG AND THE PYEMAN.

MR. SMELLIE relates a curious anecdote of a dog, who at this time belongs to a grocer in Edinburgh, has for some time amused and astonished the people in that neighbourhood. A man who goes through the streets ringing a bell and selling penny pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pye. The next time he heard the pyeman's bell, he ran to him with impetuosity, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pyeman, who understood what the animal wanted, shewed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood at the street-door, and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks. The master put a penny into the dog's mouth, which he instantly delivered to the pyeman, and received his pye. This traffic between the pyeman and the grocer's dog has been daily practised for months past, and still continues.

CHARACTER OF THE SIBERIAN DOG.

THIS animal, which is not uncommon in any of the climates about the Arctic Circle, is used in Kamtschatka for drawing sledges over the frozen snow. These sledges generally carry only a single person, who sits sideways. The number of dogs usually employed is five; four of them yoked

two and two, and the other acting as leader. The reins are fastened, not to the head, but to the collar; and the driver has, therefore, to depend principally on their obedience to his voice. Great care and attention are consequently necessary in training the leader, which, if he is steady and docile, becomes very valuable; the sum of forty roubles (or ten pounds) being no uncommon price for one of them.

The cry of *tagtag, tagtag*, turns him to the right, and *kougha, kougha*, to the left: the intelligent animal immediately understands the words, and gives to the rest the example of obedience: *ah, ha*, stops them, and *ha*, makes them set off.

The charioteer carries in his hand a crooked-stick, which answers the purpose both of whip and reins. Iron-rings are suspended at one end of this stick, both by way of ornament, and to encourage the dogs by their noise, for they are frequently jingled for that purpose. If the dogs are well trained, it is not necessary for the rider to exercise his voice; if he strikes the ice with his stick, they will go to the left; if he strikes the legs of the sledge, they will go to the right; and when he wishes them to stop, he has only to place the stick between the snow and the front of the sledge. When they are inattentive to their duty, the charioteer often chastises them, by throwing it at them. The dexterity of the riders, in picking

this stick up again, is very remarkable, and is the most difficult manœuvre in this exercise: nor is it, indeed, surprising that they should be skilful in a practice in which they are so materially interested; for, the moment the dogs find that the driver has lost his stick, unless the leader is both steady and resolute, they set off at full speed, and never stop till either their strength is exhausted, or till the carriage is overturned and dashed to pieces, or hurried down a precipice, when all are buried in the snow.

The manner in which they are generally treated, seems but ill calculated for securing their attachment. During the winter they are fed sparingly with putrid fish, and in summer are turned loose, to shift for themselves, till the return of the severe season renders it necessary to the master's interest that they should be taken again into custody, and brought once more to their state of toil and slavery. When yoking to the sledge, they utter the most dismal howlings; but, when every thing is prepared, a kind of cheerful yelping succeeds, which ceases the instant they begin their journey.

These animals have been known to perform, in three days and a half, a journey of near two hundred and seventy miles. And scarcely are horses more useful to Europeans, than these dogs are to the inhabitants of the frozen and cheerless regions of the north. When, during the most

severe storm, their master cannot see the path, nor even keep his eyes open, they very seldom miss their way: and whenever they do this, they go from one side to the other till, by their smell, they regain it; and when in the midst of a long journey, as it often happens, it is found absolutely impossible to travel any farther, the dogs, lying round their master, will keep him warm, and defend him from all danger. They also foretel an approaching storm, by stopping and scraping the snow with their feet: in which case it is always advisable, without delay, to look out for some village, or other place of safety.

THE MASTIFF.

THIS description of dog is peculiar to England, where they are principally of use as watch-dogs; a duty which they discharge not only with great fidelity, but frequently with considerable judgment. Some of them will suffer a stranger to come into the yard they are appointed to guard, and will go peaceably along with him through every part of it, so long as they continue to touch nothing; but the moment he attempts to touch any of the goods, or endeavours to leave the place, the animal informs him, first by gentle growling, or, if that is ineffectual, by harsher means, that he must neither do mischief nor go away, and seldom uses violence unless resisted;

even in this case he will sometimes seize the person, throw him down, and hold him there for hours, or until relieved, without biting him.

A most extraordinary instance of memory in a mastiff is related by M. D'Obsonville. This dog, which he had brought up in India, from two months old, accompanied himself and a friend from Pondicherry to Benglour, a distance of more than three hundred leagues. "Our journey (he says) occupied near three weeks, and we had to traverse plains and mountains, and to ford rivers, and go along several bye-paths, and the animal, which had certainly never been in that country before, lost us at Benglour, and immediately returned to Pondicherry. He went directly to the house of M. Beylier, then commandant of artillery, my friend, and with whom I had generally lived. Now the difficulty is, not so much to know how the dog subsisted on the road, for he was very strong, and able to procure himself food; but how he should so well have found his way, after an interval of more than a month. This was an effort of memory greatly superior to that which the human race is capable of exerting."

The mastiff is extremely bold and courageous. Stow relates an instance of a contest between three of them and a lion, in the presence of King James the First. One of the dogs being put into the den, was soon disabled by the lion, which

took him by the head and neck, and dragged him about: another dog was then let loose, and served in the same manner: but the third being put in, immediately seized the lion by the lip, and held him for a considerable time; till, being severely torn by his claws, the dog was obliged to quit his hold; and the lion, greatly exhausted in the conflict, refused to renew the engagement, but, taking a sudden leap over the dogs, fled into the interior part of his den. Two of the dogs soon died of their wounds: the last survived, and was taken great care of by the king's son; who said—"He that had fought with the king of beasts should never after fight with any inferior creature."

This animal, conscious of his superior strength, has been known to chastise, with great propriety, the impertinence of an inferior:—a large dog of this kind, belonging to the late M. Ridley, Esq. of Heaton, near Newcastle, being frequently molested by a mongrel, and teased by its continual barking, at last took it up in his mouth by the back, and with great composure dropped it over the quay into the river, without doing any farther injury to an enemy so much beneath his notice.

BROUGHTON THE BRUISER.

JOHN BROUGHTON served an apprenticeship to a waterman, and when out of his time plied at Hungerford-stairs, in which situation his strength and agility was long unknown.

Having a difference one day with a brother of the oar, it was resolved that the point should be decided by a fight, when it was soon found that in powers of body, and agility of arms, he had not only an eminent superiority over his antagonist, but that he evinced a genius in the art, offensive and defensive, far superior to any other of his fraternity.

Elated by the praises he received on this occasion, and convinced, by the battered appearance of the enemy, of his own strength and judgment, he sold his boat, and commenced professed boxer, in which occupation he was for several years patronized by many of the first characters in the country, and particularly by William Duke of Cumberland, and the late Marquis of Granby, who was himself an amateur in the art of boxing.

Supported by this patronage, he instituted a pugilistic academy in Tottenham-court-road, where his pupils, who felt a thirst after fame, had opportunities of bruising each others bodies, and knocking out each others teeth and eyes, in the presence of spectators, with whom were mixed many of the first characters in the nation.

In this illustrious situation, the mighty hero of the theatre often astonished his scholars, the gentry, nobility, and the public, by a display of his pre-eminence; and was always triumphant till

his unfortunate trial of skill with the notorious Slack; in which, to adopt the language of his seminary, he *gave in*, but not till both his *day-lights* were *sewed up*, by a blow exactly over his nose.

After this lamentable failure, which, however, contributed more to the temporary mortification than real disgrace of Broughton, he retired from the public stage into private life, subsisting very comfortably upon the earnings of his hands, and his situation as one of the yeomen of the guard.

He attended the duke of Cumberland in one of his military expeditions to the continent, where, on being shewn a foreign regiment of terrific appearance, the duke asked him if he thought he could beat any of the men who composed it. Upon which Broughton answered—"Yes, please your royal highness, the whole corps, with a breakfast between every battle."

He died on the 8th of January, 1789, at his house at Walcot Place, Lambeth, in the 85th year of his age.

It is universally acknowledged, by amateurs in the art, that Broughton carried both the theory and practice of it to the highest point of perfection; and that even Slack, his conqueror, was by no means equal to him in abilities.

JOHNSON AND HIS BLACK HORSE.

THIS celebrated horseman is well remembered by many persons now alive in this country. Johnson being at Derby in one of his excursions, married the daughter of Alderman Howe, who then kept one of the principal inns; and succeeded him in his business. He conducted himself so as to be well esteemed by the gentlemen of the county, and his black horse, which he still kept, was one of the favourites of the Vernon Hunt, then probably the first in England. A feat performed by him and his horse may, perhaps, be worth remembering.

The hunt were taking leave of Lord Vernon, one day, by the side of the Ha! Ha! when his lordship told Johnson, it was extraordinary that he never had been tempted, in the course of any day, to do more, as a horseman, than all the members of the hunt could do.—“Well, my lord, (said he) what would you wish me to do?”—“I am not to choose,” (said his lordship) but surely you can do something more than others.”—“I will go over that Ha! Ha! my lord.—“So can others, myself for one.”—“But I, my lord, (said he) will go over it in a way in which your lordship cannot.”

He rode his black horse up to the brink, and, as he stopped, laid his hands upon the pommel of the saddle, and sprung from that posture clear

over the Ha! Ha!—The hunt applauded, but the performance was not over. He was something shook by the fall, and did not immediately rise; the horse looked at him attentively all the while, and, when he had got out of the way, followed him over, ran up to him, and stood by his side till he mounted.

INSTANCE OF REMARKABLE SAGACITY IN
THE DOG.

Mentioned by the celebrated Leibnitz.

A PEASANT in Saxony possessed a dog of a middling size. His son imagined that he perceived in the dog's voice an indistinct resemblance to certain words, and, therefore, took it into his head to teach him to speak. For this purpose he spared neither time nor pains with his pupil, who was about three years old when this, his learned education commenced; and at length he made such a progress in language, as to be able to articulate so many as thirty words. It appears, however, that he was somewhat of a truant, and did not willingly exert his talents, being rather pressed into the service of literature; and it was necessary that the words should be first pronounced to him each time, which he, as it were, echoed from his preceptor. Leibnitz, however, attests that he himself heard him speak; and the French academicians add, that unless they had



Punishment in Yukon

received the testimony of so great a man as Leibnitz, they should scarcely have dared to report the circumstance. This wonderful dog was born at Zeitz, in Saxony.

PUNISHMENT OF THE STAG.

AN extraordinary event occurred no longer since than June, 1795, upon the frontiers of Kiow, upon the Dnieper, in Russia; when a man was seen fast tied upon the back of a stag, which, probably terrified with this uncommon burden, was going at full speed. It was to no purpose that the spectators attempted to stop, or pursue the animal; it was soon out of sight, and about eight days after the wood-cutters found both of them dead in a wood, near Miedzyryez, in Poland; the man was so much torn and mangled, as to render any recognizance of his person impossible. It was, however, conjectured, that he had been the victim of some great lord.

A similar circumstance, we are informed, occurred in the neighbourhood of Friedberg, in the sixteenth century, through which place, a man chained to the back of a stag, was seen to pass, and distinctly heard to cry for assistance, saying he had been three days in that dreadful situation, the stag having brought him all the way from Saxony. Some time after the man and the beast

were both found, almost torn to pieces, near the city of Solms.

THE ASSEMBLY OF QUADRUPEDS.

A GENTLEMAN travelling, about thirty years ago, through Mecklenburgh, was witness to the following curious circumstance, in the post-house of New Stargard. After dinner, the landlord placed on the floor a large dish of soup, and gave a loud whistle. Immediately there came into the room, a mastiff, a fine Angora cat, an old raven, and a remarkably large rat, with a bell about his neck. The four immediately went to the dish, and, without disturbing each other, fed together; after which, the dog, cat, and rat, lay before the fire, while the raven hopped about the room. The landlord, after accounting for the familiarity existing among the four, informed the guests that the rat was the most useful of them, as the noise he made with his bell had completely cleared the house from the rats and mice with which it was before infested."

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE FOX.

By Mr. Pennant, and other eminent writers.

THE fox is a native of almost every quarter of the globe, and is of such a wild nature, that it is impossible fully to tame him. He is esteemed

the most sagacious and most crafty of all beasts of prey. The former quality he shews in his mode of providing himself an asylum, where he retires from pressing dangers, where he dwells, and where he brings up his young: and his craftiness is discovered by his schemes to catch lambs, geese, hens, and all kinds of small birds. The fox, if possible, fixes his abode on the border of a wood, in the neighbourhood of some farm or village: he listens to the crowing of the cocks and the cries of the poultry; he scents them at a distance; he chuses his time with judgment; he conceals his road as well as his design; he slips forward with caution, sometimes even trailing his body, and seldom makes a fruitless expedition. If he can leap the wall, or get in underneath, he ravages the court-yard, puts all to death, and retires softly with his prey, which he either hides under the herbage, or carries off to his kennel. He returns in a few minutes for another, which he carries off or conceals in the same manner, but in a different place. In this way he proceeds till the progress of the sun, or some movements perceived in the house, advertise him that it is time to suspend his operations, and to retire to his den. He plays the same game with the catchers of thrushes, woodcocks, &c. He visits the nets and birdlime very early in the morning, carries off successively the birds which are entangled, and lays them in different places, especi-

ally by the sides of highways, in the furrows, under the herbage or brushwood, where they sometimes lie two or three days; but he knows perfectly where to find them when he is in need. He hunts the young hares in the plains, seizes old ones in their seats, digs out the rabbits in the warrens, discovers the nests of partridges and quails, seizes the mother on the eggs, and destroys a vast quantity of game. He is exceedingly voracious, and, when other food fails him, makes war against rats, field mice, serpents, lizards, and toads. Of these he destroys vast numbers, and this is the only service that he appears to do to mankind. When urged by hunger he will also eat roots or insects; and the foxes near the coasts will devour crabs, shrimps, or shell-fish. In France and Italy they do incredible mischief, by feeding on grapes, of which they are excessively fond.

We are told, by Buffon, that he sometimes attacks bee-hives, and the nests of wasps, for the sake of what he can find to eat: and that he frequently meets with so rough a reception, as to force him to retire, that he may roll on the ground and crush those that are stinging him; but having thus rid himself of his troublesome companions, he instantly returns to the charge, and obliges them at length to forsake their combs, and leave them to him as the reward of his victory. When pressed by necessity he will devour

carrion. "I once (says M. Buffon) suspended on a tree, at the height of nine feet, some meat, bread, and bones. The foxes had been at severe exercise during the night; for next morning the earth all round was beaten, by their jumping, as smooth as a barn-floor."

The fox exhibits a great degree of cunning in digging young rabbits out of their burrows. He does not enter the hole, for in this case he would have to dig several feet along the ground, under the surface of the earth; but he follows their scent above, till he comes to the end, where they lay, and then scratching up the earth, descends immediately upon, and devours them.

Pontoppidan informs us, that when the fox observes an otter go into the water to fish, he will frequently hide himself behind a stone, and when the otter comes to shore with his prey, he will make such a spring upon him, that the affrighted animal runs off, and leaves his booty behind. "A certain person (continues this writer) was surprised on seeing a fox near a fisherman's house, laying a parcel of torsk's* heads in a row: he waited the event; the fox hid himself behind them, and made a booty of the first crow that came for a bit of them."

The fox prepares for himself a convenient den, in which he lies concealed during the greater part

* A species of cod.

of the day. This is so contrived, as to afford the best possible security to the inhabitant, being situated under hard ground, the roots of trees, &c. and is besides furnished with proper outlets, through which he may escape in case of necessity. This care and dexterity in constructing for himself a habitation, is, by M. Buffon, considered as alone sufficient to rank the fox among the higher order of quadrupeds, since it implies no small degree of intelligence.

“The fox (says he) knows how to ensure his safety, by providing himself with an asylum to which he retires from pressing dangers, where he dwells, and where he brings up his young. He is not a vagabond, but lives settled in a domestic state. This difference, though it appears even among men, has greater effects, and supposes more powerful causes among the inferior animals. The single idea of a habitation, or settled place of abode, the art of making it commodious, and concealing the avenues to it, imply a superior degree of sentiment.”

He is one of those animals that, in this country, are made objects of diversion in the chace. When he finds himself pursued, he generally makes towards his hole, and penetrating to the bottom, lies till a terrier is sent in to him. If his den is under a rock, or the roots of trees, which is often the case, he is safe, for the terrier is no match for him there; and he cannot be dug out

by his enemies. When the retreat to his kennel is cut off, his stratagems and shifts to escape are as surprising as they are various. He always takes to the most woody parts of the country, and prefers the paths that are most embarrassed with thorns and briars. He runs in a direct line before the hounds, and at no great distance from them; and, if hard pushed, seeks the low wet grounds, as if conscious that the scent did not lie so well there. When overtaken, he becomes obstinately desperate, and bravely defends himself against the teeth of his adversaries, even to the last gasp.

Dr. Goldsmith relates a remarkable instance of the parental affection of this animal, which, he says, occurred near Chelmsford. "A she fox that had, as it should seem, but one cub, was unkennelled by a gentleman's hounds, and hotly pursued. The poor animal, braving every danger, rather than leave her cub behind to be worried by the dogs, took it up in her mouth, and ran with it in this manner for some miles. At last, taking her way through a farmer's yard, she was assaulted by a mastiff, and at length obliged to drop her cub; this was taken up by the farmer." And, we are happy to add, that the affectionate creature escaped the pursuit, and got off in safety.

Of all animals, the fox has the most significant

eye, by which is expressed every passion of love, fear, hatred, &c. He is remarkably playful; but, like all savage creatures half reclaimed, will on the least offence bite even those with whom he is most familiar. He is never to be fully tamed: he languishes when deprived of liberty; and, if kept too long in a domestic state, he dies of chagrin. When abroad, he is often seen to amuse himself with his fine bushy tail, running sometimes for a considerable while in circles to catch it. In cold weather he wraps it about his nose.

The fox is very common in Japan. The natives believe him to be animated by the devil, and their historical and sacred writings are all full of strange accounts respecting him.

He possesses astonishing acuteness of smell. During winter he makes an almost continual yelping, but in summer, when he sheds his hair, he is for the most part silent.

In the northern countries there is a *black fox*, a variety of the common fox. The Kamtschadales informed Dr. Grieve that these were once so numerous with them, that whenever they fed their dogs, it was a difficult a piece of labour to prevent them from partaking. The doctor says, that when he was in Kamtschatka, they were in such plenty near the forts, that in the night they entered them, without any apparent apprehension of danger

from the dogs of the country. One of the inhabitants, he informs us, caught several of them in the pit where he kept his fish.

The mode usually adopted by the inhabitants for taking them, is by traps baited with live animals: and, for the greater security, two or three of these traps are placed upon one hillock, that, whatever way the foxes approach, they may fall into one of them. This is found necessary, since those which have been once in danger, ever afterwards go so cautiously to work, as frequently to eat the bait without being seized. But, with all their cunning, when several traps are employed, it is difficult for them to escape. Their skins are very valuable.

A CELEBRATED MARKSWOMAN.

THE ingenious Dr. W. Hutton, of Birmingham, in a late publication, in which he gives an account of several singularities which he met with in a recent journey through a part of Derbyshire, adds, “ But the greatest wonder I saw, was Miss Phebe Brown, in person five feet six, about thirty, well proportioned, round sized and ruddy, a dark penetrating eye, which, the moment it fixes upon your face, stamps your character, and that with precision. Her step, pardon me the Irishism, is more manly than a man’s, and can easily cover forty miles a day. Her common dress is a man’s hat, coat, and a spencer over it, and mens’ shoes,

I believe she is a stranger to breeches. She can lift one hundred weight with each hand, and carry fourteen score. Can sew, knit, cook, and spin, but hates them all, and every accompaniment to the female character, except that of modesty. A gentleman at the New Bath recently treated her so rudely, 'that she had a good mind to have knocked him down.' She positively assured me, that she did not know what fear was—she never gives any affront, but will offer to fight any man who gives her one—if she has not fought, perhaps it is owing to the insulter's being a coward, for none else would give an affront. She has strong sense, an excellent judgment, says smart things, and supports an easy freedom in all companies. Her voice is more than masculine, it is deep-toned; the wind in her favour she can send it a mile; has no beard, or prominence of breast; accepts any kind of manual labour, as holding the plough, driving the team, thatching the ricks, &c. but her chief avocation is horse-breaking, at a guinea a week; always rides without a saddle; is supposed the best judge of a horse, cow, &c. in the country, and is frequently requested to purchase for others at the neighbouring fairs. She is fond of Milton, Pope, Shakespeare, also of music; is self-taught; performs on several instruments, the violin, &c.

She is an excellent *markswoman*, and, like her brother sportsmen, carries her gun upon her

shoulder. She eats no beef, or pork, and but little mutton; her chief food is milk, and also her drink, discarding wine, ale, and spirits."

SINGULAR BOAT MATCH.

On the 28th of June, 1765, was determined a wager, between two noblemen, for a thousand guineas, that a boat should go twenty-five miles in an hour. For this purpose a large circular trench, of one hundred feet diameter and nine feet wide, was dug in a field behind Jenny's Whim, near Chelsea bridge; and, in the centre of the land surrounded by this trench was fixed a post, with a radius, extending to the middle of the canal; so that the boat, being tied to the moveable end of the radius, might be moved with great velocity by a very slow motion, by a horse fastened to some point of the radius, between the boat and the centre. The wager was, however, lost, by part of the tackling giving way; though the trial had succeeded perfectly well the day before.

SIR J. HARRINGTON'S DOG, BUNGEY,

In a letter from Sir John Harrington to Prince Henry, son to King James I.
concerning his dogge.

MAY it please your highnesse to accepte in as good sorte what I nowe offer, as it hath done aforetyme; and I may saie *I pede fausto*; but, havinge goode reason to thinke your highnesse

had good will and likinge to read what others have tolde of my rare dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his good deedes and straunge feats; and hercin will I not play the curr myselfe, but in goode soothe relate what is no more nor lesse than bare verity. Althowgh I mean not to disparage the deedes of Alexander's horse, I will match my dogge against him for good carriage, for, if he did not bear a great prince on his back, I am bold to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater princesse on his necke. I did once relate to your highnesse after what sorte his tacklinge was wherewithe he did sojourn from my house at the Bathe to Greenwich palace, and deliver up to the cowrte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hathe often done, and came safe to the bathe, or my howse here at Kelstone, with goodlie returnes from such nobilitie as were pleased to emploie him; nor was it ever tolde our ladie queene, that this messenger did ever blab ought concerninge his high truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sente with two charges of sack wine from the bathe to my howse, by my man Combe; and on his way the cordage did slackene, but my trustie bearer did now bear himselfe so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teethe to the howse, after whiche he wente forth, and returnede with the

other parte of his burden to dinner: hereat yr highnesse may, perchance, maruele and doubte, but we have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the fieldes, and espiede his worke, and now live to tell they did muche longe to plaie the dogge and give stowage to the wine themselves; but they did refrain, and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse. I neede not saie how muche I did once grieve at missinge this dogge, for, on my journie towards Londone, some idle pastiners did diverte themselves withe huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conueyed him to the Spanish Ambassador's, where, in a happie houre, after six weekes, I did heare of him; but suche was the cowrte he did pay to the don, that he was no lesse in good likinge there then at home. Nor did the householde listen to my claim, or challenge, till I rested my suite on the dogge's own proofes, and made him perform such feats before the nobles assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bringe thence a pheasant out of the dish, which created much mirth; but much more when he returnede at my commandment to the table again, and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to allow me my claim, and we bothe were well content to accepte it, and came homewardes. I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem*; I

will now saie in what manner he died : as we tra-
velde towards the bath, he leapede on my horse's
necke, and was more earneste in fawninge and
courtinge my notice, than what I had observed
for some time backe ; and, after my chidinge his
disturbinge my passinge forwardes, he gave me
some glances of such affliction, as moved me to
cajole him ; but, alas ! he crept suddenly into a
thorny brake, and died in a short time. Thus I
have strove to rehearse such of his deedes as maie
suggest much more to yr royal highnesse thought
of this dogge. But, having said so much of him
in prose, I will say somewhat too in verse, as you
may finde hereafter at the close of this historie.
Now let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or To-
bite be led by that dogge whose name doth not
appear ; yet coud I say such things of my *Bun-
gey*, for so was he styled, as might shame them
both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonder-
ful deedes ; to say no more than I have said, of
his bearing letters to Londone and Greenwiche,
more than an hundred miles. As I doubte not
but your highnesse would love my dogge, if not
myselfe, I have been thus tedious in his storie ;
and again sai, that of all the dogges near your fa-
ther's courte, not one hathe more love, more di-
ligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge, than
him I write of ; for verily a bone will contente my
servante, when some expecte greater matters, or
will knavishly find oute a motion of contention.

I now reſte your highneſſeſe's friend in all ſervice that may ſuite him,

JOHN HARINGTON.

P. S. The verſes above ſpoken of, are in my book of Epigrams in praiſe of my dogge *Bungey* to Momus. And I have an excellent picture curiouſly limned, to remaine in my poſterity.

Kelſtone, June 14, 1608.

MR. RICHARD KNIGHT.

THIS ſporting hero was humbly deſcended, and took his firſt view of the world at Rode, a ſmall village in the county of Northampton, where, by the induſtry of his friends, he was intended to have diſplayed his manual abilities in the character of a country cordwainer, or, in other words, a maker of ſhoes; nature, however, revolted at the idea; the “ſoul of Richard” became ſuperior to the grovelling ſuggeſtion, and he felt the impreſſive impuſe, that he ſhould find himſelf more agreeably and more firmly fixed in a ſeat upon the ſaddle, than upon the hard ſtool of repentance, paying his inceſſant devoirs to the hawl, and the lapſtone.

With a mind thus elate, and prepared for a more active life, he was admitted into the ſtables of the late Lord Spencer, as a helper, from which happy period he conceived his fortune, as a ſportsman, completely made, and which he after-

wards found most amply verified. From this subordinate situation, his steadiness, sobriety, and punctuality, soon insured promotion; in a very short time after his introduction, his attachment to the hounds, horses, and sports, rendered his services of so much importance to the establishment, that he made his appearance in the field under the new appointment of a whipper-in. The hounds, at that time, were hunted by a Richard Knight, but not related in any degree to the subject of this essay; and Samuel Dimbledon, now living, was his cotemporary as fellow whipper-in.

Mr. Richard Knight, of whom we are now treating, is the son of a William Knight, who was acknowledged a most capital huntsman of that time, and hunted the fox-hounds of the late Robert Andrew, Esq. of Harlston Park, in Northamptonshire, who died in 1739; but the hunting establishment was continued by his successor. These hounds, when hunted by William, the father of the present Richard, happening to find a fox in tally-ho! covert, near the famed Naseby-Field, William, in his great anxiety to lay close to the hounds, received a blow from the branch of a tree, which instantly deprived him of an eye; this loss, however, in the heat of the chase, remained undiscovered, till having run the fox to ground at Holdenby; the hounds, in scratching at the earth, threw some dirt or sand into the

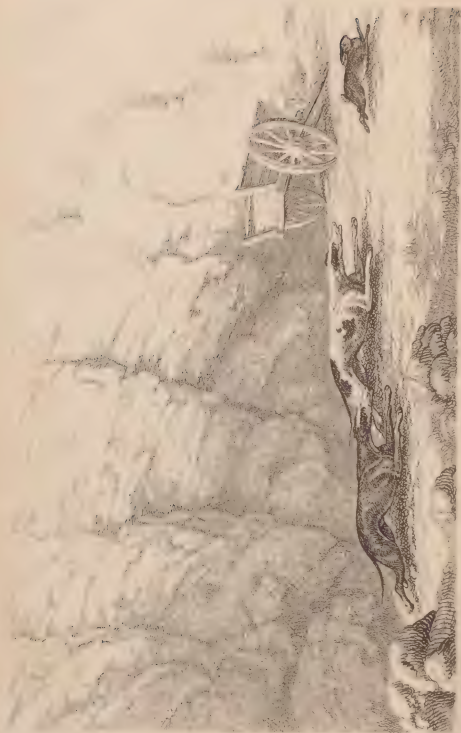
other eye, at which moment he perceived he had totally lost the sight of that where the blow from the tree was received.

In the year 1756, these hounds, belonging to the present Robert Andrew, Esq. hunted a bag-fox, which was turned out near Ravensthorpe, and killed near Towcester, after a long and excellent run. This chase was the first ever rode by the late Lord Spencer, who immediately after purchased a pack of fox-hounds; and, as is reported by some, took the said William, the father of Richard, to hunt them; which is, however, a deviation from the true state of the transaction. Upon the death of Knight, the late Earl Spencer's original huntsman, the powers of the present Richard were called into action; he was appointed to the supreme command; from which lucky hour may be dated the origin of all his future greatness in the field, where, it should seem, nature had intended him to become the most conspicuous. During the number of years he continued in a department of so much sporting importance, no man in such situation could have been entitled to more respect, or held in higher estimation.

His abilities, as a huntsman, stood the test of nice investigation, with the most experienced judges, for the long term of between twenty and thirty years, at the close of which it was universally admitted his qualifications were not to be

exceeded. Although his weight was constantly increasing—till it nearly reached eighteen stone—he was always a fair and bold rider, being invariably well in with the hounds; and it was admitted, in making his way across a country, particularly upon an emergency, his equal has never been seen. For the most part he possessed, or retained, the *suaviter in modo*, but at times there was a little austere acidity, which constituted a drawback. This might probably have proceeded from the adulation of some high characters, who servilely sought to court his attention in the field; or to the pesterings of those juvenile popinjays, who, with “an infinite deal of nothing,” are always endeavouring to attract the attention of a huntsman from the sport to some ridiculous frivolities of their own. His voice was remarkably fine, and his language to the hounds melodious and attracting. Under all which excellence, it can create no surprise, that he continued in his situation till a revolution took place in the establishment; when his official functions ceased.

After having unremittingly persevered as huntsman to the late and present Earl Spencer, for the number of years before-mentioned, the hounds, passing under the denomination of the Pichely Pack, were disposed of, with every thing appertaining, to Mr. Warde; under whose management, liberality, and hospitality, they have attained the reputation of being, at the present



day, the most perfect in the kingdom. At the time of transfer, the farther services of Mr. Knight were dispensed with, and he has retired to enjoy himself upon a small farm, near Thrapston, in his native county; where, in high health and spirits, at sixty years of age, he lives universally respected. And should the hounds once more revert to their former owner, of which there is a rumour and much expectation, there can be no doubt but Mr. Knight's sporting abilities, notwithstanding his advanced time of life, will again be called into action.

PRODIGIOUS LEAP.

ON the last day of December, 1801, as Mr. Robinson, and two other gentlemen, were coursing with a brace of greyhounds, in Surry, between Croydon and Sutton, the dogs so pressed a hare they had put up, that she was forced to leap a precipice of not less than sixty feet deep, into a chalk pit, and was followed by the dogs. Nothing short of death to both hare and greyhounds was expected; but, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it, none of them were hurt, nor was the course impeded; as the hare, after getting out of the pit, by a cart road, was followed by the dogs, and though turned several times by them, at length made his escape.

MANNER OF HUNTING THE BEAR IN NORTH
AMERICA.

A very curious account of this sport is described by Mr. Pennant as follows:—

“The chase of these animals is a matter of the first importance, and never undertaken without abundance of ceremony. A principal warrior first gives a general invitation to all the hunters. This is followed by a most serious fast of eight days, a total abstinence from all kinds of food; notwithstanding which, they pass the day in continual song. This they do to invoke the spirits of the woods to direct them to the places where there are abundance of bears. They even cut the flesh in divers parts of their bodies, to render the spirits more propitious. They also address themselves to the manes of the beasts slain in the preceding chases, as if these were to direct them in their dreams to plenty of game. One dreamer alone cannot determine the place of the chase, numbers must concur; but as they tell each other their dreams, they never fail to agree. This may arise from complaisance, or from a real agreement in their dreams, on account of their thoughts being perpetually turned on the same thing.

“The chief of the hunt now gives a great feast, at which no one dares to appear without first bathing. At this entertainment they eat with

great moderation, contrary to their usual custom. The master of the feast alone touches nothing; but is employed in relating to the guests ancient tales of the wonderful feats in former chases; and fresh invocations to the manes of the deceased bears conclude the whole.

“ They then sally forth amidst the acclamations of the village, equipped as if for war, and painted black. Every able hunter is on a level with a great warrior; but he must have killed his dozen great beasts before his character is established; after which his alliance is as much courted as that of the most valiant captain.

“ They now proceed on their way in a direct line; neither rivers, marshes, nor any other impediments, stop their course; driving before them all the beasts which they find in their way. When they arrive at the hunting-ground, they surround as large a space as their company will admit, and then contract their circle, searching as they contract, every hollow tree, and every place fit for the retreat of a bear, and continue the same practice till the time of the chase is expired.

“ As soon as a bear is killed, a hunter puts into his mouth a lighted pipe of tobacco, and blowing into it, fills the throat with the smoke, conjuring the spirit of the animal not to resent what they are going to do to its body, nor to render their future chases unsuccessful. As the beast makes no reply, they cut out the string of the tongue,

and throw it into the fire : if it crackles and runs in (which it is almost sure to do) they accept it as a good omen ; if not, they consider that the spirit of the beast is not appeased, and that the chase of the next year will be unfortunate.

“ The hunters live well during the chase, on provisions which they bring with them. They return home with great pride and self-sufficiency ; for, to kill a bear forms the character of a complete man. They give a great entertainment, and now make a point to leave nothing. The feast is dedicated to a certain genius, perhaps that of gluttony ; whose resentment they dread, if they do not eat every morsel, and even sup up the very melted grease in which the meat was dressed. They sometimes eat till they burst, or bring on themselves some violent disorders. The first course is the greatest bear they have killed, without even taking out the entrails, or taking off the skin ; contenting themselves with singeing the skin, as is practised with hogs.

JOURNAL OF A GAMESTER.

ROSE at four—dreamt had thrown crabs all night, and could not nick seven for the life of me—had some strong green tea, and threw a tea cup at my wife, because she asked for money to buy the children shoes—my stomach being queer, and my hand unsteady, tossed off a half-pint bumper of brandy, and sauntered down to the

billiard-table—saw two ill-looking fellows in the Haymarket—was afraid they were bailiffs, so shirked 'em, by dodging 'em behind a coach.—*Memorandum*, the first lucky run to change my lodgings—lost fifteen guineas at billiards, and borrowed one of a friend to pay for my dinner—won a hit or two at back-gammon, but lost again at qiquet—ordered some turtle and claret for ten, at a guinea a head, and sent my wife two shillings and sixpence to buy some victuals for herself, five children, and the maid—housekeeping damn'd expensive, and no end to woman's extravagance. Heard good news, a famous pigeon expected to dinner, a young *West Indian*, and as rich as Cræsus—was resolved to be prepared, and leave nothing to luck; so loaded a couple of the doctors, for throwing a seven and nine.

After dinner, plied the young *Creole* with wine, and shammed Abraham to avoid the glass; but, nevertheless, pretended to be drunk—about eleven o'clock, the tables were set, cash deposited, and the sport began—by three o'clock, had won 3,000l.—was high in spirits—thought myself a made man, when the devil deserted me, and put it into the head of my opponent to examine the dice!—To make short of my story, I was detected, compelled to refund, and, finally, kicked out of the room, with my ears slit, and my hair docked.

In my way home, these cogitations offered themselves—What can I do? I am expelled society—I cannot game—I cannot apply to habits of industry—What is to become of me?—I have it—a thought strikes me—the *new philosophy* says death is an eternal sleep—there's horror in the thought! but!

By five o'clock arrived at home, and found my wife in tears, and my children crying for bread! Gave 'em a hearty curse—drank a pint bumper of spirits, and went to bed!!!

THE HUNTING LEOPARD.

BY MR. PENNANT.

THE hunting leopard is about the height of a large greyhound, of a light tawny brown colour, marked with numerous circular black spots. The legs and tail are long; its form is altogether more lengthened than the tiger's, and the chest narrower. It is a native of India.

This animal is frequently tamed, and used in the chase of antelopes. It is carried in a kind of small woggon, chained and wooded, lest, on approaching the herd, it should be too precipitate, or not make choice of a proper animal. When first unchained, it does not immediately spring towards its prey, but winds with the utmost caution along the ground, stopping at intervals, and carefully concealing itself, till a favourable opportunity offers: then it darts on the herd with

astonishing swiftness, and overtakes them by the rapidity of its bounds. If, however, in its first attempt, which consists of five or six amazing leaps, it does not succeed, it loses its breath, and, finding itself unequal in speed, stands still for a while to recover: then giving up the point for that time, quietly returns to its keeper.

MAJOR LEESON.

THIS gentleman was for many years a well-known character on the turf; he died on the 1st of February, in an obscure lodging in the rules of the King's Bench. Those who have only heard of the irregularities of the latter days of the late Major, might suppose that silence would be the best tribute that could be paid to his memory. This consideration, however, would defeat the principal end of biography—instruction. Patrick Leeson, the subject of this sketch, was born at Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary, in the year 1754. It cannot be said, that fortune smiled deceitful on his birth, for the wealth of his family consisted only of a few cows and horses, and a farm, on which three generations had subsisted with peace and competence.

Patrick's father had received an education beyond that of an husbandman, who was obliged to till the ground with his own hands; but as his sober wishes never strayed beyond the bounds of his own farm, he was at first determined that his

son should tread in his own steps, and that he should not be spoiled by an education beyond his humble views. Patrick, however, was soon distinguished by a quickness of perception, and a promptitude of expression, beyond his years; and, in order that these qualities might be improved to a certain extent, he was sent to learn the Latin tongue under the instruction of a relation, who looked upon all science and human excellence to be treasured up in that language, with which he was well acquainted, for he had made it his study from his boyish days up to his grand climacteric. Our young pupil made so rapid a progress in his grammar, that his preceptor and father began to conceive the highest hopes of his talents; and, as they were both very pious men, they thought such a star should shine only in the hemisphere of the church, to use the pedagogical expression.

Patrick, it seems, was not so deeply enamoured with abstinence and prayer, for he was already put upon this regimen: he thought that youth might indulge, without criminality, in some of those amusements which are peculiar to that season; such as dancing, wrestling, riding, &c. in each of which he excelled, nature having favoured him with a fine person, and a healthy constitution.

He had now nearly accompanied the prince of Roman historians through all his battles, sieges,

&c. when a circumstance happened which put a stop to his classical career:—a recruiting party came to Nenagh, the “ear-piercing fife, and the spirit-stirring drum,” were not lost in such a buoyant mind; and Patrick protested that he would rather carry a musket as a private, than rule a score of parishes with the nod of a mitre. His grand-uncle, a catholic priest, was consulted on the occasion. The good old man, after some consideration, gave it as his opinion, that his nephew was destined by nature to wear a red coat instead of a black one; and that examples were not wanting in his own family of those that had risen to unenvied honours in the tented field. Patrick’s views were liberally seconded by a Scottish nobleman.

At the age of seventeen he came to London, as ignorant of the world as if he had just dropped into it. As he had spent, or rather wasted, his time, to use his own phrase, in the study of words, he began to study things; for this purpose he was sent to Mr Alexander’s academy, at Hampstead, where in a very short time he laid in a tolerable stock of mathematical knowledge. He was now transplanted, through the munificence of his noble patron, to the celebrated academy of Angers, in France, where he had the double advantage of finishing his military studies, and at the same time of learning the French language, which he spoke, ever after, with fluency. Whilst at this seminary

he fought a duel with Sir W. M——; the courage exerted by these two gentlemen, on that occasion, has been always spoken of to the honour of both. He was soon after appointed a lieutenant in a regiment of foot, in which he conducted himself with the propriety of a man who considers the word soldier and gentleman as synonymous terms.

The only act of indiscretion that can be laid to his charge, if it can be called by that name, will find a ready apology in the impetuosity of youthful blood, and the affection he bore to every man in the regiment, which was reciprocal. The serjeant, a sober steady man, was wantonly attacked by a blacksmith, who was the terror of the town. The serjeant defended himself as long as he was able with great spirit, but was obliged, after a hard contest, to yield to his athletic antagonist. This intelligence reached Mr. Leeson's ears the next morning: without delay he set out in pursuit of the victor, whom he found boasting of the triumph he had gained over the *lobster*, as he called the serjeant. The very expression kindled Leeson's indignation into such a flame, that he aimed a blow at the fellow's temple, which he warded off, and returned with such force, that Leeson lay for some minutes extended on the ground. Leeson, however, renewed the attack; victory, for a considerable time, seemed to declare on the side of his antagonist; but as soon as the scale turned in favour of the lieutenant, he

followed one blow after the other with such rapidity and success, that the son of Vulcan sunk at last, and yielded up the palm, with a copious effusion of blood, the loss of seven or eight teeth, and eyes beat to a jelly. In order to complete the triumph, Leeson placed him in a wheel-barrow, and in this situation he was wheeled through all the town, amidst the acclamations of the populace. Soon after this Mr. Leeson exchanged his lieutenancy for a cornetcy of dragoons. It may seem a little extraordinary, that a man who had escaped those snares that are strewed in the paths of youth, should fall into them at a time when prudence began to assume her influence over the heart. The gaming-table now presented itself in all its seductive charms. He could not resist them; and an almost uninterrupted series of success led him to Newmarket, where his evil genius, in the name of good luck, converted him in a short time into a professed gambler. At one time he had a complete stud at Newmarket; and his famous horse, Buffer, carried off all the capital plates for three years and upwards. As Leeson was a man of acute discernment, he was soon initiated into all the mysteries of the turf. He was known to all the black legs, and consulted by them on every critical occasion. Having raised an independent regiment, he was promoted to a majority. He continued for some time to maintain the dignity of his rank, and even ex-

pressed a wish to resume that conduct which had endeared him for many years to the good and the brave ; but the temptations which gambling held out were too strong to be resisted, and a train of ill-luck preyed upon his spirits, soured his temper, and drove him to that last resource of an enfeebled mind—the brandy-bottle. As he could not shine in his wonted splendor, he sought the most obscure places in the purlieus of St. Giles's, where he used to pass whole nights in the company of his countrymen of the lowest, but industrious class, charmed with their songs and native humour. It is needless to point out the result of such a habit of life—Major Leeson, that was once the soul of whim and gaiety, sunk into a state of stupor and insensibility. On some occasions, it is true, he emerged from this state ; but it was the emergence of a meteor that vanishes as it expands, and only left those that witnessed it, to lament the fall of a man that once promised to be an ornament to a profession that was dear to him in his last moments. Having contracted a number of debts, he was constantly pursued by the terriers of the law, and alternately imprisoned by his own fears, or confined in the King's Bench.

A few years since he married a Miss Mullett, who shared all his afflictions, and discharged all the duties of an affectionate wife. When sober, his manners were gentle and conciliating ; and his conversation, on many occa-

sions, evinced considerable mental vigour. He was generous and steady in his friendships, but the dupe of flattery; having experienced all those vicissitudes attendant on a life of dissipation. He was sensible of the immediate approach of his dissolution, and talked of death as a friend that would relieve him of a load that was almost insupportable. He expired in the midst of a conversation with a few friends, and waved a gentle adieu with his hands, when he found that his tongue could not perform that office.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE HARE.

(From Bingley's Animal Biography.)

THE generic character of the hare consists in its having two front teeth, both above and below; the upper pair duplicate, two small interior ones standing behind the others: the fore-feet with five, and the hinder with four toes.

These animals live entirely on vegetable food, and are all remarkably timid. They run by a kind of leaping pace, and in walking they use their hind-feet as far as the heel. Their tails are either very short (called in England *scuts*), or else they are entirely without.

The common Hare.

This little animal is found throughout Europe, and indeed in most of the northern parts of the world. Being destitute of weapons of defence,

it is endowed by Providence with the passion of fear. Its timidity is known to every one : it is attentive to every alarm, and is, therefore, furnished with ears very long and tubular, which catch the remotest sounds. The eyes are so prominent, as to enable the animal to see both before and behind.

The hare feeds in the evenings, and sleeps in his form during the day ; and as he generally lies on the ground, he has the feet protected, both above and below, with a thick covering of hair. In a moon-light evening, many of them may frequently be seen sporting together, leaping about and pursuing each other : but the least noise alarms them, and they then scamper off, each in a different direction. Their pace is a kind of gallop, or quick succession of leaps ; and they are extremely swift, particularly in ascending higher grounds, to which, when pursued, they generally have recourse : here their large and strong hind legs are of singular use to them. In northern regions, where, on the descent of the winter's snow, they would, were their summer fur to remain, be rendered particularly conspicuous to animals of prey, they change in the autumn their yellow-grey dress, for one perfectly white ; and are thus enabled, in a great measure, to elude their enemies.

In more temperate regions they chuse in winter a form exposed to the south, to obtain all the

possible warmth of that season : and in summer, when they are desirous of shunning the hot rays of the sun, they change this for one with a northerly aspect: but in both cases they have the instinct of generally fixing upon a place where the immediately surrounding objects are nearly the colour of their own bodies.

In one hare that a gentleman watched, as soon as the dogs were heard, though at the distance of nearly a mile, she rose from her form, swam across a rivulet, then lay down among the bushes on the other side, and by this means evaded the scent of the hounds. When a hare has been chased for a considerable length of time, she will sometimes push another from its seat, and lie down there herself. When hard pressed, she will mingle with a flock of sheep, run up an old wall, and conceal herself among the grass on the top of it, or cross a river several times at small distances. She never runs in a line directly forward, but constantly doubles about, which frequently throws the dogs out of the scent; and she generally goes against the wind. It is extremely remarkable that hares, however frequently pursued by the dogs, seldom leave the place where they were brought forth, or that in which they usually sit : and it is a very common thing to find them, after a long and severe chase, in the same place the day following.

The females have not so much strength and agility as the males: they are, consequently, more timid, and never suffer the dogs to approach them so near, before they rise, as the males. They are likewise said to practise more arts, and to double more frequently.

This animal is gentle, and susceptible even of education. He does not often, however, though he exhibits some degree of attachment to his master, become altogether domestic: for, although when taken very young, brought up in the house, and accustomed to kindness and attention, no sooner is he arrived at a certain age, than he generally seizes the first opportunity of recovering his liberty, and flying to the fields.

Whilst Dr. Townson was at Gottingen, he had a young hare brought to him, which he took so much pains with, as to render it more familiar than these animals commonly are. In the evenings it soon became so frolicksome, as to run and jump about his sofa and bed; sometimes in its play it would leap upon, and pat him with its fore-feet, or, whilst he was reading, even knock the book out of his hand. But whenever a stranger entered the room the little animal always exhibited considerable alarm.

Mr. Borlase saw a hare that was so familiar as to feed from the hand, lay under a chair in a common sitting-room, and appear, in every other

respect, as easy and comfortable in its situation as a lap-dog. It now and then went out into the garden, but after regaling itself always returned to the house as its proper habitation. Its usual companions were a greyhound and a spaniel, both so fond of hare-hunting, that they often went out together, without any persons accompanying them. With these two dogs this tame hare spent its evenings: they always slept on the same hearth, and very frequently it would rest itself upon them.

Hares are very subject to fleas. Linnæus tells us, that cloth made of their fur will attract these insects, and preserve the wearer from their troublesome attacks.

Dogs and foxes pursue the hare by instinct: wild cats, weasels, and birds of prey, devour it: and man, far more powerful than all its other enemies, makes use of every artifice to seize upon an animal which constitutes one of the numerous delicacies of his table. Even this poor defenceless beast is rendered an object of amusement, in its chase, to this most arrogant of all animals, who boasts his superiority over the brute creation in the possession of intellect and reason: wretchedly, indeed, are these perverted, when exercised in so cruel, so unmanly a pursuit:—

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Yet vain her best precaution, though she sits
Conceal'd with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,

By nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
And head conceal'd betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep
In scatter'd, sullen openings, far behind,
With ev'ry breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once.

In India the hare is hunted for sport, not only with dogs, but with hawks, and some species of the cat genus. The flesh, though in esteem amongst the Romans, was forbidden by the Druids, and by the Britons of the early centuries. It is now, though very black, dry, and devoid of fat, much esteemed by the Europeans, on account of its peculiar flavour.

The female goes with young about a month; she generally produces three or four at a litter, and this about four times in the year. The eyes of the young ones are open at birth: the dam suckles them about twenty days, after which they leave her and procure their own food. They make forms at a little distance from each other, and never go far from the place where they were brought forth. The hare lives about eight years.

The varying Hare.

This species has a very soft fur, which in summer is grey, with a slight mixtyre of tawny; the

tail is always white. The ears are shorter, and the legs more slender than those of the common hare; and the feet more closely and warmly furred. In size this animal is somewhat smaller.

Besides other cold parts of Europe, the varying hare is found on the tops of the highest Scots hills, never descending to the plains. It never mixes with the last species, though common in the same neighbourhood. It does not run fast, and when alarmed takes shelter in clefts of the rocks.

In September it begins to change its grey coat, and resume its white winter's dress, in which only the tips and edges of the ears, and the soles of the feet are black. In the month of April it again becomes grey. It is somewhat singular, that although this animal be brought into a house, and even kept in stoved apartments, yet it still changes its colour at the same periods that it does among its native mountains.

In some parts of Siberia the varying hares collect together in such multitudes, that sometimes flocks of five or six hundred of them may be seen migrating in spring, and returning in the autumn. Want of sustenance compels them to this: in winter, therefore, they are under the necessity of quitting the lofty hills, the southern boundaries of Siberia, and seeking the plains and northern wooded parts, where vegetables abound: and towards spring they again return to their mountain-

ous quarters. In their white state the flesh is extremely insipid.

ANECDOTE OF THE DEER,

BY COLONEL THORNTON.

EVERY circumstance relative to the sports of the field, that contain the least interest, is highly valued by those who make this healthful diversion an object of pursuit:—the following observations on the deer are from the pen of the most accomplished sportsman of the present day, which cannot but prove acceptable to the reader.

“Deer (says the colonel) cast their horns about the month of May. Nature seems to have intended this for the purposes of supplying those which have broke their horns by fighting, with new ones the succeeding year; as no animal fights more desperately, or viciously, than the deer. Their fencing and parrying, to those who have witnessed it, is beyond every thing, and, it may be said, scientific. During the time of the velvet they remain concealed as much as possible, conscious of their inability to attack or defend themselves; as the most trifling touch upon the velvet, in this state, gives them exquisite torture. The velvet, when fried, is considered by Epicurean sportsmen, the most delicate part of the deer. The growth of the horns only occupies about six weeks between the casting to the bringing them to perfection, when they have been known to



German Stag.

weigh twenty pounds. It is a mistaken notion, that the antlers impede the deer in cover, as they enable him, on the contrary, to dash through thickets and save his eyes, as also to aid him when reared on their hind legs (which they do to an extraordinary height) to draw down the young branches for sustenance. The annexed engraving describes a remarkably large stag, of sixteen hands, whose horns had grown so close together at the top that they could not be separated with a knife, was shot by his Serene Highness Lewis, the reigning Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt, the 23d of August, 1740, in the chase of Ruppen.

TREGONVILLE FRAMPTON, ESQ.

THIS extraordinary character was born in the reign of King Charles the First, when the sports of racing commenced at Newmarket, and he was Keeper of the Running Horses to their Majesties William the Third, Queen Anne, George the First, and George the Second, died 12th of March, 1727, aged 86 years. The most remarkable event in the lives of this gentleman and his horse Dragon, is most pathetically depicted by Dr. John Hawkesworth, (in No. 37 of the *Adventurer*) in the following words, supposed to be spoken by the horse in the *Elysium* of beasts and birds. "It is true, (replied the steed) I was a favourite; but what avails it to be the favourite of caprice, avarice, and barbarity:

my tyrant was a man who had gained a considerable fortune by play, particularly by racing. I had won him many large sums, but being at length excepted out of every match, as having no equal, he regarded even my excellence with malignity, when it was no longer subservient to his interest. Yet still I lived in ease and plenty; and as he was able to sell even my pleasures, though my labour was become useless, I had a seraglio in which there was a perpetual succession of new beauties. At last, however, another competitor appeared: I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation; I rushed into the field, panting for the conquest; and the first heat I put my master in possession of the stakes, which amounted to one thousand guineas. Mr. —, the proprietor of the mare that I had distanced, notwithstanding this disgrace, declared with great zeal, that she should run the next day against any gelding in the world for double the sum: my master immediately accepted the challenge, and told him that he would, the next day, produce a gelding that should beat her; but what was my astonishment and indignation, when I discovered that he most cruelly and fraudulently intended to qualify me for this match upon the spot; and to sacrifice my life at the very moment in which every nerve should be strained in his service. As I knew it would be in vain to resist, I suffered myself to be bound: the operation was performed, and I was instantly mounted, and spurred on to the goal.

Injured as I was, the love of glory was still superior to the desire of revenge. I determined to die as I had lived, without an equal; and having again won the race, I sunk down at the post in an agony, which soon after put an end to my life."

"When I had heard this horrid narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honest confusion and blushed that I was a man."

SUFFERINGS OF THE POST-HORSE.

(From Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy.")

COULD the poor Post-Horse tell thee all his woes—
Shew thee his bleeding shoulders, and unfold
The dreadful anguish he endures for gold!
Hir'd at each call of business, lust, or rage,
That prompt the trav'ler from stage to stage,
Still on his strength depends their boasted speed,
For them his limbs grow weak, his bare ribs bleed;
And though he, groaning, quickens at command,
Their extra shilling in the rider's hand
Becomes his bitter scourge—'tis he must feel
The double efforts of the lash and steel,
Till when, up hill, the destin'd inn he gains,
And trembling under complicated pains,
Prone from his nostrils, darting on the ground,
His breath emitted floats in clouds around;
Drops chase each other down his chest and sides,
And spatter'd mud his native colour hides;
Thro' his swoln veins the boiling torrent flows,
And every nerve a separate torture knows.

His harness loos'd, he welcomes, eager-eyed,
The pail's full draught that quivers by his side ;
And joys to see the well-known stable-door,
As the starv'd mariner the friendly shore.

Ah ! well for him, if here his suff'rings ceas'd,
And ample hours of rest his pains appeas'd !
But rous'd again, and sternly bade to rise,
And shake refreshing slumbers from his eyes,
Ere his exhausted spirits can return,
Or through his frame reviving ardour burn,
Come forth he must, tho' limping, maim'd, and sore ;
He hears the whip—the chaise is at the door ;
The collar tightens, and again he feels
His half-heal'd wounds inflam'd ; again the wheels,
With tiresome sameness, in his ears resound,
O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground.

FALCONRY AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

AN early writer on this subject gives us the following anecdote :—" I once had (says he) an excellent opportunity of seeing this sport near Nazareth, in Galilee. An Arab, mounting a swift courser, held the falcon on his hand, as huntsmen commonly do. When we espied the animal on the top of a mountain, he let loose the falcon, which flew in a direct line, like an arrow, and attacked the antelope, fixing the talons of one of his feet into its cheeks, and those of the other into its throat, extending his wings obliquely over the animal ; spreading one towards one of his ears, and the other to the opposite hip. The

creature, thus attacked, made a leap twice the height of a man, and freed himself from the falcon; but, being wounded, and losing both its strength and speed, it was again attacked by the bird, which fixed the talons of both his feet into its throat, and held it fast, till the huntsman coming up, took it alive, and cut its throat. The falcon was allowed to drink the blood, as a reward for his labour; and a young falcon, which was learning, was likewise put to the throat. By this means the young birds are taught to fix their talons in the throat of the animal, as the properest part; for, should the falcon fix upon the creature's hip, or some other part of the body, the huntsman would not only lose his game, but his falcon too; for the beast, roused by the wound, which could not prove mortal, would run to the deserts and the tops of the mountains, whither its enemy, keeping its hold, would be obliged to follow, and being separated from its master, must of course perish.

THE OLD HORSE ON HIS TRAVELS,

RELATED BY HIS MASTER.

THE whole life of this poor slave, till within the two last years, has been a continued trial of strength labour, and patience. He was broken to the bit by a Yorkshire jockey, to be rode the moment he was fit for service by an Oxonian scholar, who, whatever might have been his

learning in the abstruser sciences, was little conversant in the rudiments of humanity, though they are level with the lowest understanding, and founded on the tender code of that great law-giver, who has told us, "a just man is merciful to his beast." During the very first vacation, this sprightly youth so completely outrode the strength of his steed, that he sold him on the same day that he regained his college, at the recommencement of the term, for two guineas, to one of those persons who keep livery-stables, and at the same time have horses to let. It was not easily possible for a poor wretch, so badly situated before, to change so much for the worse: and, of all the fates that attend a hackney horse, that which belongs to the drudge of a public university is the most severe; it is even harder than that of the servitors of the college. He remained in this servitude, however, sixteen years, during which he was a thousand times not only priest-ridden, but parish-ridden, and yet was rarely known to stumble, and never to fall. Is it not questionable whether half the parishioners, or even the priests (with reverence be it spoken), could say as much for their *own* travels in the rugged journey of life? His master, rather from policy than compassion, thought it most for his future interest to allow his four-footed servant a short respite, and he was accordingly favoured with a month's run in what is called a salt-marsh; but, before his furlow was

expired, he was *borrowed* by some smugglers, who then infested the coast, and who made him the receiver of contraband commodities, as well as aider and abettor in practices, which, like many other underhand actions, are best carried on in the night-time. We say *borrowed*, because, after a winter's hard work in the company of these land pirates, the horse was thrown up by his temporary employers in the very marsh out of which he had been pressed into their service, and a leather label, on which was marked this facetious intelligence, fastened to his fetlock—*Owner, I have been smuggled.* By these means he unexpectedly came again into his quondam master's possession, out of which, however, he departed the summer after, in the society of an old fellow-commoner, who, after many years close confinement in the cloisters, was disposed to relinquish them in favour of a piece of church-preferment in Norfolk, which happened to be in the gift of a lady about his own standing in life, and who, in the days of her youth, avowed so strong a partiality for this gentleman, that her father, disapproving her alliance with a person who had only the hopes of a curacy before his eyes, thought fit to clog her inheritance, over which he had complete authority, with a formidable condition of forfeiting the whole estates, should she marry a son of the church; shutting out, hereby, the whole body of divinity, to exclude the aforesaid

individual member. Faithful, however, to the merits of the man who had won her heart, she was glad to find that parental tyranny, which had tied her hand, had left free her fortune; she, therefore, took the first opportunity to present the object of her early choice with the only piece of service in her power—a presentation to the living of which she was become the patroness; thinking this a better evidence of her still existing partiality, than if she had set fortune at defiance, and sacrificed not only her own advantages, but her lover's, in gratifying a passion which would have impoverished both. An example of tenderness, this, well worthy the imitation of more romantic minds. It was to be inducted to this living our learned clerk now journeyed on the ancient steed whose memoirs I am now writing; and, as he did not intend to revisit the banks of the Isis, and had often been securely carried to a neighbouring chapel, where he officiated, on the back of this identical horse, he purchased him, to the intent that he should get into a good living also. But the turbulent part of this poor brute's adventures were not yet performed. His patron died, without himself deriving what might have been expected from his benefice; and, soon after the decease of the master, the servant fell into the hands of a man in the same parish, who, to a variety of other endeavours to subsist a large and needy family,

added that of letting out occasionally a horse. Our hero, still unbroken in either knees or constitution, was deemed fit for his purpose, and, being thought of little value, was obtained at an easy price. His new master removed soon after to Lowestoft, which you know is a considerable sea-bathing town by the sea-side, in the county of Suffolk, where the toils imposed by his Oxford tyrant were more than accumulated; for, besides dragging a cart all the morning with loads of bread (a baker being among the business of his master), he was, on account of his gentle disposition, the horse fixed upon to take a couple of gouty invalids in the bathing-machine, after the more vigorous divers and dippers had finished their ablutions. In the afternoon he was harnessed to the London post-coach, which daily past from Lowestoft to Yarmouth. The next morning, by day-break, he came with the return of the said coach, and was then ready for the diurnal rotation at home, unless a more profitable offer happened to take him another way. Four years of his life were passed in this miserable round of labours, and it was at this period of his history he and I became acquainted.

My affections were engaged, and I pre-determined to make a present to them of this horse, for a sight of which I immediately sent my servant; but, when he was led to the door of my friend's house, and though my resolution to mark

him for my own grew firmer, as I gazed upon his pity-moving carcase, I totally gave up all ideas of his utility. The owner himself confessed he was almost done up; at which thought a long sigh ensued, and a confession that he had been the chief support of the family; observing, while he patted his neck, that the poor fellow might be said not only to carry his children's bread to be sold, but to make it.—“But its all over with you now, my old boy, (continued the baker) you may get me through the autumn, mayhap, and then —” —“What then?” said I.—“He must hobble away to the kennel.”—“To the kennel?”—“Even so, master: what must be, must be: I can't afford to let him die by inches; and, if I could, I don't see the humanity of that; better give him to the dogs while they can make a meal of him, and pay me a small matter for their entertainment.—He will, however, carry your honour this month to come creditably.”

Pre-determined, as I said, to spare the remains of this poor wretch, I bought him on the spot, convinced that it would be difficult to find any other person who would receive him on any terms. His appearance was such as would have justified Rosinante in refusing his acquaintance on the etiquette of comparative poverty. The association would have disgraced that celebrated spectre; nor did Quixotte himself exhibit so woeful a countenance. If ever, therefore, I

could boast of an action purely dsinterested, and which had unalloyed compassion for its basis, it was the giving five times more than he was worth, that is to say, five guineas, for this old horse; intending only, at the time, that he should pass the residue of his days in peaceful indolence, broke in upon by the infirmities of life, and die a natural death. To this end I obtained him the run of a friend's park, where I considered him as a respectable veteran retired on a pension. In this verdant hospital he remained, unsought, unseen, a whole year; at the end of which, being invited to pass the Christmas with the noble and generous owner of the park aforesaid, I paid a visit also to my pensioner, who had grown so much beyond himself on their unmeasured bounty, that he seemed to be renovated. Do not wonder that I scarce knew him in his improvements, for he appeared not to know himself. The poor fellow's very character was inverted; the alteration reached from head to heel: he neighed, snorted, kicked, and frolicked about the pasture, on my first attempt to stop him, with the airs of a silly foal. I reminded him that he ought to deport humbly, considering the melancholy situation from which he was but recently delivered; yet, so far from paying any attention, he turned from my morality with another snort of disdain, tossed up his saucy head, and threw up his heels, wholly forgetting, like other ingrates,

his former condition. Like them too, he appeared to consider the world now made for him; and, therefore, betwixt jest and earnest, I was resolved once more to shew he was made for the world.

The next day I caused him to be taken from his green recess, and performed the tour of the environs on his back. More airily, more pleasantly, I could not have been carried, nor, towards the end of the ride, more soberly. The spirit which he shewed in the pasture was but as the levities of a hearty and happy old age, in the plenitude of uncurbed leisure; like the gaiety of a veteran, who, finding himself in health, might take it into his head to finish in a country-dance; but these are sallies for a moment! Ah! my friend, how many poor starving wretches, worn down by their cruel task-masters, goaded like this horse by the "whips and spurs of the time," and driven out of one hard service to another, might, like him, be rescued, in the extremity, at small expence, and by the hand of bounty be protected from farther rigours! even till they were renewed for a serviceable, instead of a diseased old age! How many half-famished, hard-ridden creatures of the human race, I say, might, in like manner, be replenished. Reject not this long story, this episode, this heroi-comi-epic if you please; but I cannot allow you to call it a digression. You will admit it to be in point when you are given to

understand, that on this very horse, thus restored by a little indulgence, I have measured a thousand miles, and find myself in sufficient heart to measure a thousand more. In the four and twentieth year of his age we sallied forth; and if the master had, in the course of his travels, made as few trips, as few false steps, as the servant, he might be a match for the safest goer on the road of life.

CAPE BUFFALO.

THE savage disposition of this animal renders it well known about the Cape of Good Hope, and in the several other parts of Africa, where it is found. It is very large, and enormously strong. The body is of a black, or dusky ash-colour; the front parts covered with long, coarse, black hair. The horns are very thick and rugged at the base, sometimes measuring three feet in length, and laying so flat as to cover almost all the top of the head. The body and limbs are very thick and muscular; and the animal is above twelve feet long and six in height. The head hangs down, and bears a most fierce and malevolent aspect.

In the plains of Caffraria, the buffalos are so common, that it is by no means unusual to see a hundred and fifty, or two hundred, of them in a herd. They generally retire to the thickets and woods in the day time, and at night go out into the plains to graze.

Treacherous in the extreme, they frequently conceal themselves among the trees, and there stand lurking till some unfortunate passenger comes by, when the animal at once rushes out into the road, and attacks the traveller, who has no chance to escape but by climbing up a tree, if he is fortunate enough to be near one. Flight is of no avail, he is speedily overtaken by the furious beast, who, not content with throwing him down and killing him, stands over him for a long time afterwards, trampling him with his hoofs, and crushing him with his knees; and not only mangles and tears the body to pieces with his horns and teeth, but likewise strips off the skin, by licking it with his tongue. Nor does he perform all this at once, but often retires to some distance from the body, and returns with savage ferocity to gratify afresh his cruel inclination.

As Professor Thunberg was travelling in Caffaria, he and his companions had just entered a wood, when they discovered a large old male buffalo, lying quite alone, in a spot that, for the space of a few square yards, was free from bushes. The animal no sooner observed the guide, who went first, than, with a horrible roar, he rushed upon him. The fellow turned his horse short round behind a large tree, and the buffalo rushed straight forwards to the next man, and gored his horse so dreadfully in the belly, that it died soon after. These two climbed into trees,

and the furious animal made his way towards the rest, of whom the professor was one, who were approaching, but at some distance. A horse without a rider was in the front; as soon as the buffalo saw him, he became more outrageous than before, and attacked him with such fury that he not only drove his horns into the horse's breast, but even again through the very saddle. This horse was thrown to the ground with such excessive violence, that he instantly died, and many of his bones were broken. Just at this moment the professor happened to come up, but, from the narrowness of the path, having no room to turn round, he was glad to abandon his horse, and take refuge in a tolerably high tree. The buffalo, however, had finished, for, after the destruction of the second horse, he turned suddenly round, and galloped away.

Some time after this, the professor and his party espied an extremely large herd of buffalos grazing on a plain. Being now sufficiently apprized of the disposition of these animals, and knowing that they would not attack any person in the open plains, they approached within forty paces, and fired amongst them. The whole troop, notwithstanding the individual intrepidity of the animals, surprized by the sudden flash and report, turned about, and made off towards the woods. The wounded buffalos separated from the rest of the herd, from inability to keep pace with them.

Amongst these was an old bull buffalo, which ran with fury towards the party. They knew that, from the situation of the eyes of these animals, they could see in scarcely any other direction than straight forward; and that in an open plain, if a man that was pursued darted out of the course, and threw himself flat on the ground, they would gallop forward to a considerable distance before they missed him. These circumstances prevented their suffering any material alarm. The animal, from this contrivance, passed close by them, and fell before he appeared to have discovered his error. Such, however, was his strength, that, notwithstanding the ball had entered his chest, and penetrated through the greatest part of his body, he ran at full speed several hundred paces before he fell.

The Cape buffalo is frequently hunted both by Europeans and by the natives of South Africa. In Caffraria he is generally killed by means of javelins, which the inhabitants use with considerable dexterity. When a Caffre has discovered the place where several buffaloes are collected together, he blows a pipe, made of the thigh bone of a sheep, which is heard at a great distance. The moment his comrades hear this notice, they run up to the spot, and surrounding the animals, which they take care to approach by degrees, lest they should alarm them, throw their javelins at them. This is generally done with so sure an

aim, that out of eight or twelve, it is very rarely that a single one escapes. It sometimes, however, happens that, while the buffalos are running off, some one of the hunters who stands in the way is tossed and killed; but this is a circumstance not much regarded by the Caffrarians. When the chase is ended, each one cuts and takes away his share of the game.

Some Europeans at the Cape once chased a buffalo, and having driven him into a narrow place, he turned round and instantly pushed at one of his pursuers, who had on a red waistcoat. The man, to save his life, ran to the water, plunged in, and swam off: the animal followed him so closely, that the poor fellow had no alternative but that of diving. He dipped overhead, and the buffalo, losing sight of him, swam on towards the opposite shore, three miles distant, and, as was supposed, would have reached it, had he not been shot by a gun from a ship lying at a little distance. The skin was presented to the governor of the Cape, who had it stuffed, and placed it among his collection of curiosities.

Like the hog, this animal is fond of wallowing in the mire. His flesh is lean, but juicy, and of a high flavour. The hide is so thick and tough, that targets, musket-proof, are formed of it; and even while the animal is alive, it is said to be, in many places, impenetrable to a leaden musket-ball; balls, hardened with a mixture of tin, are,

therefore, always used, and even these are often flattened by the resistance. Of the skin the strongest and best thongs for harness are made.

The Hottentots, who never put themselves to any great trouble in dressing their victuals, cut the buffaloes' flesh into slices, and then smoke, and at the same time half broil it, over a few coals. They also frequently eat it in a state of putrefaction. They dress the hides by stretching them on the ground with stakes, afterwards strewing them over with warm ashes, and then with a knife scraping off the hair.

BROMLEY, THE COCK-FEEDER.

THIS celebrated character was a shoe-maker, previous to his entrance into the sporting world at Watlington, a village near Benson, in Oxfordshire; and for his punctuality in performing his promises, enjoyed no small degree of rustic reputation. Being married early in life, he was in a few years surrounded by an epitome of King Priam's family; but his wife dying, he commenced his career as a cock-feeder, with as much modest sensibility as could be expected in any man in a similar situation. His person was good, his manner open, and his countenance without disguise; but, like every other adventurer who depends upon such a fickle jilt as Fortune, he at first experienced a variety of hits and gammons, replete with various vicissitudes. Being alternately elat-

ed by the smiles of to-day, and the rebuffs of to-morrow, he continued to fluctuate between hope and despair, till his prudence and equanimity were put to the test by a rapid rise to the zenith of success and professional popularity. But the vibrations of enthusiastic, flattering, fleeting popularity, and unsullied prosperity, we are told, the brain of poor Bromley was not sufficiently fortified to bear—for having vainly suffered his ambition to rise to the utmost pitch of gratification, by an uninterrupted chain of success, he met a reverse of fortune with such a burthen of mental misery, as was ever after plainly depicted in his countenance and manner; and those who are most accustomed to scrutinize nature in her nicest moods, plainly saw into the inmost recesses of his heart.

The successes of years, in a great variety of mains, not only raised him to a degree of professional celebrity (hardly inferior to any competitor in the kingdom) but gave him such a consciousness of superiority, and disgusting consequence, that soon hurled him from the summit of that eminence he had so rapidly attained, almost to the abyss of his original insignificance in the scale of society. Even during the time a main was depending, when in the cock-pens with the masters of the match, he considered it a degradation to hear their opinions, or receive their instructions; and although they were the ostensible

and pecuniary principals of the match, their ideas and admonitions were almost invariably held in the utmost contempt. This (invincible) caprice, had it only happened in an instance or two, might have passed over without much injury to his interest, but it became, by his constant encouragement, so completely habitual, that his best friends could no longer brook the inconsistency, and visibly began to decline; his increasing pride, ill-humour, and ostentation, became at length not only unbounded, but unbearable; his greatest patrons saw it of course, with concern, and withdrew their favours in proportion.

Captain Bertie (brother of the Earl of Abingdon, lately deceased) was his first and best friend, Mr. Durand his last, for whom he was permitted to feed a main at the Cockpit Royal, upon which unusual sums of money was depending. To sum up his character, he was a man of correct professional judgment, but, unfortunately for him, that judgment was frequently subservient to the prevalence of unqualified passion and unrestrained impetuosity; failings which placed him in a situation much better conceived than described; in consequence of the overbearing rudeness and personal peevishness that latterly rendered him so truly obnoxious to his superiors, particularly those who had his interest most at heart, as well as his unfortunate subordinates, who looked upon him with the complicated

and jaundiced eyes of commiseration, envy, and discontent. At one view, however, taking him for "all in all," we presume that no one man has passed through the "fiery ordeal" of a cock-pit, surrounded with its concomitant villanies, with a greater degree of unsullied purity; many there are in the long list of "gay bold-faced villains," who have largely attacked his pecuniary sensations, without effect; and from our own knowledge of his professional practice and pleasurable pursuits, we are justified in our opinion and report, that he lived and died a man whose honesty never sustained a shock, and whose integrity was never suspected.

PECULIAR WINTER DIVERSIONS OF THE RUSSIANS.

Described by a late Traveller in that Country.

SOME of their amusements are peculiar to the climate. One of the chief is, that of riding in a light open sledge for pleasure, which is very common, because very agreeable, when the weather is not too severe. Skating may be mentioned as another; but the weather is often too severe for that, and therefore it is by no means so general in Russia as in milder climates, such as Holland, Germany, &c. But of all the winter diversions of the Russians, the most favourite, and which is peculiar to them, seems to be that of sliding down a hill. They make a track on the side of a

steep hill, mending any little inequalities with snow, or ice; then at the verge of the hill, sitting on a little seat not bigger than, and much resembling a butcher's tray, they descend with astonishing velocity. The sensation is, indeed, very odd, but, to myself, for I often had the curiosity to try, I cannot say it was agreeable; the motion is so rapid, it takes away one's breath: nor can I give you an idea of it, except desiring you to fancy you were to fall from the top of a house without hurting yourself, in which you would probably have some mixture of fear and surprise. The Russians are so fond of this diversion, that at Petersburg, having no hills, they raise artificial mounts on the ice on the river Neva, for the purpose of sliding down them; particularly on holidays and festival seasons, when all the people, young and old, rich and poor, partake of the sport; paying a trifle to the person who constructed the mount, each time they descend.

I call this peculiar to Russia, as a diversion: for though it is practised at the place known by the name of the Ramasse, the descent of Mount Cenis to Lancbourg, which, in some seasons of the year, is in a state that admits of travellers sliding down it in the same method, as is described in most books that treat of the Alps, yet this may be considered rather as necessity, or convenience, than merely amusement.

The late Empress Elizabeth was so fond of this diversion, that, at her palace of Zarsko Zello.

she had artificial mounts, of a very singular construction, made for this purpose. These have been called by some Englishmen who have visited that country, "the Flying Mountains;" and I do not know a phrase which approaches nearer to the Russian name. You will observe, that there are five mounts of unequal heights; the first and highest is full thirty feet perpendicular altitude; the momentum with which they descend to this carries them over to the second, which is about five or six feet lower, just sufficient to allow for the friction and resistance; and so on to the last, from which they are conveyed by a gentle descent, with nearly the same velocity, over a piece of water into a little island. These slides, which are about a furlong and a half in length, are made of wood, that they may be used in summer as well as in winter. The process is, two or four persons sit in a little carriage, and one stands behind, for the more there are in it, the greater the swiftness with which it goes; it runs on castors, and in grooves to keep it in its right direction, and it descends with wonderful rapidity. Under the hill is a machine worked by horses, for drawing the carriages back again, with the company in them. Such a work as this would have been enormous in most countries, for the labour and expence it cost, as well as the vast quantity of wood used in it. At the same place there is another artificial mount, which goes in a spiral

line, and, in my opinion, (for I have tried it also) is very disagreeable; as it seems always leaning on one side, and the person feels in danger of falling out of his seat.

They are able also to go out a hunting; and as the country abounds with game, it furnishes a large part of their provisions during the seasons when they are permitted to eat it; for the fasts of the Greek church, taken together, interdict animal food full half the year. The method the common people use in hunting is with snow shoes, which are nothing more than a piece of wood, half an inch thick, five or six feet long, and about four inches broad, turned up at the end which they fasten at the bottom of their feet, and by means of them they run, or rather skate, over the snow, with a pole in their hands, faster than the hare, or any game they pursue, which are apt to sink in.

They enjoy also the profitable diversion of fishing, notwithstanding the water's being covered with ice; and one manner of it, with a drag-net, is very particular, though I doubt if I shall be able to describe it, so as to give you an idea of it. There is a hole, about four feet by two, cut in the ice, to let down a common drag-net; opposite to this, at the distance they mean to pull up the net, is another hole, about four feet square: they then cut a number of small round holes at about four yards distant from each other,

in a circular form, from the hole where the net is let down, to that where it is taken up. At the ends of the two strings, that is, the upper and lower strings which drag the net, long poles are tied: these poles will reach from one round hole to another, where they are directed and pushed under the ice, as they swim at the top of the water, till they come to the biggest square hole, at which they draw them out, and by this means the net, inclosing the fish it has surrounded; for the upper part of the net is floated at the top of the water under the ice, and the lower part of it sunk by leads, in the same manner as when the river is open: the ingenuity of the operation consists in the contrivance of dragging under the ice.

SINGULAR HARE-HUNTING.

SOME time since, as Mr. Clarke, of Horn-dean, was going a few miles on foot, in the forest of Bere, to visit a friend, he observed a hare come into the green road before him, which seemed to be listening, and looking back for something which pursued her. He stood still, and hearing no dog, was curious to discover the cause of her alarm; when, to his great surprise, he discovered the object of it to be a small yellow-red and white stoat, which hunted her footsteps with the utmost precision. He, wishing

to know if so diminutive an animal could have a chance of coping with the great speed of the hare, retreated to a holm-bush hard by, where he was an attentive observer of this silent hunt for near two hours, during which, he is certain to have seen both hare and stoat at least forty times. They were frequently gone for five or ten minutes ; but the hare, still unwilling to leave the place where she was found, came round again, and her little pursuer sometimes close at her heels. Towards the end of this remarkable chase, which became uncommonly interesting, the hare took advantage of the thickest covert the place afforded, and made use of all her cunning and strength to escape, but without effect ; till at length, wearied out by the perseverance of the stoat, Mr. C. heard her cry for some time. At last, the cries coming from one point, he concluded she was become the victim of the chase ; on which he went to the spot, where he found the hare quite dead, and the stoat so intently fastened on her neck, as not to perceive his approach. The stoat, in its turn, now fell a victim to Mr. C.'s stick ; after which he proceeded, with both hare and stoat, to the house of his friend.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

YOU know the history of this far-famed palace, its original structure and destination, by Cardinal Richelieu, its descent through two successive monarchs to the last proprietor, the Duke of Orleans, whose conversion of it to its present destination afforded, at once, the means of indulging his incredible extravagance, and gratifying his inordinate avarice. I think I have heard you say, that you have read that most animated, and most excellent description of the Palais-Royal, which is inserted in one of the volumes of the Varieties of Literature: it often recurred to my memory, when I witnessed the busy bustling scene which is there depicted with such fidelity and colouring. Let a man walk under these arcades, at any hour of the day, and he will never want food, either for meditation, or amusement: but the Palais-Royal exhibits a scene of peculiar interest in the evening. B. whom, to my great surprise and pleasure, I met the other morning on the Pontneuf, and who gave us his company to dinner at our hotel, persuaded us to leave our fire-side, and take a lounge in the Palais-Royal: the shape of the building, you know, is that of a parallelogram, which incloses a large garden, whose well-gravelled walks afford a fine view of the edifice. It was about half after seven when

we entered by the *Rue de Lycée*; at this end of the Palais is a double piazza, with two rows of shops reaching from one extremity to the other; so crowded were these promenades with *ladies*, and loungers of every description, that, by common consent, the 'law of the road' was as strictly preserved, as it is in the streets of London by the hackney-coachmen! To have disturbed this easy, well-regulated flow, would have been extremely rude; and I almost question whether the tide would not have carried any little bark away which had attempted to resist it.

Though the other colonnades were also crowded, ambulation was not so difficult as here; and we had abundant opportunity to admire, as well the peculiar elegance with which the rival shopkeepers had lighted up their little cabinets of *bijouterie*, as the splendour and magnificence produced by the general illumination of the whole. After we had gratified our curiosity, and scattered as many looks as it was lawful for us married men, on the full unshaded beauties of the deep-bosomed damsels who tread this fairy ground, our friend B——, whose long residence here has made him perfectly familiar with the manners and amusements of the people, proposed to shew us the gaming-houses and subterranean gaieties of the Palais-Royal. He had scarcely spoken, when the sounds of ill-tuned instruments, and shrill piercing voices, assailed our ears; a

sort of *Siroccogleam*, composed of innumerable breathings rising upon us at the same time, sufficiently indicated that there was "High Life below Stairs." We descended into a large room, whose ceiling, walls, and decorations, counterfeit Arcadian scenery; the pillars which supported the roof represent the knotty trunks of venerable trees, whose tortuous branches, intertwisting with each other, "o'ercanopy the glade." Tityrus, or more probably some Grecian shepherd, is seen lying at his length under the shade of a wide-spreading beech-tree in the wall, cooled by a stationary stream, and watching, with untired eye, the never-ending antics of the kids and lambkins that surround him. The company is not unappropriate to the scenery; Pan is here with his pipe, and many a satyr peeps through the mimic foliage at the careless unveiled nymphs who trip, with fantastic toe, across the "velvet green." These shepherds and shepherdesses, I assure you, live not upon the unsubstantial food of love alone: they have very good appetites, believe me; many of them did I see amusing themselves with a dish of *petits-pâtés*, a bason of soup, and a fine plump *poulet*; glasses of Bourdeaux and Burgundy were filled with a generous hand, and, to my great surprise, did I often inhale the odour of hot rum punch!

The gaming-tables are in a different quarter of the Palais-Royal; we ascended a stair-case,

and opened the door of an anti-chamber, where several hundred hats, sticks, and great coats, carefully ticketed, were arranged, under the charge of two or three old men, who receive either one or two *sous*, I forget which, from every owner, for the safe delivery of his precious deposit. No dogs are admitted into these sacred apartments, nor any thing which is likely to disturb the deep attention and holy quiet which pervade them! From this anti-chamber we opened a folding-door, which introduced to a large well-lighted room, in the centre of which was a table, surrounded, at a moderate estimate, by two hundred and fifty, or three hundred persons, anxiously inspecting a game, which it was not likely that any of our party should know the name of. We proceeded to another room; another succeeded that; and yet another; a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. We omitted to reckon the number of the rooms, and, therefore, to avoid exaggeration, we will stop here; but I am inclined to believe there are more than six; all of which communicated with each other, and were equally well attended with the first. Different games were pursuing, all strange to us unfashionable folks: a few females mixed with this wretched crowd, were seated at the table, and engaged in the game.

These tables are licensed by government—pay a considerable sum of money—and are, I understand, under its immediate inspection: they are

excellently regulated: ready cash passes from the loser to the winner, and differences appear to be decided by appointed references, who sit at the table, invested with what we conjecture to be the *insignia* of office; namely, short wooden instruments, shaped like a garden hoe, and which seem to collect the twelve-livre pieces which are scattered over the table.

There is one very curious condition imposed upon the holders of these gaming-tables; they are obliged to furnish every body who enters any of the rooms, with as much table-beer as they chuse to call for. Waiters are, therefore, perpetually running backwards and forwards with overflowing tumblers of this refreshing beverage, six or seven crowded on a tray; and he is not merely a polite man, but a fortunate one, who adheres strictly to the good old-fashioned rule—"Drink what you please, but *pocket* none." Beer, to an Englishman in Paris, to me at least, is nectar: I had tasted none since we left Dover; and, although the glasses had received the homage of a hundred lips, it was impossible to resist the temptation: taking all possible care, therefore, to avoid all extraneous matter, I ventured to indulge my inclination, and am now ready to certify, before any magistrate, that the water of the Seine makes as good beer as the water of the Thames.

From these licensed tables we visited many scenes of unsanctioned dissipation, in divers subterranean chambers, where the game of billiards was dexterously played; two or three tables appear to be well attended in every room; it really makes one's heart bleed to see so many beardless youths as there are here, and lovely females, hastening on the road to ruin! But at the Palais-Royal one sees all the world in yellow, blue, and green, to use poor Yorick's words—"running at the ring of pleasure. The old, with broken lances, and in helmets, which have lost their vizors—the young, in armour bright, which shines like gold, beplumed with each gay feather of the east—all, all tilting at it, like fascinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love."

THE LATE CHARLES HUGHES,

THE CELEBRATED EQUESTRIAN.

A PROLIX detail of the origin of an equestrian performer, would be only troubling our readers with what their own understandings had probably pre-suggested, namely, that his birth was obscure, and his erudition slender. Suffice it then, in brevity, to say, that Hughes was the son of a village ale-housekeeper in Gloucestershire; that, as soon as of age sufficient for the different changes, he was a post-chaise driver, a groom in a gentleman's stable, and, in the year 1766, or

thereabout, a competitor with Price, Sampson, and others, in feats of horsemanship, in a place fitted up for the purpose, near Blackfriars-bridge, where he acquired considerable reputation in his profession; and in a very short time emigrated to the continents, Europe and North America, where we will leave him till the building of the Royal Circus, in 1782, with which we will continue his history.

At about this period it was that the ingenious Mr. Dibdin proposed to some of his friends to build a theatre for dramatic and equestrian exhibitions. Colonel West, late of Rathbone-place, (of respected memory) and four others, were shortly induced to raise a subscription for the purpose; and, being mostly men of fortune and spirit, daily enlarged and improved the scheme; and, in a few months, laid out to the tune of fifteen thousand pounds in building and preparing the Royal Circus, appointing Mr. Dibdin manager of the stage, and Hughes (who had just arrived from abroad, where he had both got and spent an immensity of money) of the ring, or horsemanship. So that the assertion, in some of the diurnal prints, that he was the first projector, and some years proprietor of that theatre, is void of truth, since he was neither the one nor the other, having a life interest only; which, indeed, gave him a power he did not fail to make use of — of ruining that theatre and himself.

The Royal Circus was opened in November 1782, Mr. Dibdin and Hughes conducting their different departments of stage and horsemanship exhibitions, under the controul and direction of the proprietors, or subscribers before-mentioned. But being not yet licensed, and the winter season coming on, it soon closed, till the spring following.

The entertainments (those of the stage particularly) were tasty and pleasing, and in the summer season of 1783, netted a clear profit of three thousand four hundred pounds. One moiety of which the proprietors generously divided between Messrs. Dibdin and Hughes, and expended the other in further decorations and improvements.

But the profits of the entertainments were but a secondary consideration to Hughes. The ring, now all the *ton*, was allowed to Hughes to make the best advantage of he could, as a riding-school; and it soon became the favourite resort of persons of the first distinction, to learn, or practice, equestrian exercises. Nay, the generosity of the proprietors towards Hughes did not stop here, for other stables, in addition to those actually belonging to the Circus, were rented by them for his use, which he occupied with horses, either to break, or for sale; and it is a well-known fact, that the clear profits of the ring, for the first year, yielded Hughes upwards of one thousand pounds; an advantage that was likely to

improve, rather than diminish, but for causes that will presently speak for themselves.

Poor Hughes was, perhaps, the most extraordinary eccentric character upon earth. Litigation was his darling passion, for the gratification of which, he would cheerfully forego any the most pecuniary advantages. That tide in his affairs which was thus rapidly running on to fortune, he as assiduously stemmed, as a man would a breach that was likely to drown him. Irascible, turbulent, and indecorous, his whole industry was daily employed in searching out objects of contention with his brother manager, of whose superior talents he was jealous to a great degree ; and the subscribers (or his co-proprietors, as he was fond of calling them) because they opposed and reproved his impetuous temper ; and having cultivated an acquaintance with some of the most abandoned characters in the rules of the King's Bench, among whom were several petti-fogging lawyers, (Colonel West, under whom his genius was rebuked, dying about this time) actions at law, and bills in chancery, engrossed his mind, and his very soul was wrapped up in brief sheets, and slips of parchment ; and at the end of the second season, counselled and assisted with the myrmidons just mentioned, and heading a hired banditti, composed of jail-runners, seized upon, and dispossessed the proprietors of their theatre,

which they, for a while, with a most unexampled meanness submitted to; and very soon after, his co-manager, Dibdin, through his violent usage, and being unprotected, abandoned the theatre, leaving him in full possession of the whole property.

For two seasons, during which a bill in chancery was pending between him and the proprietors, did Hughes alone conduct the entertainments of the Circus. But, alas! what a falling off was here.

This charming theatre, which, under the eye of Dibdin, had been fitted up with so much taste and elegance, became a shocking spectacle of devastation. The boxes, the transient resort of beauty and fashion, were occupied, by virtue of written orders from our equestrian chief, by butchers just transmigrated from their slaughter-houses, bum-bailiffs, jail-runners, and thief-takers, who, (literally to follow Sir John Falstaff's idea) might be "following their vocation," perhaps; and the place was metamorphosed into a mere bear-garden.

"Alas! to what base uses may we turn!"

But a decree in chancery being obtained against Hughes, about the latter end of the year 1787, this concern was restored to its real, if not original owners. For several transfers of shares, and parts of shares, had been made, and the firm was

now composed of a baronet, an Irish earl, a chevalier, a pharo-banker, and three *honest* attornies—a goodly group!

But now the case was materially altered with respect to Hughes, whose imprudence and dissipation had long deprived him of the resource arising from his riding-school; and articles being entered into between him and the proprietors, by order of the court, by which one thousand three hundred and five pounds per annum was to be allowed to the latter, for interest and rent, before any division of profits took place, which sum alone was not very likely to be gained, till the house had retrieved some portion at least of its lost reputation; a liberal weekly pay, for his horses and riders, was Hughes's only dependance.

On the other hand, the proprietors, who were vested with fuller power than ever over Hughes and the whole concern, either through fear, diffidence, pusillanimity, or for other good causes and considerations, perhaps, tamely gave way to his ungovernable temper, and appointing Delpini *vice* Dibdin, stage-manager, opened the theatre in 1788, and at the end of the season found themselves losers of about three thousand pounds. But seeing, too late, that their loss was to be attributed to unnecessary and exorbitant expences, rather than want of encouragement from the public, they, in the following season, delegated their power to an agent; who making a reform in the

expences, and some alterations and improvements in the house and entertainments, in spite of the intractable behaviour of Hughes, who refused to supply the horsemanship on any reasonable terms, opened the house with stage exhibitions only. But Hughes soon coming to terms (though not without causing a riot in the house for two successive evenings), the theatre, before the end of that season, was raised to the highest pitch of reputation imaginable; insomuch, that the following season brought down the jealousy and vengeance of the proprietors of the Theatres Royal; who, (to their great dishonour it must be recorded) hired a trading justice of the peace, and other emissaries, to accomplish its ruin.

Their resentment, however, in about two or three years, having subsided, they suffered Hughes, (for the proprietors abandoned it as a lost estate to them) to open it; but the representatives of Colonel West (who was the ground landlord, and lessor of the premises), soon ejected him, and then let the theatre.

Thus did poor, paradoxical Hughes, spurn the good fortune that chance (not merit) had thrown in his way, and, instead of leaving a plentiful provision for his family, died, it is to be feared, in circumstances far from affluent.

A LION HUNT.

DESCRIBED BY M. VAILLANT.

AFTER a journey of two short days, we arrived in a pleasant valley, shaded by a prodigious number of nimosas in full bloom, where we found a herd of cattle, whose presence told us, a horde could not be very distant. Klaas, and the Namagnais, went before to announce my arrival. The beauty of the pasturage, which every where covered the foot of the mountains, made me determine to spend a few days near the horde. When my tent was fixed, the chief came to pay me a visit, and gave me very satisfactory news respecting my camp at Orange River, which he had seen; they lived with another horde, who were gone to exchange cattle for tobacco. He himself would have sent some of his own people on the same object, had it not been for a circumstance that kept him in continual alarm, and hindered him from weakening his troop, by detaching his men. For some time past, a lion and lioness had taken up their abode in a thick coppice, which he shewed me; the horde had in vain endeavoured to dislodge the ferocious beasts, they having evaded all their attacks. They came, he said, every night, and attacked not only the beasts, but the men themselves; and, the very night before, they had taken away an ox. Full of

confidence and hope in the success of my fire-arms, the horde was happy at my arrival, and entreated me to rid them of so dangerous an enemy; not in the least doubting my success, if I would attempt it.

Of the two favours these people wished me to oblige them in, one was entirely out of my power, which was letting them have tobacco; for, for a month past, my own people lived on half their allowance. It was easier, however, for me to serve them in regard to the lions; but this required great circumspection and prudence. The lions being so resolved to remain, in spite of all the efforts of the horde to drive them off, made me suspect they had cubs, and this circumstance would render the attack extremely dangerous; for these animals, formidable at all times, are, under these circumstances, so furious, that nothing can resist them. Nevertheless, I engaged to attack them on the following day, and promised either to destroy them, or force them away; but considering the thickness of the coppice, and difficulty of approach, I required, independent of my own people, the assistance of all the horde. During the night we surrounded ourselves with a great many fires, and every now and then discharged our pieces. These precautions were, however, useless, for having to devour the remains of the ox, they did not appear, though we

heard them frequently during the night. At day-break all the men of the horde were armed, ready for the attack, even the women and children wished to be of the party; not indeed to join in the attack, but to have the pleasure of enjoying our victory. We heard the lions frequently roar, but the appearance of day quieted them, and the profound silence that remained on the appearance of the lion, was to us the signal of departure. The coppice was about two hundred feet long, and sixty-one broad, and was more sunk than any of the surrounding ground, so that to get at it we were forced to descend. It was chiefly composed of low bushes and underwood, except towards the middle, where there were a few nimosas. If I could have gained these trees, seated on their summit, I should have been in a favourable place to attack them; and might, at my leisure, have shot them both. To attempt this, as I did not know exactly the den of the lions, was, however, too dangerous; the only plan then that remained, was to attempt to drive them out of their hiding place. For as it was difficult, and almost impossible, to arrive at the place where they were, on account of the bushes, which were so high and thick, that my marksmen would not have been able to use their long fusils, I determined to place them at different distances on the heights that surrounded the wood, in such a manner that the lions could not reach the plain with-

out being perceived. As none of the savages would enter the place, we were obliged to attempt driving the oxen of the horde into it: this was a difficult matter; but, by dint of blows and noise, we at last forced them to enter; at the same time my dogs were let loose, and, to frighten our enemy still more, I discharged my pistol several times. The oxen smelling the animals, soon began to recoil; but being repulsed by our noise, and the barking of the dogs, they entered furiously, lowing in a dreadful manner. The lions, roused by their danger, expressed their rage by roaring horribly. The shock of two armies was not more tremendous than their terrible roaring, confounded with the animated cries of the men and dogs, and bellowing of the oxen. This frightful concert continued for some time, and I began to despair of success in our enterprize, when, on the side opposite to where I was, I heard piercing cries, instantly followed by the report of a gun; to this report, immediately succeeded shouts of joy, which passing from one to the other, soon reached me, and announced a victory. I ran to the place from whence the noise came, and found the lioness expiring.

It had at last quitted its fort, and was rushing with fury towards my troop, when Klaas, who occupied that post, seeing her, had fired at and killed her. Its tets, although without milk, were swelled and hanging, which made me suppose

her cubs were as yet young; and, in this conjecture, I was not deceived. The idea struck me of employing her body to draw them from the cop-pice. For this purpose I had her drawn to a certain distance, not doubting they would appear as soon as they found her track, and that the male himself might follow, either to revenge or defend them. I ordered therefore several of my men, who were to the right and left, to approach, and remain about twenty yards from the carcase, ready to fire if the animals approached. This scheme, however, failed, and we passed many hours fruitlessly expecting them to appear. Indeed the cubs, uneasy at not seeing their mother, ran to all quarters of the wood growling. The male separated from her, redoubled his roaring and his rage. He at one time appeared on the skirts of the thicket, his eyes flashing fire, his mane erected, and lashing his sides with his tail. But he was unfortunately out of the reach of my fusil. One of my men, who was nearer, however, fired at him, but missed him. At this bad shot he disappeared; and, whether he was afraid to attack a troop so numerous as ours, or would not abandon his young, or was slightly wounded, he appeared no more. After having uselessly waited some time, and despairing of the success of my stratagem, I resolved to have recourse to my former plan of attack, and ordered every man to his former post; but the oxen were so extremely

frightened, that when we attempted to force them again into the coppice, we found it impossible. As we had employed the greatest part of the day, and the sun was now setting, the attack would become perilous, I thought it expedient to retreat, and leave for the next day our last victory. The savages carried with joy the lioness to the kraal, with the pleasing thoughts of having got rid of one of their enemies, and the feast they should make of the carcase. As for myself, I only wanted the skin, and ordered it to be taken off; it was four feet four inches in height, and ten feet eight inches long.

The author then proceeds, and gives an account of the feast, after which he says—During the night I heard neither the roarings of the cubs, nor of their father. I attributed the cause to the noise the savages made, for if all the lions had assembled on purpose to roar together, they could scarcely have been heard, in the noise and jollity of the feast; but there was another reason, the male, frightened at the danger he was in, had taken advantage of the night, and retreated with his family. When we arrived to continue the chase in the morning, we found the wood empty. From the first entrance of my dogs I perceived we were too late, however, to be certain, I fired my pistols once or twice, in hopes, if they were there, at that noise they would make themselves heard by their roaring, or by the noise they made



View from Danvers, Brattle

in moving. This precaution having had no effect, we entered with circumspection, and only found vestiges of the slaughter this family had made. When I saw this, I occupied myself by trying to find out the size of the father, and the number and size of the cubs. From what I could judge, there seemed to have been only two; but, from the print of their feet, I imagined them to be as large as my dog Yager, who reached as high as my middle, and therefore they were already dangerous, and could do a great deal of mischief. As to the father, I concluded, from the same circumstance, (for his feet, from the impression, seemed to be nearly three times the size of the female's) that he must be of an enormous size.

LEAP FROM EGREMONT BRIDGE.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, an inhabitant of Lancaster, riding on the road between Paver-glass and Whitehaven, on a very high-spirited blood-horse, not far distant from Egremont he was passed by a single-horse chaise, which occasioned the animal to be very unruly; thinking to pacify him by passing the chaise, he cantered forwards; but the horse, no longer to be restrained, struck off on a full gallop, and coming upon Egremont-bridge (the middle of the battlements of which present nearly a right angle to the entrance upon it), was going with such fury, that, unable to retrieve himself, he leaped sidelong upon the bat-

lements, which are upwards of four feet high. The rider, finding it impossible to retrieve, and seeing the improbability of saving either of their lives, had he floundered over head foremost, just as the horse was falling headlong down, had the presence of mind to strike him on both sides with the spurs, and force him to take a clear leap.—Owing to this precaution, he alighted upon his feet, and the rider firmly keeping his seat, held up the horse, till reaching the bottom, he leaped off. When we consider the height of the bridge, which has been accurately ascertained to be upwards of twenty feet and an half perpendicular height from the top of the battlements, and that there was not one foot depth of water in the bed of the river where they fell, it is really miraculous that they were not both stricken dead upon the spot.

He travelled with his accustomed vigour from Egremont to Whitehaven, the distance of five miles. The only injury he received was a sprain in one foot, which confined him three days at his inn, the King's Arms, in Whitehaven. He remained there three days longer, waiting the recovery of his horse, who had a slight wound in the stifle-joint. Both are perfectly recovered. The horse's feet had struck one of the parapet stones of the bridge with such violence, as to throw it four inches out of its situation.

EPITAPH

ON the Death of the late
 JOHN PRATT, Esq.
 Of Askrigg, in Wensleydale,
 Who died at Newmarket, May 8, 1785.
 A character so eccentric—so variable—so valuable,
 Astonish'd the age he liv'd in.
 Tho' small his patrimony,
 Yet, assisted by that and his own genius,
 He, for upwards of thirty years,
 Supported all the hospitality
 Of an ancient BARON.
 The excellent qualities of his heart
 Were eminently evinced
 By his bounty to the poor;
 His sympathetic feelings for distress,
 And his charity for all mankind.
 Various and wonderful were the means
 Which enabled him, with unsullied reputation,
 To support his course of life:
 In which he saw, and experienced,
 Many TRIALS, and many vicissitudes,
 of fortune;
 And tho' often hard press'd, whipt, and spur'd,
 By that Jockey NECESSITY,
 He never swerv'd out of the course,
 of honour.
 Once, when his finances were impair'd,
 He receiv'd a seasonable supply
 By the performance of a MIRACLE!*
 At different periods he exhibited
 (Which were the just emblems of his own life)

* famous horse of his, got by Changeeling.

A CONUNDRUM, an ENIGMA, and a RIDDLE;
 And, strange to tell! even these
 Enrich'd his pocket.
 Without incurring censure,
 He trained up an Infidel*,
 Which turned out to his advantage.
 He had no singular partiality
 For flowers, shrubs, roots, or birds,
 Yet for several years he maintain'd a FLORIST,†
 And his RED ROSE, more than once,
 Obtain'd the premium.
 He had a HONEYSUCKLE and a PUMPKIN,
 Which brought hundreds into his purse:
 And a PHOENIX, a NIGHTINGALE, a GOLDFINCH‡, and a
 CHAFFINCH,
 Which produc'd him thousands.
 In the last war
 He was owner of a PRIVATEER,
 Which brought him several valuable prizes.
 Tho' never fam'd for gallantry,
 Yet he had in keeping, at different periods,
 A VIRGIN, a MAIDEN§, an ORANGE GIRL, and a
 BALLAD-SINGER:
 Besides several Misses||,
 To all whom his attachment was notorious.

* Got by Turk, dam (Goldfinch and Miss Nightingale's dam by Cab).

† Got by Match'em.

‡ Got by Match'em, out of Infidel's dam.

§ Got by Match'em, out of his famous Squirt mare, the dam of Conundrum, Pumpkin, Ranthos, Ænigma, &c. and grandam of Miracle, Virgin, Dido, &c.

|| The dam of Rockingham, got by Match'em, out of his Squirt mare.

And (what is still more a paradox)
 Tho' he had no issue by his lawful wife,
 Yet the numerous progeny, and quick abilities,
 Of these very females,
 Prov'd to him a source of supply.
 With all his seeming peculiarities and foibles,
 He retain'd his PURITY*
 Till a few days before his death:
 When the great CAMDEN
 Spread the fame thereof so extensively,
 As to attract the notice of his Prince,
 Who thought it no diminution of royalty
 To obtain so valuable an acquisition by purchase.
 Altho' he parted with his PURITY
 At a great price,
 Yet his honour and good name
 Remain'd untarnish'd to the end of his life.
 At his death, indeed, SLANDER,
 (In the semblance of PITY)
 Talk'd much of his insolvency,
 And much of the ruin of individuals;
 But the proof of his substance,
 And of a surplus not much inferior
 To his original patrimony,
 Soon answered—refuted—and wip'd away the calumny.
 To sum up the abstract of his character,
 It may truly be said of him,
 That his frailties were few;
 His virtues many.
 That he liv'd,
 Almost universally belov'd;
 That he died,
 Almost universally lamented.

* Afterwards Rockingham.

BADGER-HUNTING.

THE badger is not known to exist in hot countries: it is an original native of the temperate climates of Europe, and is found, without any variety, in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, Britain, Poland, and Sweden. It breeds only twice in a year, and brings forth four or five at a time.

The usual length of the badger is somewhat above two feet, exclusive of the tail, which is about six inches long; its eyes are small, and are placed in a black stripe, which begins behind the ears, and runs tapering towards the nose: the throat and legs are black; the back, sides, and tail are of a dirty grey, mixed with black; the legs are very short, strong, and thick: each foot consists of five toes; those on the fore-feet are armed with strong claws, well adapted for digging its subterraneous habitation.

The badger retires to the most secret recesses, where it digs its hole, and forms its habitation under ground. Its food consists chiefly of roots, fruits, grass, insects, and frogs. It is accused of destroying lambs and rabbits; but there seems to be no other reason for considering it as a beast of prey, than the analogy between its teeth, and those of carnivorous animals.

Few creatures defend themselves better, or bite with greater keenness than the badger: on that account it is frequently baited with dogs trained

for that purpose, and defends itself from their attacks with astonishing agility and success. Its motions are so quick, that a dog is often desperately wounded in the moment of assault, and obliged to fly. The thickness of the badger's skin, and the length and coarseness of its hair, are an excellent defence against the bites of the dogs: its skin is so loose as to resist the impression of their teeth, and gives the animal an opportunity of turning itself round, and wounding its adversaries in their tenderest parts. In this manner this singular creature is able to resist repeated attacks both of men and dogs, from all quarters; till, being overpowered with numbers, and enfeebled by many desperate wounds, it is at last obliged to yield.

In hunting the badger, you must seek the earths and burrows where he lies; and, in a clear moonshine-night, go and stop all the burrows except one or two, and therein place some sacks, fastened with drawing strings, which may shut him in as soon as he strains the bag. Some only place a hoop in the mouth of the sack, and so put it into the hole; and as soon as the badger is in the sack, and strains it, the sack slips from the hoop, and secures him in it, where he lies trembling till he is taken from his prison.

The sacks, or bags, being thus set, cast off the hounds, beating about all the woods, hedges, and tufts round about for the compass of a mile

or two ; and what badgers are abroad, being alarmed by the hounds, will soon betake themselves to their burrows. Observe, that the person who is placed to watch the sacks, must stand close, and upon a clear wind ; otherwise the badger will discover him, and immediately fly some other way into his burrow.

But if the dogs can encounter him before he can take his sanctuary, he will then stand at a bay like a boar, and make good sport, vigorously biting and clawing the dogs. In general, when they fight, they lay on their backs, using both teeth and nails ; and, by blowing up their skins, defend themselves against the bites of the dogs, and the blows given by the men.

When the badger finds that the terriers yearn* him in his burrow, he will stop the hole betwixt him and the terriers ; and, if they still continue baying, he will remove his couch into another chamber, or part of his burrow ; and so from one to another, barricading the way before them, as he retreats, till he can go no farther.

If you intend to dig the badger out of his burrow, you must be provided with such tools as are used for digging out a fox : you should also have a pail of water ready to refresh the terriers when they come out of the earth to take breath and cool themselves.

* To yearn, is to bark as beagles do at their prey.

It is no unusual thing to put some small bells about the necks of the terriers, which making a noise, will cause the badger to bolt out.

In digging, the situation of the ground must be observed and considered; or, instead of advancing the work, you probably may hinder it.

In this order you may besiege them in their holds, or castles, and break their platforms, parapets and casemates; and work to them with mines and countermines, till you have overcome them.

We must do this animal the justice to observe, that, though nature has furnished it with formidable weapons of offence, and has besides given it strength sufficient to use them with great effect, it is, notwithstanding, very harmless and inoffensive, and, unless attacked, employs them only for its support.

The badger is an indolent animal, and sleeps much: it confines itself to its hole during the whole day, and feeds only in the night. It is so cleanly as never to defile its habitation with its ordure. Immediately below the tail, between that and the anus, there is a narrow transverse orifice, from whence a white substance, of a very foetid smell, constantly exudes. The skin, when dressed with the hair on, is used for pistol furniture. Its flesh is eaten: the hind quarters are sometimes made into hams, which, when cured, are not inferior in goodness to the best bacon.

The hairs are made into brushes, which are used by painters to soften and harmonize their shades.

In walking, the badger treads on its whole heel, like the bear, which brings its belly very near the ground.

THE SPORTSMAN'S CHOICE.

MUCH fam'd is the Arabian breed, but best
The horse whom sportsmen prize above the rest ;
Such he, whose shape with these perfections crown'd,
Lightly he shifts his limbs, with speed he scours the ground.
Something above his head his neck should rise,
With looks erect, full fifteen hands in size ;
His chop should to his neck below incline,
And his full front with sprightly vigour shine ;
Let waving locks adown his foretop fly,
And brills embrown'd should edge his broad bright eye ;
Wide nostrils, ample mouth, and little ears ;
Arch'd be his neck, and fledg'd with floating hairs,
Like a plumb'd helmet, when it nods its crest,
Broad and capacious be his stately chest ;
Let his strong back be furrow'd with his chine,
His tail branch out in a long bushy line ;
Clean be his thighs, and sin'wy, but below
Strait, long, and spare, his well-turn'd shanks should shew ;
Lean be his legs, and nimble as the stag's,
With whom in speed, the fleeting tempest flags ;
Firm let him tread, and just, and move along
Upon a well-grown hoof, compact and strong ;
Proud of the sport, with too much fire to yield ;—
Such be the horse to bear me to the field !

RICHARD FAIRBROTHER.

THIS veteran sportsman was born of humble, yet well-disposed parents, in Essex, in the year 1734. At an early period he shewed a very great attachment to dogs and horses, and, as he advanced in life, his inclinations were bent towards hunting, which, as it received no material check from his parents, grew upon him to such a degree, that he resolved to leave every other mode of obtaining a livelihood, and give himself up totally to dogs and horses; and accordingly, about the age of eighteen, entered into service in the capacity of groom, where he gained some knowledge of horses; but he had not yet obtained the object of his desires, he was much fonder of dogs than horses, and his greatest delight was in the study of the different species of the canine race, the best manner of breeding them, the various distempers they were subject to, and the best and most effectual means of restoring them to health; such, in youth, were his favourite pursuits.

It is not necessary to enumerate the several persons names with whom Richard Fairbrother lived, before he arrived at an age sufficiently mature to take upon him the management of a pack of hounds, which were not numerous. His good behaviour was such, that it was no easy matter to be displeased with him; and if at any

time he did offend, he always endeavoured, to the utmost of his power, to make up for it by his future attention and obedience.

His relations being in indigent circumstances, it was not possible, or even to be expected, that he should receive any extraordinary education; but, notwithstanding such disadvantages, there was a something in his behaviour far above the lower order of people, and which was much improved after he became a huntsman, on account of his frequently conversing with gentlemen who took that diversion.

After having gone through, with a cheerful mind, the different stages, which were only preparatory to his greatest ambition, and having with much application gained a sufficient knowledge of dogs and horses to qualify him for the employ he so much wished, he at length entered into the service of a gentleman, in the quality of huntsman, where his talents in that line soon became conspicuous, and confirmed in his choice of the situation, which his inclination led him to prefer. We must here again beg leave to pass over the names of those with whom he first lived in that capacity, that we may make mention of that more celebrated part of his life, which he spent in the service. — Russel, Esq. in Essex, the fame of whose fox-hounds every sportsman must recollect, and which the subject of this article hunted in such a manner, as rendered his name

famous throughout that part of the country, and gained him the esteem of his master, which he enjoyed many years. Leaving that place, he then went into the service of Harding Newman, Esq. of Navestock, in Essex, whose fox-hounds were likewise looked upon as equal to any in the kingdom. In this gentleman's service he rode a horse, at that time well known to the sportsmen by the name of *Jolly Roger*, which carried him through several of the severest chases ever known in this kingdom; and by his extraordinary feats in the chase, united to superior talents, he gained the admiration of every one. Here should be noticed a very long chase which happened during the time he was in Mr. Newman's service. On the 2d of December, 1793, they found a fox at Bromfield-Hall Wood, near Chelmsford, and after a chase of more than twenty-six miles, without the least check, ran into him, as he was attempting to get into Lord Maynard's garden, at Dunmow; and it is worth remarking, that the hounds pursued the fox through several herds of deer, and an amazing quantity of hares, with a steadiness not to be surpassed by any of the crack packs which hunt that country. It is to be regretted that other instances similar to this cannot be given (which are sufficiently numerous), for want of an accurate description of places. Richard lived in

this place several years ; at length finding himself advancing in age, and in a manner surrounded by a large family, which looked up to him for its chief support, he began to entertain thoughts of quitting the fox-hounds entirely, and entering into some other station of life, which did not require so much exertion, and which would be attended with less danger ; not through a fear of death, but in consideration of the injury his family might sustain by his loss.

He might have had employment as a game-keeper, but an opportunity offering, he preferred hunting a pack of harriers, to that of shooting ; and accordingly engaged himself with a gentleman, about three miles from Romford, in Essex, where he spent the remainder of his life, in a manner much to his own comfort and satisfaction. In this place he enjoyed himself not quite four years, during which period he lived in a cottage, at a little distance from his master's house, with his wife and children, leading in his old age a peaceable life, like one retired from, and wearied with, the various scenes and vicissitudes of human affairs.

He constantly, during the season, hunted the hounds of the gentleman alluded to, three times a week, and was never known, during that period, to conduct himself with the least impropriety ; on the contrary, it was observed by most

people, that he behaved much better than the generality of those in his station did. We will not pretend to say, that he was entirely free from faults, but they were so trifling, that his other good qualities totally counterbalanced them. His tender regard for his family, and the care he took of it, are very much to be commended, which, though large, he contrived at all times to keep decent, and from want; and, much to his credit, he never suffered his children to use such conversation, or mix with such companions, as might tend to corrupt their morals. As soon as they were able to obtain any thing towards their own maintenance, he found means to get them employed.

The care also he took of both dogs and horses, is very much to his credit, and merit the warmest commendation.

He was a tall man, but by no means lusty. He complained of being unwell during the summer, and after a few days of very severe illness, he expired on Saturday morning, the 8th of September, 1798, in the sixty-fourth year of his age; and was buried on the Thursday following at Chigwell, very much regretted, not only by the gentlemen of the chase, but by every one who knew him.

THE OLD ENGLISH FOX-HUNTER.

IN a very elegant edition of Somervile's *Chase*, recently published, with notes by Major Topham, we have the following interesting specimen of fox-hunting in former days :—

It is curious (says the major) because it contains the portraiture of a man who was the Nimrod of his day, and was really a fox-hunter; for he dedicated the whole of a long life to it. The character is that of Old Draper, of Yorkshire, and the account is taken from anecdotes delivered down to us by his relatives.

In the old, but now ruinous mansion of Berwick-Hall, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, lived once the well-known William Draper, Esq. who bred, fed, and hunted the stanchest pack of fox-hounds in Europe. On an income of seven hundred pounds a year, and no more, he brought up frugally and creditably, eleven sons and daughters: kept a stable of right good English hunters, a kennel of true-bred fox-hounds, besides a carriage with horses suitable, to carry out my lady and the daughters to church, and other places of goodly resort. He lived in the old honest style of his county, killing every month a good ox, of his own feeding, and priding himself on maintaining a goodly substantial table; but with no foreign kickshaws. His general apparel was a long dark drab hunting-coat, a belt round his

waist, and a strong velvet cap on his head. In his humour he was very joking and facetious, having always some pleasant story, both in the field and in the hall; so that his company was much sought after by persons of good condition; which was of great use to him in afterwards advancing his own children. His stables and kennels were kept in such excellent order, that sportsmen observed them as schools for huntsmen and grooms, who were glad to come there without wages, merely to learn their business. When they had got good instruction, he then recommended them to other gentlemen, who wished for no better character than that they were recommended by Esquire Draper. He was always up, during the hunting season, at four in the morning, and mounted on one of his goodly nags at five o'clock, himself bringing forth his hounds, who knew every note of their old master's voice. In the field he rode with good judgment, avoiding what was unnecessary, and helping his hounds when they were at fault. His daughter Di, who was equally famous at riding, was wont to assist him, cheering the hounds with her voice. She died at York in a good old age; and, what was wonderful to many sportsmen, who dared not follow her, she died with whole bones in her bed.

After the fatigues of the day, whence he generally brought away a couple of brushes, he entertained those who would return with him, which

was sometimes thirty miles distance, with old English hospitality. Good old October, home-brewed, was the liquor drank; and his first fox-hunting toast,—“All the Brushes in Christendom!” At the age of eighty years this famous squire died as he lived: for he died on horse-back. As he was going to give some instructions to a gentleman who was rearing up a pack of fox-hounds, he was seized with a fit, and dropping from his old favourite poney, he expired! There was no man, rich or poor, in his neighbourhood, but what lamented his death; and the foxes were the only things that had occasion to be glad that *Squire Draper was no more!*”

A FOX CHASE.

WHILE thus the knights long smother'd fire broke forth,
The rousing musicke of the horn he hears,
Shrill echoing throug the wold, and by the north,
Where bends the hill the sounding chase appears;
The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears,
And wood and dale rebound the swelling lay;
The youths on coursers fleet as fallow deers,
Pour through the downs, while, foremost of the fray,
Away! the jolly huntsman cries; and echoe sounds, Away!

Now had the beagles scour'd the bushy ground,
Till where a brooke strays hollow through the bent,
When all confus'd, and snuffing wyldlie round,
In vain their fretful haste explor'd the scent:
But Reynard's cunning all in vain was spent,

The huntsman from his stand his arts had spy'd,
 Had markt his doublings, and his shrew'd intent,
 How both the bancks he traced, then backward ply'd;
 His track some twentie roods, then bounding sprong aside.

Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept,
 Where, hearkening every sound, an hare was laid;
 Then from the thickest bush he slylie lept,
 And wary scuds along the hawthorne shade,
 Till by the hills slant foot he earths his head
 Amid a briarie thicket: emblem meet
 Of wylie statesman of his foes adred;
 He oft misguides the people's rage, I weet,
 On others, whilst himselfe winds off with slie deceit.

The cunning huntsman now cheers on his pack,
 The lurking hare is in an instant slain:
 Then opening loud, the beagles scent the track,
 Right to the hill, while thond'ring through the plain;
 With blyth huzzas advaunce the jovial train,
 And now the groomes and squires, cowherds, and boys,
 Beat round and round the brake; but all in vain
 Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and noise,
 Till plunging in his den the terrier fiercely joys.

Expell'd his hole, upstarts to open sky
 The villain bold, and wildly glares around.
 Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly:
 As oft recoils to guard from backward wound;
 His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid sound
 The pack attonce* rush on him: foming ire,
 Fierce at his throte and sides hangs many a hound;
 His burning eyes flash wylde red sparkling fire,
 While sweltring on the swaird his breath and strength expire.

* At once, together.

MAJOR BAGGS.

THE death of this gentleman was occasioned by a cold caught at the Round-House of St. James's, when he and many others were carried there, by Justice Hyde, from the gaming-table.

In the first company he obtained, George Robert Fitzgerald was his lieutenant. As soon as he got the rank of major, he retired upon half pay, and devoting himself to deep play ever, he pursued it with an eagerness and perseverance beyond example. When he was so ill that he could not get out of his chair, he has been brought to the hazard-table, when the rattling of the dice seemed suddenly to revive him. He once won 17,000*l.* at hazard, by *throwing on*, as it is called, fourteen successive mains. He went to the East Indies in 1780, on a gaming speculation; but not finding it answer, he returned home over land. At Grand Cairo he narrowly escaped death, by retreating in a Turkish dress to Smyrna. A companion of his was seized, and sent prisoner to Constantinople, where he was at length released by the interference of Sir Robert Anstie, the English ambassador. He won 6000*l.* of Mr. O——, some years ago, at Spa, and immediately came to England to get the money from Lord ——, the father of the young man. Terms of accommodation were proposed by his lordship, in presence of Mr. D——, the

banker, whose respectability and consequence are well known. Lord O—— offered him a thousand guineas, and a note of hand for the remainder, at a distant period. Baggs wanted the whole to be paid down. Some altercation ensued. Mr. D—— then observed, that he thought his lordship had offered very handsome terms. “Sirrah, (said Baggs, in a passion) hold your tongue; the laws of commerce you may be acquainted with, but the laws of honour you know nothing about.” When he fought Fitzgerald he was wounded in the leg, and fell, but when down returned the fire, which struck the knee of his antagonist, and made him lame ever after. He never could hear of Fitzgerald’s unhappy fate without visible delight, and “grinning horribly a ghastly smile.” He is supposed to have utterly ruined by play forty persons. At one time of life he was worth more than 103,000*l*. He had fought eleven duels; and was allowed to be very skilful with the sword. He was a man of a determined mind, great penetration, and considerable literature: and, when play was out of the case, could be an agreeable and instructive companion. He was very generous to people whom he liked; and a certain naval lord, highly respected, when in rather a distressed situation at Paris, some years ago, found a never-failing resource in the purse of the major. He lived at Paris several years, in the greatest splen-

dour. His countenance was terrible, though his appearance and manners were gentleman-like. While he lived at Avignon, he frequently gave splendid suppers to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and their friends. He went to Naples at the time they did, and got introduced to the king's private parties, of whom he is said to have won 1500*l*.

REMARKABLE ABSTINENCE OF A DOG.

IN 1789, when preparations were making at St. Paul's for the reception of his Majesty, a favourite bitch followed its master up the dark stairs of the dome, here, all at once, it was missing, and calling and whistling was to no purpose. Nine weeks after this, all but two days, some glaziers were at work in the cathedral, and heard amongst the timbers which support the dome a faint noise; thinking it might be some unfortunate being, they tied a rope round a boy, and let him down near to the place whence the sound came. At the bottom he found a dog lying on its side, the skeleton of another dog, and an old shoe half eaten. The humanity of the boy led him to rescue the animal from its miserable situation, and it was accordingly drawn up. Much emaciated, and scarce able to stand, the workmen placed it in the porch of the church, to die or live, as might happen. This was about ten o'clock in the morning; some

time after, the dog was seen endeavouring to cross the street at the top of Ludgate-hill, but its weakness was so great, that, unsupported by a wall, he could not accomplish it. The miserable appearance of the dog again excited the compassion of a boy, who carried it over. By the aid of the houses he was enabled to get to Fleet-market, and over two or three narrow crossings in its way to Holborn bridge, and about eight o'clock in the evening it reached its master's house in Red Lion-street, Holborn, and laid itself down on the steps, having been ten hours in its journey from St. Paul's to that place. The dog was so much altered, the eyes being sunk in the head as to be scarce discernible, that the master would not encourage his old faithful companion, who, when lost, was supposed to weigh twenty pounds, and now only weighed three pounds fourteen ounces; the first indication it gave of knowing its master, was by wagging its tail when he mentioned the name Phillis; for a long time it was unable to eat or drink, and it was kept alive by the sustenance it received from its mistress, who used to feed it with a tea-spoon; at length it recovered. Should it be asked, how did this animal live near nine weeks without food? This was not the case. She was in whelp when lost, and doubtless eat her offspring; the remains of another dog, killed by a similar fall, was likewise found, that most probably was converted by the

survivor to the most urgent of all natural purposes; and when this treat was done, the shoe succeeded, which was almost half devoured. What famine and a thousand accidents could not do, was effected a short time after by the wheels of a coach, which unfortunately went over her, and ended the mortal days of poor Phillis.

WILD DOGS.

Of dogs that have supported themselves in a wild state, to the great loss and annoyance of the farmer, there are two instances worthy of notice, from the cunning with which both these dogs frustrated, for a length of time, every secret and open attack. In December 1784, a dog was left by a smuggling vessel near Boomer, on the coast of Northumberland. Finding himself deserted, he began to worry sheep, and did so much damage, that he was the terror of the country, within the circuit of above twenty miles. It is asserted, that when he caught a sheep, he bit a hole in its right side, and after eating the fat about the kidneys, left it. Several of them, thus lacerated, were found alive by the shepherds; and being properly taken care of, some of them recovered, and afterwards had lambs. From this delicacy of his feeding, the destruction may, in some measure be conceived, as the fat of one sheep in a day would scarcely satisfy his hunger. Various were the means used to destroy him; frequently

was he pursued with hounds, greyhounds, &c. but when the dogs came up with him, he laid down on his back, as if supplicating for mercy, and in that position they never hurt him; he therefore laid quietly, taking his rest, 'till the hunters approached, when he made off without being followed by the hounds, 'till they were again excited to the pursuit, which always terminated unsuccessfully. He was one day pursued from Howick to upwards of thirty miles distance, but returned thither and killed sheep the same evening. His constant residence was upon a rock, on the Heugh Hill, near Howick, where he had a view of four roads that approached it, and there, in March 1785, after many fruitless attempts, he was at last shot.

Another wild dog, which had committed similar devastation among the sheep, near Wooler, in the same county (Northumberland), was, on the 6th of June, 1799, advertised to be hunted on the Wednesday following, by three packs of hounds, which were to meet at different places; the aid of men and fire-arms was also requested, with a reward promised of twenty guineas to the person killing him. This dog was described by those who had seen him at a distance, as a large greyhound, with some white in his face, neck and one fore-leg white, rather grey on the back, and the rest of a jet black:—an immense concourse of people assembled at the time appointed, but the

chase was unprosperous; for he eluded his pursuers among the Cheviot Hills, and, what is singular, returned that same night to the place from whence he had been hunted in the morning, and worried an ewe and her lamb. During the whole summer he continued to destroy the sheep, but changed his quarters, for he infested the Fells sixteen miles south of Carlisle, where upwards of sixty sheep fell victims to his ferocity. In September, hounds and fire-arms were again employed against him, and after a run from Carrock Fell, which was computed to be thirty miles, he was shot whilst the hounds were in pursuit, by Mr. Sewel, of Wedlock, who laid in ambush at Moss Dale. During the chase, which occupied six hours, he frequently turned upon the headmost hounds, and wounded several so badly as to disable them. Upon examination, he appeared to be of the Newfoundland breed, of a common size, wire-haired, and extremely lean. This description does not tally with the dog so injurious to the farmers in Northumberland, although from circumstances, there is little doubt but it was the same animal.

SINGULAR AND ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

MR. ARCHER, a gentleman of about ten thousand pounds per annum, chiefly landed property in Berkshire, and partly in Essex, died a few years ago, and left a very large fortune, great part of

which he gave to his wife, but the bulk went to his daughters by a former marriage. Besides his house in Berkshire, he had a fine mansion on his beautiful estate of Coopersale, near Epping, in Essex. But this house had been deserted for twenty years or more, no one being allowed to reside in it. On the death of Mr. Archer, it fell to the lot of one of his daughters, who sent a surveyor to examine the house. His report was curious. Neither the gates of the court-yard, or the doors of the mansion-house, had been opened for the period of eighteen years. The latter, by order, were covered with plates of iron. The court-yard was crowded with thistles, docks, and weeds; and the inner hall with cobwebs. The rooks and jackdaws had built their nests in the chimnies, and the solemn bird of night had taken possession of the principal drawing-room. Several of the rooms had not been opened for thirty years. The pigeons had, for the space of twenty-five years, built their nests in the library (which contained some thousand books), having made a lodgment through the means of an aperture in one of the casements. Here they had, it is supposed, remained undisturbed for the space above-mentioned, as several loads of dung were found in the apartment. A celebrated naturalist, who was present at the opening of the house, declared he never saw cobwebs so beautiful before, or of such an amazing size. They extended the whole

length of one room, from the ceiling to the ground. The wines, ale, and rum, of each of which there were large quantities, had not been touched for twenty years; they were found in fine order, particularly the port wine. The bailiff, the gardener, and his men, were expressly ordered by their late master not to remove even a weed from the garden or grounds. The fishponds were untouched for many years. A gentleman having permission to fish, caught several jacks, weighing fourteen and fifteen pounds each. All the neighbouring gentry have been to view the house and grounds, the ruinous condition of which forms a topic of general conversation.

The style in which Mr. Archer travelled once a year, when he visited his estates, resembled more the pompous pageantry of the ancient nobles of Spain, when they went to take possession of a vice-royalty, than that of a plain country gentleman. The following was the order of the cavalcade:—1st. The coach and six, with two postillions and coachman. Three out-riders. Post-chaise and four post-horses. Phæton and four, followed by two grooms. A chaise-marine with four horses, carrying the numerous services of plate. This last was escorted by the under-butler, who had under his command three stout fellows; they formed a part of the household; all were armed with blunderbusses. Next followed the hunters with their clothes on, of scarlet, trimmed

with silver, attended by the stud-grooms and huntsman. Each horse had a fox's brush tied to the front of the bridle. The rear was brought up by the pack of hounds, the whipper-in, the hack-horses, and the inferior stablemen. In the coach went the upper servants. In the chariot Mrs. Archer; or, if she preferred a less confined view of the country, she accompanied Mr. Archer in the phæton, who travelled in all weathers in that vehicle, wrapped up in a swansdown coat.

EXTRAORDINARY SLAUGHTER.

THOSE huntsmen who are so fond of unnecessarily getting blood and wasting foxes, would doubtless have been much gratified at the hunting match given by the Prince Esterhazy, Regent of Hungary, upon the signing of a treaty of peace with France, a day's sport, that bids fair to vie in point of blood (if the King of Naples' slaughter be excepted) with any of those recorded in modern history, as there were killed, 160 deer, 100 wild boars, 300 hares, and 80 foxes. The king had a larger extent, and a longer period for the exercise of his talents, and it was proved that during his journey to Vienna, in Austria, Bohemia, and Moravia, he killed 5 bears, 1820 boars, 1960 deer, 1145 docs, 1625 roebucks, 1121 rabbits, 13 wolves, 17 badgers, 16,354 hares, and 354 foxes; the monarch had likewise the plea-

sure of doing a little in the bird way, by killing, upon the same expedition, 15,350 pheasants, and 12,335 partridges !

WOLF-HUNTING.

IN point of Numbers, the exportation of fox-hounds from this country to France, was at one period very considerable. The compiler requested a friend, who had his regular establishment of fox-hounds in France, to inform him how far the chase of the wolf was successful, or likely to be so, when prosecuted by the vigour and speed of the English fox-hound, and his reply was to the following purport :—" You wish me to communicate my observations on wolf-hunting, which I shall most readily do, but must first apprise you, that neither with my own hounds, which I took with me to France in 1774, nor with the hounds of the Count de Serrent, which were under my direction some years before, did I hunt the wolf by choice. The Count de Serrent's pack consisted of about thirty couple of French hounds, larger than the English stag-hound, fifteen couple of them were kept for stag-hunting only, and with the remainder they hunted the wild boar and the wolf. The first time I ever met Serrent's hounds was at a wolf-hunt, where a bitch wolf had littered in some woods of the count's not far distant from the forest ; the woods were nearly surrounded by the officers of the carabiniers, each

person with a double-barrelled gun, some with small bayonets fixed, and all were loaded with ball. As soon as each sportsman had taken his station, the huntsman and hounds entered the wood, they found immediately, the hounds divided, and I (who was unarmed) tally'd the old bitch wolf, who went off for the forest in the most gallant style. My English halloo amused some of the French, but enraged others, who declared that if the huntsman had not fortunately stopt the hounds, they would have gone off with the old wolf, and this indeed was my intention. The stopped hounds were clapped back to those running the cubs in the cover, and which were said to be about three or four months old; they were taller than a fox, and shewed, by the looseness of their make, and the vast size of their bone, in their then infant state, what they would be when arrived at their full growth; that, however, was forbid, for all but one were shot that day, and the remaining one was killed the day following by one of the count's keepers. These cubs, whilst hunted, never quitted the covers, nor was it supposed they had ever been out of them, for the forest, towards which the old wolf pointed, was between four or five leagues distance from the woods where she littered. I often hunted wolf afterwards, and the result was, that the wolf was either shot when quitting the cover in which he was found, or by some keeper or per-

son who accidentally saw him in his route, or he escaped by going off at one steady pace, until he left hounds, horses, and men, totally beat, and who were generally relieved by the hospitality of some curé, and enabled to return home the next day. It is asserted, that the wolf, whose pace seems for the most part to be regulated by that of his pursuers, will stop when no longer pursued, and the hounds may attack him again the next morning; perhaps so; but will not the wolf be equally refreshed by his night's repose as the hounds? Admitting that the wolf does stop, he gives his enemies a fresh chance, because formerly there was scarce a parish in France that had not one or more gamekeepers. The huntsman who hunted the wolf, related where he gave him up, how much he appeared fatigued, and which way he pointed to the keepers when his chase ended; they possibly guessed where the wolf rested that night, and by properly placing all the assistants they could collect, got a shot at him when he broke cover, in the same manner as he had been fired at the preceding day. Upon remarking this risk of being shot, which the wolf had to escape, to a French gentleman, he assured me that a friend of his, who kept hounds for the wolf only, never fired on the wolf until (unable to run any further) he turned upon the dogs, and this generally took place about the fourth or fifth day. This sounds strange hunting to us English

fox-hunters, but I declare to you that I am not prepared to deny the fact."

THE OTTER.

THE description of this animal, and the mode of destroying it, are mentioned on account of its being so inveterate a foe to the fisherman's amusement; for the otter is as destructive in a pond, as a polecat in a hen-house; this animal seems to link the chain of gradation, between terrestrial and aquatic creatures, resembling the former in its shape, and the latter, in being able to remain for a considerable space of time under water, and in being furnished with membranes like *fins* between the toes, which enable it to swim with such rapidity, as to overtake fish in their own element; the otter, however, properly speaking, is not amphibious, he is not formed for continuing in the water, since, like other terrestrial creatures, he requires the aid of respiration; for if, in pursuit of his prey, he accidentally gets entangled in a net, and has not time to cut with his teeth the sufficient number of meshes to effectuate his escape, *he is drowned*. The usual length of the otter, from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail, is twenty-three inches; of the tail itself (which is broad at the insertion and tapers to a point) sixteen; the weight of the male from eighteen to twenty-six, of the female from thirteen to twenty-two pounds; one in October 1794,

was snared in the river Lea, between Ware and Hertford, which weighed upwards of *forty* pounds. The head and nose are broad and flat, the eyes are brilliant, although small, are nearer the nose than is usual in quadrupeds, and placed in such a manner, as to discern every object that is *above*, which gives the otter a singular aspect, not unlike the eel; but this property of seeing what is above, gives it a particular advantage when lurking at the bottom for its prey, as the fish cannot discern any object *under* them, and the otter seizing them from beneath, by the belly, readily takes any number with little exertion; the ears are extremely short, and their orifice narrow; the opening of the mouth is small, the lips are capable of being brought very close together, somewhat resembling the mouth of a fish, are very muscular, and designed to close the mouth firmly, while in the action of diving, and the nose and corners of the mouth are furnished with very long whiskers; it has thirty-six teeth, six cutting and two canine above and below, of the former, the middlemost are the least, it has besides five grinders on each side in both jaws. The legs are very short, but remarkably broad and muscular, the joints articulated so loosely, that the otter can turn them quite back, and bring them on a line with its body, and use them as fins; each foot has five toes, connected by strong webs like those of a water-fowl; thus nature, in

every particular, has attended to the way of life allotted to an animal, whose food is fish, and whose haunts must necessarily be about waters. The otter has no heel, but a round ball under the sole of the foot, by which its track in the mud is easily distinguished, and is termed the *Seal*. The general shape of the otter is somewhat similar to that of an overgrown weasel, being long and slender; its colour is entirely a deep brown, except two small spots of white on each side the nose, and one under the chin; the skin is valuable, if killed in the winter, and makes gloves more durable, and which at the same time will retain their pliancy and softness, after being repeatedly wetted, beyond any other leather.

The otter shews great sagacity in forming its abode, burrowing under ground on the banks of some river or lake; and always making the entrance of its hole under water, working upwards to the surface of the earth, and forming several holts, or lodges, that, in case of high floods, it may have a retreat (for no animal is more careful to repose in a dry place), and there making a minute orifice for the admission of air; and even this aperture, for greater concealment, is frequently made in the middle of some thick bush. The otter is very cleanly, depositing its excrements, or *spraints*, in only one place; upon the least alarm it flies to the water, where by its rapi-

dity in swimming it frequently escapes from its pursuers.

The otter destroys large quantities of fish, for he will eat none, unless it be perfectly fresh, and what he takes himself; by his mode of eating them, he causes a still greater consumption. So soon as the otter catches a fish, he drags it on shore, devours it to the *vent*, but, unless pressed by extreme hunger, always leaves the remainder, and takes to the water in quest of more. In rivers it is always observed to swim against the stream, to meet its prey; it has been asserted, that two otters will hunt in concert that active fish the salmon; one stations itself above, the other below where the fish lies, and being thus chased incessantly, the wearied salmon becomes their victim. To suppose the otter never uses the sea, is a mistake, for they often have been seen in it, both swimming and seeking for their booty in it, and which, in the Orknies, has been observed to be cod and conger.

In very hard weather, when its natural sort of food fails, the otter will kill lambs, sucking pigs, and poultry, and one was caught in a warren, where he had come to prey on the rabbits. In the year 1793, as two gentlemen were shooting at Pilton, in Devonshire, the pointer stood at some brakes, from whence burst a large otter, the dog seized, but being severely bitten, was

soon obliged to quit his hold ; after driving him about for some time in a turnip field, they killed him by blows upon the head, and this otter was at a distance of at least five miles from any river or pond, that could supply him with fish, and it is to be presumed, he meant to prey upon some land animal, as he had prowled so far from the place where his natural food could be procured.

The otter's flesh is extremely rank and fishy ; the Romish church allows its use on *maigre* days. In the kitchen of the Carthusian convent, near Dijon, Mr. Pennant reports that he saw one preparing for the dinner of the *religieuse* of that rigid order, who, by their rules, are prohibited, during their whole lives, the eating of flesh.

The otter brings four or five young at a time, about the month of June ; as it frequents ponds near gentlemen's houses, litters have been found in cellars, sinks, and other drains. The cubs have been known to have been suckled and brought up by a bitch ; near South Molton, in Devonshire, this happened, and the young otter followed his master with the dogs, but seemed to have no inclination for the water. The young of animals are generally beautiful, but the young otter is not so handsome as the old.

There are many instances of otters being tamed when taken young, and becoming so domesticated as to follow their master, answer to a name, and employ their talent in fishing for him : in this

state, when fish cannot be had, milk, and pudding made of oatmeal, have been substituted for their food.

William Collis, of Kemmerston, near Wooler, in Northumberland, had a tame otter, which always attended him, would fish in the river, and when satiated return to him. In Collis's absence, his son took the otter out to fish, but it refused to come at the accustomed call, and was lost; the father, after several days search, being near the place where it was lost, and calling it by its name, it came creeping to his feet, and shewed many genuine marks of firm attachment. Its food (exclusive of fish) consisted chiefly of milk and hasty pudding.

James Campbell, near Inverness, had likewise a tame otter, which was frequently employed in fishing, and would take eight or ten salmon in a day. If not prevented, it always attempted to break the salmon behind the fin next the tail; when one was taken from it, it dived for more; and when tired, and satisfied with eating the share of the prize allotted it, it curled itself round and fell asleep, in which state it was generally carried home. This otter fished as well in the sea as in a river, and took great numbers of codlings and other fish. The food besides fish was milk.

Mr. Edwards, likewise, of Little Waltham Hall, Essex, had an otter which always attended him

like a dog, and every afternoon, when the old gentleman slept, the otter regularly stationed itself in his lap; it used to get fish from the ponds in the gardens and grounds near the house; it had milk also given it, and was at last accidentally killed, by a maid-servant striking it with a broom handle upon the *nose*, where a small blow is fatal.

But the most curious instance of the otter's being tamed, is that where a person suffered it to follow him with his dogs with which he used to hunt other otters, and it was remarkable, that so far were the dogs from molesting it, that they would not even hunt an otter whilst it remained with them; upon this account, although the otter was useful in fishing, and in driving the trouts, and other fish, towards the nets, the owner was obliged to dispose of it. The late Mr. Selby had a fox, that used to go with his fox-hounds, but it had not the effect of preventing the dogs from doing their business in the field, for his hounds were eminently famous.

The manner of rearing otters to become domestic, as quoted by Goldsmith, was "to procure them as young as possible, and to carefully feed them at first with small fish and water; as they gained strength, they had milk mixed with their food, the quantity of their fish provision was lessened, and that of vegetables and bread increased, until at length they were fed wholly

upon bread, which perfectly agrees with their constitution. The mode of training them to hunt for fish, required not only assiduity, but patience. They were first taught to fetch, as dogs are instructed; but not possessing the same docility, it required more art and experience to teach them. It was usually performed by accustoming them to take a truss, made of leather, and stuffed with wool in the shape of a fish, into their mouth, and to drop it when commanded; to run after it when thrown forward, and to bring it to their master. From this they proceeded to real fish, which were thrown dead into the water, and which they were taught to fetch to shore. From the dead they proceeded to the living, and at last the animal is perfectly instructed in the art of fishing, and readily obeys his master. Tedious as the process is, the labour is amply repaid, as few creatures are more beneficial; an otter, thus taught, will catch fish enough to sustain not only itself, but a whole family."

In Scotland the vulgar have an opinion, that the otter has its king, or leader; they describe it as being of a larger size, and varied with white; they believe it is never killed, without the sudden death of a man, or some other animal, at the same instant; that its skin is endowed with great virtues: is an antidote against all infection; a preservative to the warrior from wounds, and ensures the mariner from all disasters upon the seas.

The hunting of the otter was formerly considered as excellent sport, and hounds were kept solely for that purpose; the sportsmen went on each side the river, beating the banks and sedges with the dogs; if there was an otter in that quarter, his *scal* was soon traced upon the mud, as the water, wherever it would admit of it, (according to the mode now pursued) was lowered as much as possible, to expose the hollow banks, reed beds, and stubs, that might otherwise shelter him; each hunter had a spear to attack the otter when he *vented*, or came to the surface of the water to breathe. If an otter was not soon found by the river side, it was imagined that he had gone to *couch* more inland, and was sought for accordingly; (for sometimes they will feed a considerable way from their place of rest, choosing rather to go up than down the stream). If the hounds found an otter, the sportsmen viewed his track in the mud, to find which way he had taken. The spears were used in aid of the dogs. When an otter is wounded, he makes directly to land, where he maintains an obstinate defence; he bites severely, and does not readily quit his hold; when he seizes the dogs in the water, he always dives with, and carries them far below the surface: an old otter will never give up whilst he has life, and it is observable, that the male otter never makes any complaint when seized by the dogs, or even transixed with a spear; but the pregnant

females emit a very shrill squeal. The chase of the otter has still, however, its stanch admirers, who are apparently as zealous in this pursuit as in any other we read of. In 1796, near Bridgnorth, on the river Worcester, four otters were killed: one stood three, another four hours, before the dogs, and was scarcely a minute out of sight. The hearts, &c. were dressed, and eaten by many respectable people who attended the hunt, and allowed to be very delicious; the carcasses were also eaten by the men employed, and found to be excellent; what is a little extraordinary, the account does not state, that the partakers of this hard-earned fare were Carthusians.

THE WEASEL.

THE hare has no enemy more fatal than the *weasel*, which will follow and terrify it into a state of absolute imbecility, when it gives itself up without resistance, at the same time making piteous outcries. The weasel seizes its prey near the head, the bite is mortal, although the wound is so small, that the entrance of the teeth is scarcely perceptible; a hare, or rabbit, bit in this manner, is never known to recover, but lingers for some time, and dies.

The common weasel is the least animal of this species, the disproportionate length and height of the little animals which compose this class, are their chief characteristic, and are alone sufficient

to distinguish them from all other carnivorous quadrupeds ; the length of the wolf in proportion to its height, is as one and a half to one, that of the weasel is nearly as four to one ; the weasel never exceeds seven inches in length, from the nose to the tail, which is only two inches and a half long, it ends in a point, and adds considerably to the apparent length of the body ; the height of the weasel is not above two inches and a half, so that it is almost four times as long as it is high ; the most prevailing colour is a pale tawny brown, resembling cinnamon, on the back, sides, and legs ; the throat and belly white ; beneath the corners of the mouth, on each jaw, is a spot of brown ; the eyes are small, round, and black ; the ears broad and large, and from a fold at the lower part, have the appearance of being double ; it has likewise whiskers like a cat, but has two more teeth than any of the cat kind, having thirty-two in number, and these well adapted for tearing and chewing its food. The motion of the weasel consists of unequal bounds, or leaps, and in climbing a tree it gains a height of some feet from the ground, by a single spring ; in the same precipitate manner it jumps upon its prey, and possessing great flexibility of body, easily evades the attempts of much stronger animals to seize it. We are told, that an eagle having pounced upon a weasel, mounted into the air with it, and was soon after observed to be in great distress ; the

little animal had extricated itself so much from the eagle's hold, as to be able to fasten upon the throat, which presently brought the eagle to the ground, and gave the weasel an opportunity of escaping. Its activity is remarkable, and it will run up the sides of a wall with such facility, that no place is secure from it. The weasel also preys in silence, and never utters any cry, except when it is struck, when it expresses resentment, or pain, by a rough kind of squeaking. It is useful to the farmer in winter, by clearing his barns and granaries of rats and mice; more slender and nimble than the cat, it presents a more deadly foe, as it can pursue them into their holes, where it kills them after a very short, if any, resistance. Into the pigeon-house it is sometimes a most unwelcome intruder, as it spares neither eggs nor young ones. In summer it ventures at a distance from its usual haunts; is frequently found by the side of water, near corn-mills, and is almost sure to follow wherever a swarm of rats occupy any place.

The female brings forth in the spring, and takes great pains for the comfort of her young, by preparing a bed for them of straw, hay, leaves, and moss. They have from three to five in a litter, which are born blind, but they soon acquire both sight and strength to follow their dam in her excursions.

The weasel sleeps in its hole during the greater part of the day, and evening is the chief time

when it begins its depredations; it then may be seen stealing from its retreat, and creeping about in search of prey, which extends to all the eggs it can meet with, and it not unfrequently destroys the bird that tries to defend them. If it enters the hen-roost, the chickens are sure to fall victims; it does not there often attack the cocks, or old hens, nor does it devour what it kills on the spot, but drags it off, to eat at leisure. The weasel's appetite for animal food is insatiable, and he never forsakes it; all the produce of its plunder it conveys to its hiding-place, and will not touch it till it begins to putrefy. The odour of the weasel is very strong, and is the most offensive in summer time, or when irritated or pursued. The following incident, related by Buffon, shews that the weasel has a natural attachment to what is corrupt, and even delights in the midst of putrid effluvia:—"In my neighbourhood, a weasel and three young ones were taken from the putrid carcass of a wolf, which was hung up by the hind legs as a terror to others; and in the throat of this animal had the weasel made a nest of leaves and herbage, for the accommodation of her offspring."

THE STOAT.

THIS animal, which is equally agile and mischievous with the weasel in the pursuit and destruction of the hare, and all other sorts of game,

poultry, and eggs, has, from its habits and the small difference in shape from the weasel, been often described under the same denomination. Its height is about two inches; the tail five and a half, very hairy, and at the point tipped with black; the edges of the ears and ends of the toes are of a yellowish white; in other respects it perfectly resembles the weasel in colour and form. In the most northern parts of Europe, the stoat regularly changes its colour in winter, and becomes perfectly white, except the end of the tail, which remains invariably black. It is then called the *ermine*; the fur is valuable, and is sold in the country where caught, from two to three pounds sterling per hundred. The animal is either taken in traps, made of two flat stones, or shot with blunt arrows.

The stoat is sometimes found white during the winter season in Great Britain, and is then commonly called the *white weasel*. Its fur, however, having neither the thickness, the closeness, or the whiteness, of those which come from Siberia, is, with us, of little value.

In the Natural History of Norway, by Pontoppidan, are these remarks upon the stoat, or *ermine*.

“ In Norway the *ermine* lives upon the rocks, his skin is white, except the tail, which is tipped with black. The furs of Norway and Lapland preserve their whiteness better than those of Rus-

sia, which soon acquire a yellowish cast; and upon this account the former are in greater request even at Petersburg. The ermine catches mice, like the cat, and when practicable, carries off his prey. He is peculiarly fond of eggs, and when the sea is calm he swims over to the islands which lie near the coast of Norway, where there are vast quantities of sea fowls. It is alledged, that when the female brings forth on an island, she conducts her young to the continent upon a piece of wood, piloting it with her snout. This animal, although small, kills those of a much larger size, as the rein deer and bear. He jumps into one of their cars when asleep, and adheres so fast by his teeth, that the creatures cannot disengage him. He likewise surprises eagles and heathcocks, by fixing on them, and never quitting them, even when they mount in the air, until the loss of blood makes them fall down."

To destroy these worst of all four-footed vermin to game in its infant state, the following mode is recommended:—Provide small square-made steel traps, with a small chain and iron peg to fix them down; get two drachms of musk, shoot some small birds, and dip the tail of these birds in the musk; tie one on the plate of each trap, and set in the hedges, or where it is suspected they frequent; this will soon reduce the number, should it be ever so considerable; if it so happen, that no musk is immediately to be got, the

trap must be baited with a piece of rabbit; and it should be remembered, that this bait cannot be too stale.

THE LATE —— WINYARD, ESQ.

THIS gentleman, who was one of the first sportsmen in Gloucestershire, attending the funeral of his wife, arrayed in all the pomp of woe, and seemingly torpid with sorrow, was suddenly roused from his grief by the starting of a hare; on which, as if forgetting the melancholy business he was about, he immediately threw down his cloak and other incumbrances, and towing on two greyhounds, the constant attendant of all his steps, pursued the game. The hare being killed, he rejoined the procession, which had halted on the occasion, and the bearers had set down the corpse.—“Come, gentlemen,” said he, resuming his melancholy tone, with his sable vestments, “in the name of God, let us proceed with the remains of my dearest wife, and finish the sorrowful ceremony for which we are met.” This story was related to the late Francis Grose, Esq. by Mr. and Mrs. Bathurst, of Lidney-Park, Gloucestershire, who affirmed it to be literally true.

THE GREYHOUND.

THIS animal, in ancient times, was considered as a very valuable present, and especially by

the ladies, with whom it appears to have been a peculiar favourite: in a very old metrical romance, called *Sir Eglamore*, a princess tells the knight that if he was inclined to hunt, she would, as an especial mark of her favour, give him an excellent greyhound, so swift, that no deer could escape from his pursuit.

Syr yf you be on huntynge founde,
I shall you gyve a good greyhounde,
That is dunne as a doo:
For as I am trewe gentylwoman,
There was never deer that he at ran,
That might yscape him fro.

In our own country, during the reign of king John, greyhounds were frequently received by him as payment in lieu of money, for the renewal of grants, fines, and forfeitures, belonging to the crown; the following extracts proves this monarch to have been exceedingly partial to this kind of dogs. A fine paid A. D. 1203, mentions five hundred marks, ten horses, and ten leashes of *greyhounds*; another, in 1210, one swift running horse, and six *greyhounds*.

In ancient times three several animals were coursed with greyhounds, the deer, the fox, and the hare. The two former are not practised at present, but the coursing of deer formerly was a recreation in high esteem, and was divided into two sorts; the paddock, the forest, or purlieu.

For the paddock coursing, besides the greyhounds, which never exceeded two, and for the most part consisted of one brace, there was the teazel, or *mongrel* greyhound, whose business it was to drive the deer forward before the real greyhounds were slipt. The paddock was a piece of ground generally taken out of a park, and fenced with pales, or a wall; it was a mile in length, and about a quarter of a mile in breadth, but the further end was always broader than that which the dogs started from, the better to accommodate the company in seeing which dog won the match. At the hither end was the dog-house (to enclose the dogs that were to run the course), which was attended by two men, one of whom stood at the door to slip the dogs, the other was a little without the door, to let loose the teaser to drive away the deer. The pens for the deer intended to be coursed, were on one side, with a keeper or two to turn them out; on the other side, at some distance, stood the spectators. Along the course were placed posts. The first, which was next the dog-house and pens, was the law-post, and was distant from them one hundred and sixty yards. The second was the quarter of a mile, the third the half mile, the fourth the pinching-post, and the fifth marked distance, in lieu of a post, was the ditch, which was a place made so as to receive the deer, and keep them from being further pursued by the dogs. Near

to this place were seats for the judges, who were chosen to decide the wager.

So soon as the greyhounds that were to run the match were led into the dog-house, they were delivered to the keepers, who by the articles of coursing were to see them fairly slipt; for which purpose, there was round each dog's neck a falling-collar, which slipt through rings. The owners of the dogs drew lots which should have the wall, that there should be no advantage; the dog-house door was then shut, and the keeper turned out the deer; after the deer had gone about twenty yards, the person that held the teaser loosed him, to force the deer forward, and when the deer was got to the law-post, the dogs were led out from the dog-house, and slipt. If the deer swerved before he got to the pinching-post, so that his head was judged to be nearer the dog-house than the ditch, it was deemed no match, and was to be run again three days after; but if there was no such swerve, and the dog ran straight until he went beyond the pinching-post, then that dog which was nearest the deer (should he swerve) gained the contest; if no swerve happened, then that dog which leaped the ditch first was the victor; if any disputes arose, they were referred to the articles of the course, and determined by the judges.

In coursing deer in the forest, or purlieu, two ways were used; the one coursing from wood to

wood, and the other upon the lawns by the keepers' lodges. In the first, some hounds were thrown into the cover to drive out the deer, whilst the greyhounds were held ready to be slipt where the deer was expected to break; if the deer was not of a proper age and size, the dogs were not let loose; and if, on the other hand, he broke at too great a distance, or was otherwise deemed an overmatch for one brace, it was allowable to way-lay him with another brace of fresh greyhounds.

For the coursing upon the lawn, the keeper had notice given him, and he took care to lodge a deer fit for the purpose, and by sinking the wind of him, there was no danger of getting near enough to slip the greyhounds, and having a fair course.

In coursing the fox, no other art was necessary but to get the wind, and stand close on the outside of the wood, where he was expected to come out, and to give him law enough, or he instantly returned back to the cover; the slowest greyhounds were speedy enough to overtake him; and all the hazard was, the fox spoiling the dog, which frequently happened; for the most part, the greyhounds used for this course were hard-bitten dogs, that would seize any thing.



Celebrated Chefs' Matches at Parvles's.

MR. PHILLIDOR,

THE CELEBRATED CHESS-PLAYER.

THIS very singular character must certainly excite the astonishment of every one who ever heard of his wonderful performance at the chess-board. The following anecdotes were related by himself to a very distinguished sporting gentleman, the authenticity of which is not to be doubted.

Andre Danican Phillidor was born at Dreux, near Paris, in 1726. His grandfather was a hautboy-player at the court of Louis XIII. An Italian musician, named Phillidor, was admired at that court for his performance on the same instrument; and, after his departure, the king gave Mr. Danican the *sobriquet*, or nick-name of Phillidor, which has still remained in the family. His father, and several of his brothers, belonged to the band of Louis XIV. and XV.

At six years of age he was admitted among the children of the Chapel-Royal, at Versailles, where, being obliged to attend daily, he had an opportunity of learning chess from the musicians in waiting, of whom there were about eighty. Cards not being allowed so near the chapel, they had a long table, with six chess-boards inlaid.

At the age of eleven, a motet, or psalm, with chorusses, of his composition, was performed, which pleased Louis XV. so much, that he gave the compositor five louis; this encouraged the

wonderful exhibitions for which he is so much celebrated. He played at the same time three different games, without seeing either of the tables. His opponents were Count Bruhl, Mr. Bowdler, (the two best players in London) and Mr. Maseres. He defeated Count Bruhl in an hour and twenty minutes, and Mr. Maseres in two hours. Mr. Bowdler reduced his game to a drawn battle in an hour and three quarters. To those who understand chess, this exertion of Mr. Phillidor's abilities must appear one of the greatest of which the human memory is susceptible. He goes through it with astonishing accuracy, and often corrects mistakes in those who have the board before them. Mr. Phillidor sets with his back to the tables, and some gentleman present who takes his part, informs him of the move of his antagonist, and then, by his direction, plays his pieces as he dictates."

The other match was with Count Bruhl, Mr. Jennings, and Mr. Erskine, to the last of whom he gave a pawn and the move: the count made a drawn game, and both the other gentlemen lost their games.

In 1747, he visited England, where Sir Abraham Janssen introduced him to all the celebrated players of the time. Sir Abraham was not only the best chess-player in England, but likewise the best player he ever met with, after his master, Mr. de Legalle; as the baronet was able to win

one game in four of him *even*; and Mr. de Legalle, with whom Sir Abraham afterwards played in Paris, was of the same opinion with regard to his skill.

. In 1748, Mr. Phillidor returned to Holland, where he composed his Treatise on Chess. At Aix-la-Chapelle he was advised by Lord Sandwich to go to Eyndhoven, a village between Bois-le-Duc and Maestricht, where the English army was encamped. He had there the honour of playing with the late Duke of Cumberland, who subscribed liberally himself, and procured a great number of other subscribers to his work on Chess, which was published in London in 1749.

In 1750, he frequented the house of the French ambassador, the Duke of Mirepoix, who gave a weekly dinner to the lovers of chess, at which game he was himself very expert.

Phillidor remained another year in London, and learning that the King of Prussia was fond of chess, he set off for Berlin, 1751. The king saw him play several times at Potsdam, but did not play with him himself; there was a Marquis de Verennes, and a Jew, who played *even* with the king, and to each of these Phillidor gave a knight, and beat them.

The year following he left Berlin, staid eight months at the Prince of Waldeck's, at Arolsen, and three weeks at the court of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, and then returned to England,

where he remained till 1775, when he returned to France. In that capital he composed operas, and other pieces; and, in the year 1794, we find him again in London, at Mr. Parsloe's, in St. James's-street, where, on the 23d of February, he played two games blindfold at the same time, against Count Bruhl and Mr. Wilson. Mr. Phillidor giving the advantage of the first move to both parties.

Mr. Bowdler moved the pieces, agreeable to the direction of Mr. Phillidor, against Count Bruhl, and Mr. Rameau moved for him against Mr. Wilson.

This match was strongly contested, and lasted an hour and thirty-five minutes. Mr. Phillidor, though he never manifested a clearer head, nor a more tenacious memory, was obliged to yield to his adversaries, whom he had so often defeated before. The fact is, the odds were immense; and though this celebrated foreigner is the best player in the world, the other gentlemen having made a wonderful progress in their improvement, occasioned of course their success.

There was a most numerous and fashionable company present, among whom was the Turkish ambassador and his suite. (See the annexed engraving.) His excellency paid great attention to the match, and followed all the moves of Count Bruhl.

THE HORSE.

WILD horses are taken notice of by several of the ancients. Herodotus mentions white wild horses on the banks of the Hypanis, in Scythia. He likewise tells us, that in the northern part of Thrace, beyond the Danube, there were wild horses covered all over with hair, five inches in length. The wild horses in America are the offspring of domestic horses, originally transported thither from Europe, by the Spaniards. The author of the History of the Buccaneers, informs us, that troops of horses, sometimes consisting of five hundred, are frequently met with in the island of St. Domingo; that, when they see a man, they all stop, and that one of their number approaches to a certain distance, blows through his nostrils, takes flight, and is instantly followed by the whole troop. He describes them as having gross heads and limbs, and long necks and ears. The inhabitants tame them with ease, and then train them to labour. In order to take them, gins of ropes are laid in the places where they are known to frequent. When caught by the neck, they soon strangle themselves, unless some person arrives in time to disentangle them. They are tied to trees by the body and limbs, and are left in that situation two days, without victuals or drink. This treatment is generally sufficient to render them more tractable, and they soon become as gentle

as if they had never been wild. Even when any of these horses, by accident, regain their liberty, they never resume their savage state, but know their masters, and allow themselves to be approached and retaken.

From these, and similar facts, it may be concluded, that the dispositions of horses are gentle ; and that they are naturally disposed to associate with man. After they are tamed, they never forsake the abodes of men. On the contrary, they are anxious to return to the stable. The sweets of habit seem to supply all that they have lost by slavery. When fatigued, the mansion of repose is full of comfort. They smell it at considerable distances ; can distinguish it in the midst of populous cities, and seem uniformly to prefer bondage to liberty. By some attention and address, colts are, at first, rendered tractable. When that point is gained, by different modes of management, the docility of the animal is improved, and they soon learn to perform, with alacrity, the labours assigned to them. The domestication of the horse is, perhaps, the noblest acquisition from the animal world, which has ever been made by the genius, the art, and the industry of man. He is taught to partake of the dangers and fatigues of war, and seems to enjoy the glory of victory. He even seems to participate of human pleasures and amusements. He delights in the chase and the tournament, and his eyes sparkle with emu-

lation in the course. Though bold and intrepid, however, he does not allow himself to be hurried on by a furious ardour. On proper occasions he represses his movements, and knows how to check the natural fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of his rider; always obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies, or stops, and regulates his motions solely by the will of his master.

Mr. Ray informs us, that he had seen a horse who danced to music; who, at the command of his master, affected to be lame; who simulated death; lay motionless, with his limbs extended, and allowed himself to be dragged about till some words were pronounced, when he instantly sprung on his feet. Facts of this kind would scarcely receive credit, if so many persons were not now acquainted with the wonderful docility of the horses educated by Astley, and others. In exhibitions of this kind, the docility, and prompt obedience of the animals, deserves more admiration than the dexterous feats of the men.

Next to the horse, the dog seems to be the most docile quadruped. More ductile in his nature than most other animals, the dog not only receives instruction with rapidity, but accommodates his behaviour and deportment to the manners and habits of those who command him. He assumes the very tone of the family in which he

resides; eager at all times to please his master, or his friends, he furiously repels beggars, because he probably, from their dress, conceives them to be either thieves, or competitors for food.

Though every dog is naturally a hunter, his dexterity is highly improved by experience and instruction. The varieties of dogs, by frequent intermixtures with those of other climates, and perhaps with foxes and wolves, are so great, and their instincts so much diversified, that, even though they produce with each other, we should be apt to regard them as different species. What a difference between the natural dispositions of the shepherd's dog, the spaniel, and the greyhound! The shepherd's dog, independently of all instruction, seems to be endowed by nature with an innate attachment to the preservation of sheep and cattle. His docility is likewise so great, that he not only learns to understand the language and commands of the shepherd, and obeys them with faithfulness and alacrity, but, when at distances beyond the reach of his master's voice, he often stops, looks back, and recognises the approbation, or disapprobation, of the shepherd, by the mere waving of his hand. He reigns at the head of a flock, and is better heard than the voice of his master. His vigilance and activity produce order, discipline, and safety. Sheep and cattle are peculiarly subjected to his manage-

ment, whom he prudently conducts, and generally protects. But when the flock committed to his charge is attacked by the fox, the wolf, or other rapacious animals, he makes a full display of his courage and sagacity. In situations of this kind, both his natural and acquired talents are exerted. Three shepherds' dogs are said to be a match for a bear, and four for a lion.

Every person knows the docility and sagacity of dogs employed in conducting blind mendicants. —Johannes Faber, as quoted by Mr. Ray, informs us, that he knew a blind beggar that was led through the streets of Rome by a middle-sized dog. This dog, besides leading his master in such a manner as to protect him from all danger, learned to distinguish not only the streets, but the houses where his master was accustomed to receive alms twice or thrice a week. Whenever the animal came to any of these streets, with which he was well acquainted, he would not leave it till a call had been made at every house where his master was usually successful in his petitions. When the beggar began to ask alms, the dog, being wearied, laid down to rest; but the master was no sooner served, or refused, than the dog rose spontaneously, and, without order, or sign, proceeded to the other houses where the beggar generally received some gratuity. I observed, says he, not without pleasure and surprise, that when a piece of money was thrown from a window, such

was the sagacity and attention of this dog, that he went about in quest of it, lifted it from the ground with his mouth, and dropped it into his master's hat. Even when bread was thrown down, the animal would not taste it unless he received a portion of it from the hand of his master. Without any other instruction than imitation, a massiff, when accidentally shut out from a house which his master frequented, uniformly rung the bell for admittance. Dogs can be taught to go to market with money, repair to a known butcher, and to carry home the meat in safety. They can be taught to dance to music, and to search for, and find any thing that is lost.

Among these remarkable instances of animal sagacity, may be placed Banks's famous horse, whose renown is alluded to by Shakespeare, in "Love's Labour Lost," Act I. Scene III. and by Dekker, in his "Untrussing of the Humorous Poet." It is related of this horse, that he would restore a glove to its owner, after his master had whispered the man's name in his ear; that he would tell the number of pence in any silver coin; and even perform the grosser offices of nature, whenever his master bade him. He danced likewise to the sound of a pipe, and told money with his feet. Sir Walter Raleigh says, "that had Banks lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world, by the wonderful instructions which he had given to his horse."



—Lamberts-Leap, near Newcastle.

Of the sagacity of a horse, Dr. Swift has given a strange instance. This horse, which was a native of Bristol, would stand upon his hind legs, bow to the company, and beat several marches on a drum. Sir Kenelm Digby speaks of a baboon that played on the guitar. And we are informed of an ape that played at chess, in the presence of the King of Portugal. Various are the scientific performances of elephants. Bishop Burnet says, he saw one at Milan, that played at ball.

LAMBERT'S LEAP.

MR. CUTHBERT LAMBERT, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, riding with a degree of impetuosity (common to young men in the hey-day of blood) over Sandiford stone-bridge, and using his utmost endeavours to turn his horse round quickly, it occasioned a sudden start from him, and in an instant he leaped over the battlement. The boughs of an ash, which fortunately hung over the bridge, prevented his destruction, by catching hold of which, he hung, till some passengers coming that way, extricated him from his unpleasant, and, indeed, tremendous situation. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the horse was killed by the fall; it being twenty feet to the bed of the water.

THE LATE CAPTAIN O'KELLY.

DELICACY to survivors, and a desire to avoid the introduction of a line that can give offence, renders unnecessary the task of biographical minutiae, and enables us to pass over (as unconnected with the purport) his origin, and the days of juvenility, to accompany him to those scenes where he was the subject of popularity, and the very life and spirit of good company.

To analyze the means by which he immersed from those dreary walls in the more dreary environs of Fleet-market, to a scene of princely splendour (by a lucky "hazard of the die," with the last *desponding hundred*, then reluctantly consigned by his *fair frail* friend C—— H——s), is not the intent of the present page to recite; or to moralize with admiration upon the vicissitudes that alternately raise us to the summit of prosperity, and then penetrate the bosom of sensibility with the barbed arrow of adversity. Let it suffice, that his *bitter* draughts were few, and of short duration: what little disquietude he experienced in the infancy of his adventures, was amply compensated by the affluence of his latter years, in which he enjoyed the gratification of his only ambition, that of being, before he died, the most opulent and most successful adventurer upon the turf.—A circumstance not calculated to

create surprise, when it is recollected, that his own penetration, his indefatigable industry, his nocturnal watching, his personal superintendence, and eternal attention, had reduced to a system of certainty with him, what was neither more or less than a matter of chance with his competitors.

He had, by the qualifications just recited, possessed himself of every requisite to practise (if necessary), consequently to counteract, the various astonishing and almost incredible deceptions in the sporting world, that have reduced so very many to the dark abyss of extreme poverty, and exalted very few to the exhilarating scenes of domestic comfort. Under such accumulated acquisitions, resulting from long experience and attentive observation, it cannot be thought extraordinary that he should become greatly superior to his numerous competitors, where the successful termination of the event was dependant upon such judgment in making a match, or the interposition of art in deciding it.

It is a matter, not universally known (even in the sporting world), how very much he felt himself wounded, in a repeated rejection of his application to be admitted into some of the clubs instituted and supported by those of the *higher order*, as well at Newmarket as in the metropolis. These were indignities he never lost sight of, and which he embraced every opportunity to acknowledge and compensate, by the equitable

law of retaliation. Of this fact numerous corroborative proofs might be introduced : one, however, of magnitude and notoriety, will be sufficient to produce conviction.

The better to expedite his own superiority, and to carry his well-planned schemes into successful execution, and in order to render himself less dependant upon the incredible herd of *necessitous sharks*, and determined *desperate harpies*, that surround every newly initiated adventurer, and are unavoidably employed in all the subordinate offices of the turf and training stables, he had (upon making some important discoveries in family secrets) determined to retain, exclusive of sudden and occasional changes, when circumstances required it, one rider (or jockey), at a certain annual stipend, to ride for him, whenever ordered so to do, for any plate, match, or sweepstakes, but with the privilege of riding for any other person, provided he had no horse entered to run for the same prize. Having adjusted such arrangement in his own mind, and fixed upon the intended object of his trust, he communicated his design, and entered upon negotiation ; when the monied terms being proposed, he not only instantly acquiesced, but voluntarily offered to *double them*, provided he would enter into an engagement, and bind himself under a penalty, *never to ride* for any of the *black-legged* fraternity. The consenting jockey saying, “ he

was at a loss, to a certainty, who the captain meant by the *black-legged fraternity*.”—He instantly replied, with his usual energy, “O, by Jasus, my dear, and I’ll soon make you understand who I mean by the *black-legged fraternity*! There’s the D. of G. the Duke of D. Lord A. Lord D. Lord G. Lord C. Lord F. the Right Hon. A. B. C. D. and C. I. F. and all the set of *thaves* that belong to their *humbug* societies and *ub aboo* clubs, where they can meet and rob *one another without detection*!”

This curious definition of the *black-legged fraternity*, is a proof, sufficiently demonstrative, how severely he felt himself affected by the rejection, in consequence of which he embraced every opportunity of saying any thing to excite their irascibility, as well as to encounter every difficulty and expence to obtain that pre-eminence upon the turf he afterwards became possessed of. Dining at the stewards’ ordinary at Burford races, in the year 1775, (Lord Robert Spencer in the chair) when those races continued four days (now reduced to two), Lord Abingdon and many other noblemen being present, matches and sweepstakes, as usual after dinner, were proposed, and entered into for the following year. Amongst the rest, one between Lord A. and Mr. Baily, of Rambridge, in Hampshire, for 300 guineas h. ft. when the captain being once or twice appealed to by Mr. B. in ad-

justing the terms, Lord A. happened to exclaim, "that he, and the gentlemen on his side the table, run for *honour*; the captain and his friends for *profit*.——The match being at length agreed upon in terms not conformable to the captain's opinion, and he applied to by B. to *stand half*, the captain vociferously replied, "No; but if the match had been made *cross* and *jostle*, as I proposed, I would have not only stood *all the money*, but have brought a *spalpeen* from New-market, no higher than a *two-penny loaf*, that should (by Jasus!) have driven his lordship's horse and jockey into the furzes, and have kept him there for three weeks."

It was his usual custom to carry a great number of bank-notes in his waistcoat pocket, wisped up together with the greatest indifference. When in his attendance upon a hazard table at Windsor, during the races, being a *standing better* (and every chair full), a person's hand was observed, by those on the opposite side of the table, just in the act of drawing two notes out of his pocket; when the alarm was given, the hand (from the person behind) was instantaneously withdrawn, and the notes left more than half out of the pocket. The company became clamorous for the offender's being taken before a magistrate, and many attempting to secure him for that purpose, the captain very *philosophically* seizing him by the collar, kicked him down stairs, and ex-

ultingly exclaimed, “ ’twas a sufficient punishment, to be deprived of the pleasure of keeping company with *jontlemen*.”

The great and constant object of his pursuit was to collect and retain the best bred stud in the kingdom. This great acquisition he had nearly completed at the time of his death; having crossed and accumulated the different degrees of blood from their collateral branches, so as nearly to concentrate the various excellencies of different highly estimated pedigrees (by a portion of each) in a single subject. And here it cannot be inapplicable to introduce a few remarks on the celebrity and superior qualifications of that famous horse *Eclipse*, whose excellence in speed, blood, pedigree, and progeny, will be, perhaps, transmitted to the end of time.

This wonderful horse was bred by the former Duke of Cumberland, and, being foaled during the *great eclipse*, was so named by the duke in consequence. His royal highness, however, did not survive to witness the very great performances he himself had predicted; for, when a yearling only, he was disposed of by auction, with the rest of the stud: and, even in this very sale, a singularity attended him; for, upon Mr. Wildman's arrival, the sale had begun, and some few lots were knocked down. A dispute here arose, upon Mr. Wildman's producing his watch, and insisting upon it the sale had begun before the time adver-

tised. The auctioneer remonstrated; little Wildman was not to be satisfied, and insisted upon it the lots so sold should be put up again. This circumstance causing a loss of time, as well as a scene of confusion, the purchasers said, if there was any lot already sold, which he had an inclination to, rather than retard progress, it was totally at his service.

Eclipse was the only lot he had originally fixed upon, and that was transferred to him at seventy, or seventy-five guineas. At four, or five years old, Captain O'Kelly purchased half of him for two hundred and fifty guineas, and, in a short time after, gave seven hundred and fifty for the remainder. His great powers and performances are too well imprinted in the memory of the sporting world to be already obliterated.

The purchase of the captain's estate near Epsom, with the great convenience of his training-stables and paddocks, so contiguous to the course, and different ground for exercise, gave him every opportunity of information that his great avidity could excite him to obtain. Indefatigable in his pursuits, he became every day the less liable to disappointment; and, that he might insure this to a greater certainty, his affability and friendly affection to his domestics and dependants, had taught them to look up to him more as a *friend* than a *master*; and to this natural effusion of philanthropic liberality may be attributed no small

portion of the success that so constantly attended him at almost every country course in various parts of the kingdom—at least in all those parts that were central; for, exceedingly fond of being present when his horses run, he never sent them to remote spots where he could not attend them. He was remarkable for his attachment to horses of bottom, that could stand a long day; and made a point, if possible, of always winning at three or four heats, in preference to two. This rendered the race a matter of more profitable speculation; for, by protracting the superiority of his own horses, with the termination of the race, he became the winner of greater odds, which were constantly encreasing every heat, as the horse seemed still less likely to win.

Give and take plates, as they are called (carrying weight for inches), were then very much in use, but now almost obliterated; and, amongst the competitors at Epsom, Ascot, Reading, Maidenhead, &c. &c. we were sure to find, for many years in succession, Brutus, Badger (alias Ploughboy), Young Gimcrack, Atom, Tiney, and, with the rest, Captain O'Kelly's Milksop, amongst which groupe was always seen as desperate running as can be conceived, each becoming alternately victor, as the course proved most applicable to his style of running (or the state of condition), as it is well known some horses run well over a flat course, that are deficient in climb-

ing or descending a hill.—Upon this little horse alone he won very considerable sums, as he was at the height of his reputation, as well as his owner in the very zenith of prosperity, when the turf was in a different degree of estimation; and it may be fairly concluded, that a thousand was then betted for every fifty that is now paid and received.—Excluded in some measure (by a rejection from the clubs) running for the great stakes at Newmarket, he made a point of sweeping the major part of the plates at every country course within the extent of his circle. His horses never run better, or won oftener, than when the long odds were against them. This, however, was more the effect of policy than chance. To enumerate a list of his stud, or a delineation of their individual excellencies, or successful performances, would be to exceed the bounds of our work; it must, therefore, suffice to say, that, by an indefatigable and unremitting application to the cause he had embarked in, he accumulated not only a splendid fortune, but left to his successor such a train of *stallions*, in high estimation, that *alone* brought him in a princely competence.

Report, after his decease, circulated an opinion that he had, by will, under certain restrictions, (in imitation of the late Lord Chesterfield) enjoined his successor to avoid every connection with the turf; not even to run or enter a horse in his own name. If such was the fact, (which, by

the bye, we have no reason to doubt) such restriction is, by a *supposed composition*, entirely done away, as we now not only see the present Mr. O'Kelly running horses in his own name, but riding his own matches. Of the late D. O'Kelly, Esq. it may be very justly acknowledged, we shall never see a more zealous, or a more generous promoter of the turf, a fairer sportsman in the field, or at the gaming-table. If he absolutely possessed private advantages over the less experienced, they were too judiciously managed ever to transpire to his public prejudice. In his domestic transactions he was indulgently liberal, without being ridiculously profuse; and, as he was the last man living to offer an intentional insult unprovoked, so he was never known to receive one with impunity. In short, without offence to the distinguished equestrian leaders of the present day, we may aver, he was not in the *fashion* now extant; his *tradesmen*, his *riders*, his *grooms*, his *helpers* and *subordinates*, comparing the *plenty* of the *past* with the *poverty* of the *present*, may, with great justice and sincerity, exclaim—

“Take him for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.”

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